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VIRGINIA HAVILAND: A Tribute

Excerpts from remarks by John Donovan, executive director of the Children's Book Council, on the occasion of her retirement as chief of the Children's Literature Center, June 12, 1981.

In celebrating Virginia Haviland's outstanding achievements at the Library of Congress, it is appropriate to note not only what she has sent out to the world from this great institution but also what she has brought to it. Virginia joined the Library in 1963, already distinguished for her work as a librarian and readers' adviser at the Boston Public Library. Her long and sustained association with the *Horn Book* has given us reviews that are models of *Horn Book* prose, graceful reflections of a critical mind that knows children's books and is able to place them properly. Her Favorite Fairy Tales series, beautifully illustrated and international in character, has brought great pleasure to both children and adults.

I feel especially comfortable associating the word *international* with Virginia Haviland, for we have frequently found ourselves immersed in work together on projects that have involved colleagues from around the world—in particular, the International Board on Books for Young People. My introduction to IBBY was at its 1968 Congress in Amriswil, Switzerland, where about two hundred delegates gathered, among them the organization's founder Jella Lepman. Mrs. Lepman was a woman of fierce determination, single-minded of purpose, impractical, inspired, totally memorable.

Virginia introduced me to her early in the Congress. Soon thereafter I ran into Mrs. Lepman as I was strolling through the gardens. "So you are a friend of Virginia Haviland's?" she asked, and I asserted that I was.

"She's a nice girl," Mrs. Lepman said. "But the trouble with her is that she doesn't have a real grasp of the Andersen Medal business. At the jury meetings she talks about literature, and criteria, and standards of judging one kind of book as opposed to another. That isn't what the Andersen Medal is about."

I commented that I had always thought that was precisely what an international literary award was about.

"No, no," she insisted, "all the countries must have their turn."

"But there are candidates who must be greater than others in their achievements," I ventured.

"Oh, you silly man," Mrs. Lepman said, "they are *all* great, don't you see?"

Virginia would later serve as president of the Andersen Jury for four years. The standards developed under her leadership have had an enduring impact.

It happens that Virginia Haviland's service at the Library of Congress has coincided almost exactly with one of the most astonishing periods in the history of modern American children's book publishing. During this period books that reflected "the new realism" (a term we now shudder at) increased in numbers regularly, especially after American paperback publishers found a way to distribute titles in large quantities to schools and bookstores as well as to libraries. The period also saw a greater variety of illustration in children's books. Some nonfiction children's books, particularly in the sciences, reached such a high point of achievement that, it seems to me, they have no rivals anywhere else in the world. And during the past decade there has been a marked increase in the serious study of children's literature. Conferences and university courses have proliferated. There are now several children's literature journals in the United States and Canada that are less than a decade old.

Throughout these years, children's book activities here at the Library have been vigorous. Paul Heins characterized them accurately in the Children's Book Council *Calendar* in 1973. Writing in observance of the tenth anniversary of Virginia Haviland's tenure at the Library of Congress, he commented that Virginia and her colleagues wove together "threads that are local and international, bibliographic and aesthetic, scholarly and festive."

That the Library of Congress had the wisdom to declare its own seriousness toward children's literature by establishing a Children's Book Section in 1962 is a mark of the Library's keenness of judgment. That Virginia Haviland has led that section, and then the Children's Literature Center, with grace, with intelligence and a sense of service, and also with humor has been our collective good fortune.

To Serve Those Who Serve Children

"Perhaps the most important of all is the acceptance of the Children's Book Section as an integral service of a national research library, a service admired by the Library's counterparts in other countries as an example to follow," wrote Sarah Wallace in 1973 as part of her editor's note for a celebratory issue of the *Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress* commemorating the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Children's Literature Center, then called the Children's Book Section.

The conviction holds. After nearly two decades of the center's sharing of its resources and its capabilities, through bibliographical publishing, other research support, and reference work, its beneficiaries—authors, historians, librarians, critics, teachers, and students of children's literature—corroborate the statement that the center has become an integral service of a national research library. That role has been viewed abroad with admiration, and the Library is credited with having inspired the establishment in other countries of agencies which could be judged to be to some extent its counterparts in respect to such service.

It is the breadth and volume of resources which support research in children's literature at the Library of Congress. With Library of Congress acquisition of books quantitatively strengthened in the nineteenth century by the 1870 copyright law requiring copies of each new title to be deposited, the body of American children's literature available for study and research became substantially increased, enabling the production of substantive papers analyzing various genres—such as the pieces included here on biography and travel.

The center's international relationships, sustained through conference participation and encounters at book fairs and exhibitions, have resulted in exchanges and gifts that have increased the already established flow of foreign-language children's literature enriching the Library's general collections. Today this acquisition encompasses children's books in over sixty languages, providing a unique resource in this country for comparative studies in children's literature. Because of market scarcity and cost, relatively few books, however, can be added on any regular basis to the store of rare and early children's books in the Library's Rare Book and Special Collections Division, although gifts are received and the center's staff scrutinizes dealers' and auction catalogs carefully with an aim of filling lacunae whenever possible.

Two contributions by well-known authorities in this issue explore basic questions of why study children's books and why criticize this literature. The continued existence of the center, serving both the deep researcher and the casual one, has supported their positions as it has demonstrated a potential for extended growth, to reach an unlimited public as it continues *to serve those who serve children.*

Virginia Haviland

May 1981

The Day of the Tennis Rabbit

BY PETER DICKINSON

This article is based on a lecture presented in observance of National Children's Book Week on November 17, 1981, at the Library of Congress and sponsored by the Library's Center for the Book and its Children's Literature Center.

Peter Dickinson was born in Africa, in what was at the time Northern Rhodesia and is now Zambia, but he grew up in England. For seventeen years he worked on the editorial staff of Punch. *In 1980 he won the Carnegie Medal, awarded by the Library Association of the United Kingdom, and the Whitbread Literary Award for* Tulku, *an adventure story for children set in China and Tibet which was published in 1979 by Dutton in New York and reviewed by the Library Media Examination Center. In 1981 he again won the Carnegie Medal for* City of Gold and Other Stories from the Old Testament, *which was published in 1980 in New York by Pantheon Books. His* Emma Tupper's Diary *(1971) and* The Dancing Bear *(1972) were designated American Library Association Notable Books.*

Other recent books for children by Peter Dickinson include: The Iron Lion *(1972),* The Blue Hawk *(1976), which won the Guardian prize,* Annerton Pit *(1977), and* The Seventh Raven *(1981). Among his nonfiction books are* Chance, Luck, and Destiny *(1976), which won the Boston Globe-Horn Book Nonfiction Award, and* The Flight of Dragons *(1979). His writings also include adult mystery novels and thrillers such as* The Glass-Sided Ants' Nest *(1978) and* The Old English Peep Show *(1969), both winners of the Crime Writers Association Golden Dagger Award.*

Although my subject concerns the pressures on the writer, I'm going to start with an extended simile about tennis rabbits. The thing about the tennis rabbit—as opposed to say, the chess rabbit—is that his behavior really is rabbitlike. He would be quite at home in *Watership Down*. He scuttles, he nibbles at the ball. Or he scoops at it, as if scooping out a burrow. He arouses sensations of contemptuous pity in his opponents—which is one of the things that make him quite difficult to play against, so that he sometimes actually beats much better players. There is some satisfaction in that for him, but not much. You see, he actually knows what it is like not to be a rabbit. Every now and then, once or twice a season, say, the gods give him a tiger day. Suddenly his first serves go booming in. He slashes at his forehands and the ball whizzes an inch above the net and into the furthest corner of the court. He even discovers a backhand that doesn't seem to be played with three separate elbow joints between wrist and shoulder. He is glorious.

But then, as with Cinderella, his hour of splendor ends. With him it is not a clock that strikes, it is a thought. He realizes that he is doing things right, and if only he now studies what he is doing and goes on doing it he will henceforth be a tiger all the time. From that moment, lo, he is a rabbit again. He goes on pretending to be a tiger for a bit, but now the slashed forehands clear the chimney-pots and the backhands, struck with no elbow at all, bounce twice before they reach the net. In a game or two he is back to scooping and scuttling, but at the same time vowing inwardly that next time the gods give him his tiger day he will simply take their gift

" 'Yesterday was surprising,' wrote Emma Tupper." Illustration by David Omar White from *Emma Tupper's Diary* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1971). Copyright © 1971 by Peter Dickinson.

Illustrations from Peter Dickinson's books *Emma Tupper's Diary, The Dancing Bear*, and *The Iron Lion* are reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press. All rights reserved.

and be thankful, and not, not, not wonder what it is he is doing right.

The tennis rabbit's tiger day is a dramatic example of the whole mysterious business of being "on form." This is very important to me as a writer. In fact, as you will discover from what I am going to say, I believe it to be a major element in the work of all artists. It doesn't, of course, flood in and out in the startling quick rushes of glory that overtake the tennis rabbit; it comes and goes in periods of months, or even of years. Some artists are on form for most of their lives. They are in touch with energies which they channel through their work to feed the society which they inhabit. Nothing they touch is not somehow infected with this power.

But for most of us it isn't like that. The relationship with those energies is erratic and tenuous, and easily disturbed. It is this relationship, and the nature of some of these disturbances, that I want to explore.

I must make it clear before I begin that I am not going to end up making claims for the artist to be allowed to do precisely what he thinks fit, without any question at all. You may have noticed that I said just now that artists are in touch with energies which they channel through their work to feed the society they inhabit. That is their function; it is what they are for, just as the farmer is there to grow wheat and the bricklayer to build houses. Society has as much right to demand decent ingredients in its art as it has to insist on good wheat in its bread or well-laid bricks in its buildings. The mistake, I believe, comes in not understanding what art is for—how it functions in the social body—and so in demanding useless and even harmful ingredients.

I'm going to start with an utterly trivial, and rather ludicrous, example of such a demand. I am then going to move right back and outline my own beliefs about what art is for and how it works. You may well feel that this is a rather grandiose, even megalomaniac, thing to undertake in the course of talking about children's books. On the other hand, if you take children's books seriously, you probably agree with me that they have some connection with art. So if we're going to discuss them at all we have to have some sort of theory about art, and not just take it for granted. When we've got through all that, I'll return to children's books, and how writers ought to write them, and how two quite different kinds of reader ought to read them.

In 1979 I published a book called *Tulku,* and among the reviews I was sent was one from the Library Media Examination Center, an organization which may be more familiar to you than it was to me. (I must make it clear I am not attacking librarians here, or even teasing them. What I am attacking is a mistaken theory of how to judge books.) This was not a straightforward review, but a checklist. The evaluator started by checking that the item was a book, and in the next section he confirmed this view by checking that it was for reading, and then narrowed the field by checking that it was fiction. He then summarized the plot in four lines. Finally he turned the page and got to the meat of his work, which was the evaluation. Here he had to circle scores from one to five in twelve different categories, starting with—surprise, surprise—objectivity, which is defined as "freedom from bias, misleading emphasis; sex-role, race, ethnic and religious bias." I scored three for that, which is average. I also got three in the next category, Accuracy, which pleased me very much. Most of the book is set in an Eastern Tibetan monastery around 1900. Very little is known about Western Tibetan practices outside Lhasa at that period and nothing at all is known about those of Eastern Tibet, except that they were different. That's why I felt free to make the whole thing up, so three for accuracy is not at all a bad score. I didn't expect a historical novel to score anything for being up-to-date—the next category—and it didn't, though actually I wrote the book partly as a way of looking at some far-from-out-of-date worries, such as the nature of religious faith. Then I got a mere three for Appropriateness of Vocabulary, a baffling nothing for Scope, a gratifying four for User-Interest and another four for Organization. I think my publisher may be a bit miffed at only scoring three for the quality of binding and printing, which I thought pretty good. And finally three for overall estimate. Presumably all this is now fed into a computer. I can't believe that any combination of key pressures will ever get it out again as part of any list anybody might want to compile, so very little harm has been done, and I've enjoyed it a lot.

But I want to take seriously for a moment my score of three—average—for objectivity, significantly the first and implicitly the most important item on the list. This score is much too high. The heroine of the book, a certain Mrs. Jones, is quite definitely four different kinds of sexual stereotype. One, she's the traditional tomboy adventuress, like the Annie Oakley of *Annie Get Your Gun.* Two, she's the lovable cockney waif—Eliza Dolittle with knobs on. Three, she's the chorus-girl-cum-prostitute with a heart of gold. And four, she's the Great Earth Mother. If the Great Earth Mother isn't a sexual stereotype, for God's sake, we might as well all pack up our grievances and go back into whalebone corsets. By all rights Mrs. Jones ought not only to score minus one on any evaluation, she ought also, as a literary character, to be as dead as the deadest mummy in the Egyptian dunes.

But she isn't—some energy flowing through the writer tapping away at his desk brought her into roaring life. So much so that it seems to me no affectation to say that it wasn't I who won the Carnegie Medal and the Whitbread Prize with this book, it was Mrs. Jones. And that life doesn't exist only in and through me. It exists in and through the reader, even in and through the evaluator, painstakingly circling his categories out at Kimberton Farm School. He can't see Mrs. Jones as a stereotype, even though that's what he's there to look for, because she has ceased to be one—as the Great Earth Mother herself would cease to be one if she were now to manifest herself in this room.

Something has happened. What?

To reach any sort of explanation you have to go back, as I said, to the function of art in society.

In outline my theory goes like this:

We all belong to a given culture—we belong actually to several overlapping and interlocking cultures, but for simplicity I shall speak as though we each belonged to only one. We need to belong to it, in order to know who we are, and for that purpose we not only have to be able to recognize it, we also have to keep it in good health. We do this in a whole number of ways—our modes of speech, our manner of

greeting a friend or a stranger, the food we eat, the garments we wear, the things we expect to do on a holiday, the posture of our young as they lounge with cronies . . . all the innumerable small details which make up the unconsidered surface of life, its clothes and its skin and visible features. But underneath that skin there are not only the muscles and bones and guts—the things that sociologists go probing after—there is also the mysterious and intangible essence which in a human being we would call the personality, or perhaps the soul. And just as, with a human being, this is really the most important part of all that goes to make up a total self, so with a culture. It is what makes that culture itself and not other. And yet we can never know that inwardness directly. We know it through a series of generally held and shared notions which, in order to have a word for them, I shall call "myths."

For the sanity of the culture, and therefore for our own sanity, we need to be able to respond to these myths, and more than that, we need to feed them, to celebrate them, and to recreate them so that they continue to fulfill their function.

How does one recreate a myth? At a primitive level the answer is easy. You do it by reenacting the myth. You dance it with drums and song and sacrifice, and that is enough. Even among nonprimitive people we do this more often than we are aware. Take, for instance, the Englishman's myth of England. Ask him to give you a picture of England and he will start with a church with a square stone tower. Ancient tombs, shaded by even more ancient yews. Over on the other side the village green. Men playing cricket. Thatched cottages and a pub. Village pond. White ducks. Further off, a curving avenue of huge lime-trees—in America you call them lindens—leading to a half-hidden Palladian mansion. Then parkland and hedged fields rising to a ridge crested with a long beech-hanger. Now, if you were English the scene would be as vivid on your retinas as if I had projected a slide for you. Moreover, in a few throats there might be a lump, and a mild vague surge of emotion might spread among a group of Englishmen contemplating this scene.

But most of England is nothing like that. Many Englishmen seldom see such things except on the television advertisements—a very good place, by the way, to pick out the more superficial myths of any nation. I have the good luck to live in a bit of countryside which, give or take a few eyesores, is quite like the myth. I tend to drag my children out on long walks through it, and I have gradually become aware

that I am doing this not only because it is good for their lungs and legs but because I am trying unconsciously to pass on to the next generation a version of the myth. I am recreating it for them. Even when I fail to stir them from a session of Dungeons and Dragons and have to go for the walk alone, I am still recreating and celebrating the myth for myself, and so helping to keep it alive for all of us.

I've chosen a very superficial type of myth to begin with. In fact I believe the nature of the subject makes it impossible to go very deep. The more basic myths, like fishes of the lower deeps, lose shape when they are brought to the surface. The change of pressure transforms them to a mass of undifferentiated pulp. You could draw an analogy with dreams. We almost all dream, thirty or forty times a night. Of these dreams we remember, at best, one or two, and those are the ones that come to us when we are almost awake. It may seem strange that a good half of our imaginative life—almost all of some people's imaginative life—takes place so inaccessibly, and yet I'm sure it is very important to our whole well-being. Furthermore I suspect that if I were to devise a technique whereby I could remember all my dreams, they would cease to fulfill their mysterious function.

You could say that what I have called myths are the dreams that a society dreams and does not—cannot—consciously remember. And yet they are the inward part of those essential elements that make it what it is. They are the soil on which the visible culture feeds—and feeds, not entirely but largely, through the medium of art.

Let's take another superficial example: American detective stories. It's best, by the way, to attempt to consider the whole subject through the minor arts. Major artists invoke energies more difficult to comprehend. Anyway, American detective fiction excels in two modes—the private eye story and the police precinct story. Detective novels are ritual representations of how society solves a sudden disruption—that's the murder and that's why there has to be a murder—and sets itself to rights. The two classic American solutions are either to leave it to one guy with the world against him or to get a tight-knit team working at it. The private eye, and the police precinct. In mythic terms, the Lone Ranger and the Big Machine.

Americans are said to be more conscious of the Lone Ranger myth, but to us on the outside it is the Big Machine that really matters. At a mundane level we notice that the games America has invented—football, baseball, contract bridge—tend to become almost ossified by the elaborate systems that are evolved for winning them. It seems to us that America instinctively goes for problems that can be solved by a Big Machine—such as getting a man on the moon—and to ignore those that can't and that America tends to think of Russia as a rival Big Machine, all geared to World Domination, but to feel more comfortable with China, because although China may be developing into a Big Machine too, a lot of the parts are still made of bamboo. At election times you have the dilemma of whether to vote for a Lone Ranger or a Big Machine Driver and tend to finish up by choosing a Lone Ranger for President and then asking him to drive a Big Machine. And so on.

This has in recent years become something of a cliché, of course, but it was going on for decades before that and was simply taken for granted, an unconscious habit of thought, a myth, in my terms. During all that time the writer who wrote and the reader who read a police precinct novel were not only celebrating the Big Machine myth but actually recreating it, helping to keep it alive. When the police precinct novel runs out of steam, fresh ways of celebrating the myth will be found. If they are not found, it will die. But it will not die because ways of celebrating it have not been found. It will die because it is no longer needed as an ingredient of the culture, so the art forms that went with it will not be needed either. You might almost say that one definition of a stereotype is that it is the corpse of a myth.

Let's take an example from children's books now—perhaps from a slightly deeper level of the ocean. This has to do with what W. H. Auden called the Great Good Place. It can't actually be true that all good English adventure stories end with the hero coming home, and all good American ones with him setting out, but sometimes it seems like that. This may be because in America the Great Good Place is over there, beyond the ranges, where there is wild land still to tame; but in long-settled England it is the acre where we have our roots, the castle and estate which our ancestors built and kept against both king and Parliament through twenty generations, until the wicked lawyers defrauded us of it. Then, with the help of certain honest men and after dangerous escapes we proved our right and came into our own. (I wish I was still allowed to write books like that, dash it.)

As a matter of fact, though, in a way I have written like that. The final chapter of the book I was talking about earlier—the one with Mrs. Jones in it. . . . I don't know how to put this, but if I could write as well all the time as I happened to during those dozen pages, I would be a tolerable kind of writer. They work, and by hindsight I think this may be because, quite unconsciously, I knitted both versions of the myth into one fabric. The hero is an American boy. He is clearly setting out. But he brings the token of a lily bulb to an Englishman, Mrs. Jones's lover. I didn't have to do a lot of description, but the house and everything about it seems to me solidly there. And though nobody can be said to be coming home to it, the story, so to speak, comes home. So I ate my cake and had it still. Very nice, but not anything to boast about. A given piece of good fortune, the equivalent of a tiger day on the tennis court.

I said earlier that each of us belongs to a whole number of cultures, all of whose myths we need to be able to recognize, celebrate, recreate. I belong to the culture of Western educated man; to a culture of scientific progressivism; to the culture of my own social caste; and to several others, both pop and elite. Some of these you share with me, some you don't. Some you share with each other, and some not. But we all belong to what I can only call the common culture of humanity. I want to talk about this for a moment.

You must have noticed how in a museum one certain ancient object in a glass case will suddenly speak to you with a weird power, though it was made by a lost race whose verbal record is totally destroyed, and though all the other objects in that case seem as remote and meaningless as stars. The fact that it can so speak, can so declare a shared perception between you and its forgotten maker, carries a further potency. In the same way the ancient love song that despite the garblings of translation and the static interference of the centuries still gets its signal through sings to us now not only of love but of our shared humanity with all dead lovers.

These myths of common humanity are peculiarly difficult for the artist to cope with. That's why they often embody themselves not in art but in some remembered and often retold historical event. I read not long ago of the death of Count Joscelyn of Edessa. He was a Crusader who helped in the capture of Jerusalem, fought beside King Baldwin in countless campaigns, was captured with him, escaped, swam rivers fully armed to fetch rescuers, and so on. In the end he was mortally wounded during some petty siege. While he lay dying, news was brought that his own town of Edessa was under siege. He told his son to take his army to its relief. The son said the army was too small to be any use. Joscelyn then had himself placed in a horse litter and, still dying, led his army toward Edessa. The news went before him, and hearing that he was coming the besiegers panicked and withdrew. When Joscelyn was told, he had himself lifted down so that he could kneel and give thanks by the roadside. And there he died.

Now why should I—deeply unmilitaristic and moreover regarding the whole episode of the Crusades as a blasphemous perversion of faith performed by permanently inebriated thugs—why should I, picking my way between those unlovely thickets, find myself ambushed by an accepting emotion as I read of the death of Count Joscelyn? I suppose, if you have that turn of mind, you could argue that in our primeval past there was a time when it was necessary that the older males of the human pack should be prepared to die for its survival, so that we have programmed into our genes an instinct to regard such deaths as admirable. The reason doesn't matter, once the response is there. But what I want to emphasize is that there is something else in our makeup that resists attempts by artists to take large and simple stimuli like these and embody them as art. If I had invented the death of Count Joscelyn and put it in a novel the passage would quite properly be dismissed as hokum. The point is that art has to work very insidiously and secretly if it is to fulfill its function of embodying myth. Great artists such as Dickens can get away with things that in other hands would be hokum, but even he doesn't by any means avoid disaster all the time. Most of us, if we are to do work that is any good, must draw from the huge unconscious of the society to which we belong, and do so without thinking about it.

One final point, before we get back to children's books and how they should be written and read. It concerns the worship of art as if it were a religion, and the reverence for artists as if they were priests. For a number of reasons over the last century and a half there has been a conspiracy to treat art as the highest human and social good. The chief conspirators have been the artists. They have used art to celebrate art, all the way from the level of abstract painting, which is painting about painting, to the film which the audience won't get the drift of unless they've seen all that director's other films as well as all the Bogarts. This won't do. It is an attempt to put art itself into the place of myth. Art is like a great cathedral with many altars and side chapels at which we may invoke varied and mysterious powers. If we perform the proper rituals, perhaps a god will answer, for good or ill. But if we try to worship the cathedral itself, we will find that all the shrines are empty and all the gods gone. And then the roof falls in and the place becomes a tourist attraction.

By the same token artists are not priests. They are, if anything, plumbers. Their job is to construct an apparatus which will conduct a substance from one place to another. Unfortunately all their tools exist and all their thinking takes place in a three-dimensional world, but the substance with which they are dealing is a six-dimensional substance. Thus, though they may construct a perfectly valid three-dimensional apparatus, all the joints sound, all the flow-lines according to the textbooks, not a drop comes out at the far end. More embarrassing still, there are occasional artists who are congenitally incapable of building a sound apparatus. It leaks from a dozen joints and wheezes and clanks like the radiator in the hotel bedroom they always seem to give me in New York; but still, for them, something flows out when you turn the tap at the far end. Even they are only plumbers. Bad plumbers, too, but lucky ones.

Worship of artists is bad for art and terrible for artists. What's more it doesn't do the worshippers any good either. And yet, oh, the literary luncheons I have attended, and listened to fascinating talks by major writers, and then seen half the audience dozing, as though culture could somehow be absorbed by osmosis if you just paid for a ticket to sit in the same room as the great man. Artists are plumbers. I hope you respect your plumber, if you can get ahold of one. But I doubt if you worship him. And if he doesn't mend your boiler to your satisfaction I hope you stop respecting him.

I emphasize this because I now want to move back to the question of what society can and should demand of the artist—in our case the writer of children's books—and how the artist should respond.

We'll start with the writer. There's not actually very much she can do. (By the way, don't try to read any meaning into the gender pronouns I may use. They've all been computer randomized. We had a male tennis rabbit, didn't we? Well now we've got a female writer.) If she's bang on form, the question does not arise at first. When you're on form the book makes demands of you—quite irrational-seeming ones sometimes—and you know that you would be betraying something if you didn't obey. Unfortunately it's very easy to deceive yourself about this. And the natural egotism of the artist, combined with all that artist-worship, makes you want to speak and argue as though the force were with you all the time. Whereas in fact it comes and goes. Very often you find yourself dishonestly claiming that you can't alter or improve some passage because it was a response to a demand from the book, whereas in fact it was only a response to problems the book had set, and this was the best solution you could think of, arrived at, probably, after many trials. That sort of difficulty is really outside my scope here —I mention it because it is typical.

But let us suppose something different has happened—the force has been with you but has resulted in something culturally unacceptable. Suppose my editor had pointed out to me that Mrs. Jones was a Great Earth Mother and we couldn't have that these days. Or suppose I'd wanted to put a villain into a book and for perfectly good, three-dimensional plot reasons I'd made him a black man, but that then dimensions four, five, and six had started to operate and had filled that figure with the demonic energies drawn from the lingering racial fantasies that still stir in the depths of the culture I inhabit. Or suppose Robert Louis Stevenson had never written *Treasure Island*, and that somebody were to write it now, word for word, and her publisher were to ask her not to make her villain a cripple. What should she do? It wouldn't be half the book, would it, if Long John Silver had two legs. You might as well try to thrill people with a film called "The Clean-Limbed Person of Notre Dame."

In cases like this there will be a struggle, and whether it is satisfactorily resolved will depend on the ability of both parties to recognize whether they are dealing with a genuine case of the author being "on form"—in touch with the hidden energies—celebrating and recreating a living myth. On the whole, in my experience, publishers are quite good at recognizing when this is the case, and authors less good at acknowledging when it is not. It is the layer on layer of people cut beyond the publishers—the

people I call the mediators—I shall be coming to them in a moment—who are often less able to see quite what they are dealing with. As it depends on particular cases there's not much to say in general about how the writer should cope with this kind of pressure. My general advice is that she shouldn't even think about it until after the book's written. Writing is the opposite of cookery. The timid chef may put too little salt in but can always add more later. Not so the timid writer.

There is an opposite pressure on the writer—not the pressure to omit or alter, but the pressure to include or conform, to deal with particular subjects, to write in a particular way. Last year Ann Durell of Elsevier-Dutton's was over in England and told a conference of children's writers that our cultures were moving further apart, and that in particular what you might call the middle ground of imagination was disappearing in American children's books. The choice now lay between gritty realism and out-and-out fantasy. I can remember the beginnings of this, when I was just starting to publish. An American author told me that his publisher had suggested a bit more grit in his books, and in response he'd put in a scene in which an adult had finished an argument with a boy by stubbing out a cigarette on the boy's hand. This being twelve years ago, the editor had then complained of the brutality. Now, of course, the complaint would be the other way around. What, only one cigarette? Make it a cigar—a whole box of cigars—and finish with a kick in the crotch, uh? That's more like it!

Whenever I read one of these books I am haunted by a strange picture. I see the author crouched at her desk, toiling at her tale of the teenage prostitute with the mother dying from heroin addiction and the father leading a jail riot and the baby brother running the numbers racket in the day care center; and I see behind her chair—not the prostitute's, the author's—a gaunt specter. Sometimes it seems to be the ghost of Cotton Mather, sometimes just Sam Eagle, but ever and anon he leans forward to tap the typescript with a bony claw and show her that once again she has let a whole page go by without a single four-letter word on it. She is not doing her duty.

For these are deeply, ineradicably, puritanical books. They are saying the world is vile, vile, and it is man's lot to be miserable in it. However upbeat an ending the author may contrive, it's no more than candy icing. The cake itself is sour, but it must be swallowed. It is this vile world, and there is no other world, they cry. Repent, repent.

The demand for fantasy contains the same message. If there is to be wonder and adventure and romance, let it take place in some invented world, utterly elsewhere, so there is no chance of these dangerous notions infecting the proper misery and vileness of the real world we must inhabit.

In my terms—though this may seem an odd use of words—what we have here is an attempt to transmute reality itself into the status of myth, to get out-and-out materialism accepted as one of our deep unconscious dreams. I haven't time to go into the reasons for it now, but just give it as an example of a large vague pressure to write a certain kind of book. More particular pressures also exist. In England you hear a lot of talk about the committed writer. This does not of course mean that such a writer is committed to the task of writing. Far from it. The writing is secondary. The task to which he is committed is nearly certainly that of overcoming racial injustice.

I ought to explain, in case you think you detect a sneer of some sort, that the problems of racial injustice and intolerance in Britain are just as deep seated and just as serious and complex as they are anywhere in the world, and that I regard the committal to attempt to cope with them as wholly admirable. But undoubtedly the notion of committal carries with it the implication that other writers ought to be so committed; so there is a pressure on all writers, if only in the sense that a very moderate book dealing with these problems will be more widely reviewed, discussed, and sold than a much better

book about rich and protected children having fun.

Can good books be written in response to such pressures? Either the more general sort, or the direct and particular? The answer obviously is yes, they can. But I think we must accept that the difficulties are greater than with the uncommitted book. The overt social aim is an extra barrier between the writer and the mythic elements beneath the surface of society. Or to use my simile of the plumber, there's a double lot of three-dimensional piping to be soldered in, a whole extra maze of circuits in which the flow from the other dimensions can become mysteriously lost or blocked. We all know, alas, how any moral crusade, however admirable, makes all-around honesty that much harder. This is particularly true with intangibles such as honesty to one's book. You put, say, a band of wandering Sikhs into a novel to befriend your heroine. I did this myself some years ago. I made them too nice, too intelligent, too unselfish. I wanted them to be fundamentally good men and women, but I made them goodies, which is something different. They are slightly unreal, and the whole book is the worse for that.

Still, it can be done. I think the most likely writers to bring it off are of two kinds—either those who are right inside the problem, who breathe its air and take it for granted, so that for them it ceases to be a barrier, or those who are right outside it, for whom it can then become almost a technical problem, thus freeing the unconscious imagination to perform its mysterious function. The fatal thing is to be half committed, as I was with my Sikhs.

Finally I want to deal with how readers should read. I've referred to two kinds of readers. Obviously one kind is the reader for whom the book is written. A child. But between the author and the children comes another kind of reader, whom I shall call the mediators. Almost all art is to some extent mediated, in that there are middlemen between the artist and his public, middlemen who to some extent decide what art gets where and how it gets there. But with children's books the mediators are a potent force. It is their voice that is heard, louder than that of the children. When a publisher for adults is making up her mind about a book, she asks questions such as *Will it sell? Will it add prestige to my list? Will I get sued by the CIA?* and even *Do I like it?* The publisher of children's books asks these questions too, but adds *Will teachers want to use it? Will librarians push it? Will this lobby or that raise a scream about it? Will parents be persuaded that it will be good for their children to read it? Or at least good for the parents' own social prestige if they have?* That publisher is of course himself a mediator, but he has to keep half of his mind not on the reader to whom the book might eventually go but on the whole network of other mediators who must be satisfied if it is to get there.

I am not complaining; the process is necessary, or at least inevitable. It is a question of how the task of mediation should be undertaken, and that in turn is a question of priorities. I described the document I got from the Media Evaluation Center as trivial, but as an example of how not to mediate it is far from trivial. What happens when the first question a mediator asks about a book is whether it is free from sexual or racial bias?

When this happens, the mediator is undertaking the job as though she were the judge in an ice skating contest. First come the compulsory figures. The performer must demonstrate the ability to go through certain motions with absolute precision. Only then can the free-skating element—that part of the performance in which the skater actually speaks to the audience, when the curve of steel on ice, the poise of a limb, the glitter of a leap, cease to be mere gymnastics and become statements about the possibilities of human flesh and the nature of the elements in which we move and the transience of our mastery over them—begin. You're only allowed to enjoy that after the compulsory figures have been completed to the judges' satisfaction.

Or to go back to cooking. We all prefer to have our food prepared in a kitchen free from rats and cockroaches. Most of us would choose tasteless but hygienic food to a superb dish prepared by a known typhoid carrier. But there are many around for whom hygiene is all, and it doesn't matter what it tastes like provided it's packaged in three layers of bacteria-resistant plastic. Is there not a danger that a child reared on such a diet will succumb to the first feeble bacteria that happen to get through?

Earlier I likened the myths of a society to the process of dreaming. Well, some dreams are nightmares. If nightmares performed no function, surely the processes of evolution would by now have sieved them out of our genetic inheritance. One mustn't stretch this kind of metaphor too far, but it seems to me probable that society as a whole must also be allowed to dream certain necessary nightmares. How is the mediator to recognize these occasions? Certainly not by playing safe. That is death to all the arts. That is hygiene run mad.

Nor is it to be done by allowing total freedom to the artist—particularly not in the case of children's books. I believe it can only be done by a willingness, an effort, on the part of the mediator to recognize that he is in a position comparable with that of the original creator. He too must—all readers in fact must—be prepared to open himself to the flow of the hidden powers. He must approach each book as though total freedom for the artist really existed, as though everything were possible, as though the only question worth asking was "Do the powers speak through this book?" Only after that question has been answered with complete honesty should other questions be asked. If the answer to the first question is yes it may still be necessary to reject the book. It may be even more necessary than if the answer were no. Because, in my terms, such a book not only celebrates its myth, it also recreates it and gives it fresh strength. And if that myth is a nightmare, the nightmare may well renew its strength with every fresh reader, every fresh reading.

Such a decision can only be taken after deep and honest thought, and deep and honest feeling. In Britain we publish about two thousand children's books each year. Of these, how many genuinely speak? A hundred, would you say? A hundred in a good year? They are rare things. They must not come to be rejected on a series of superficial rule-of-thumb judgments, made semi-automatically by evaluators filling in forms to be fed into a computer. Very few of what I have actually called the mediators physically complete such forms, but more and more, in my experience, are making their judgments as though that is what they were doing.

I shall say little about the books that do not genuinely speak. I don't despise them. Most are honestly and competently written. But I would suggest that anybody passing judgment on these books should be especially wary of those that go through all the right motions, which accurately tread the currently acceptable paths of virtue, perform well in the compulsory figures. It is these very books of which the next generation of evaluators, looking back, will groan and say "How could they? How could they?" It is the book that treads apparently dangerous paths that may turn out to be speaking after all, only we were not yet tuned to hear.

Finally the question of how should children read? Much too much is already spoken, and argued, and agonized about this. I therefore shall say nothing about it at all, except that they should be left to get on with it. And good luck to them.

The Quest for Fair

BY GILLIAN AVERY

* * *

On December 27, 1904, an audience of adults at the Duke of York's theatre in London responded to Peter Pan's appeal by thunderously assenting that yes, they did believe in fairies. *Peter Pan,* that extraordinary amalgam of magic, nostalgia, and James Barrie's own complex psychological problems—that terrible masterpiece, as Peter Llewellyn Davies was later to call it [1]—had begun its inexorable career.

There had been skeptics present that night. George Edwards, the musical comedy impresario, had been heard to remark, "Well, if that's the sort of thing the public want, I suppose we'll have to give it to 'em." Anthony Hope (of the Ruritanian romances), more laconic, merely wished for an hour of Herod. But in general the adult public was massively on Barrie's side. *Peter Pan* might mirror Barrie's personal preoccupations and dilemmas, but it also mirrored the taste of the Edwardian public, and in particular the prevalent cult of the child. It was a time when upper-class society used children as a form of interior decoration, when a young bachelor could give as his recreations in *Who's Who* "horse-racing and children's parties," and the same young man could please his readers by writing about children as "white souls who know no past nor its remorse . . . who laugh through today, and under God's grace are kings of the future . . . these dainty jewels of white innocence, these pearls without price."[2]

The fashion for such extravagant affirmation diminished, though the devotion to child nature

was to remain. It wa
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should be sealed off from the realities of the outside world.

It was the vogue in those opening decades of the twentieth century to denounce in Kenneth Grahame style the prosaic, Olympian view of the world, and to assert that children alone had the key to the meaning of life. (Of course Blake had said this long before Grahame, but he had not affected the minor literati to such an extent.)

For the grown-up folk
Are a troublesome folk,
And the book of their childhood is torn,
Is blotted, and crumpled, and torn.[3]

This sentiment, expressed by Algernon Blackwood, was to be repeated over and over again in those years. For, to children was vouchsafed the gift of imagination in its purest form, and imagination had come to be venerated as the most desired quality in the literary ideal child. The first three decades of the twentieth century produced many studies of sensitive, dreaming children by writers such as Forrest Reid, Algernon Blackwood, and (greater, of course, than either of these) Walter de la Mare. In books *for* children, the acceptable child was the one who understood imaginative games. Those who did not, like Albert-next-door in E. Nesbit's *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* (1899), were dismissed as hopeless outsiders.

"It is impossible to say how terribly barren childhood would be without fairy tales," wrote Evelyn Sharp, herself the author of many and the creator of a fairy species called "wymps" who lived on the far side of the sun. "We can only gain a small idea of that when we see children who do not know how to believe in elves and goblins, but are anxious to explain that the rings on the grass are caused by mushrooms, and that recent scientific research has proved Cinderella's slipper to have been made of fur."[4]

This was 1891. Some ninety years before, Mrs. Trimmer had recommended that fairy stories should be banished from the nursery; now it was held that children should not only be reared on them, but that they should believe in fairies.

You see the fairies dancing in the fountain,
  Laughing, leaping, sparkling with the spray;
You see the gnomes, at work beneath the
    mountain,
  Make gold and silver and diamonds every day;
You see the angels, sliding down the moonbeams,
  Bring white dreams, like sheaves of lilies fair;
You see the imps, scarce seen against the moon-
    beams,
  Rise from the bonfire's blue and liquid air.[5]

E. Nesbit wrote these lines for "Dolly, who does not learn her lessons," demanding "why must we clip those wings and dim those eyes with books?" and clearly expecting a roar of approval. The good storybook child did see fairies; if not, then stupid grown-ups with progressive ideas were to blame. Arthur Ransome in "The Uncle and the Faeries"[6] a short story written twenty-five years before the first of his essentially practical adventure stories, used a theme that was to be monotonously repeated during the next thirty years: the skeptics who have to be converted to believe in fairyland. Here, it is the uncle who is a true child at heart and "never forgot that faeries were really and truly alive and that it is wrong to laugh at them as if they were only shams," and he tells Barbara (who "had been to school and come back full of wisdom, thinking and saying that faeries were only children's rubbish") how to see them.

The accounts ranged from the utterly banal to the relatively sophisticated: from Enid Blyton's "I'll always love the fairies now, and oh! won't it be fun to go to their next party?"[7] to Compton Mackenzie's satirical account[8] of the Newalls, parents who rear their children on progessive principles and surround them with clever mechanical toys and books with pictures of steam engines and airplanes. Mr. and Mrs. Newall never take the children to church "or bore them with stupid stories about fairies, or ghosts, or the heroes of the past."

These were the years of the fairy-spotters. In previous ages belief in fairies had been associated with primitive communities who lived, so to speak, close to the earth. In the early twentieth century the urban middle classes took them over. In *Fairies at Work and at Play* (issued by the Theosophical Publishing House in 1925), Geoffrey Hodson described his fairy-watching much as an ornithologist would describe bird-watching. Mostly he walked out from Preston in Lancashire to see them in the surrounding countryside, but at least once he saw them during a celebration of Mass (at Harpenden, Hertfordshire). To the skeptical reader all the fairy beings he describes are amazingly like the illustrations in children's books of the period; he must surely, for instance, have had Mabel Lucie Attwell's pictures in mind when he spoke of the mannikin species, with their faces "like three-year old children, chubby and smiling. They wear a little green cap, the eyes are bright and beady, and sometimes small pointed ears stick out."

It is the resemblance to the cheaper sort of fairy illustrations that makes the famous photographs of the Cottingley fairies seem to a modern viewer such tawdry and dated forgeries. These photographs, supposedly taken by two Yorkshire girls in 1917 and 1920, created tremendous excitement at the time. They were reproduced in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Coming of the Fairies* (1922) where he examined the evidence for them and, while professing himself detached, was strongly disposed to believe in their authenticity.

Fairies infested the dimmer sorts of literary and decorative art in the early twentieth century. "Practically every writer begins his or her career by writing a fairy tale,"[9] stated a 1934 guide to writing for children, and such varied figures as the queen of Romania, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Maurice Baring, Compton Mackenzie, and Laurence Houseman all tried their hands at it. Walter de la Mare was one of the very few who carried the genre to a high literary level. His story "Miss Jemima,"[10] for instance, describes an unhappy little girl terrifyingly haunted by a fairy being who symbolizes her own worse nature:

> On the other side of the flat gravestone a face appeared. I mean, it didn't rise up. It simply came into the air [illegible]very small face, more oval than round, its go[illegible]oured hair over its wild greenish eyes falling on either side of its head in a curious zigzag way.

But the concept of fairies as a dark and sinister force was de la Mare's alone at this time. Even witches had become cosily comical, and his contemporaries depicted fairies as gauzy winged little flutterbies who existed to dance and play and feast off toadstools and, above all, to make children happy:

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
 They often dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
 And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
 And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
 Well, they can.[11]

This poem by Rose Fyleman (1877–1957) was one of scores that she contributed in the 1920s to *Punch,* that sober and prosy purveyor of humor for the middle-aged middle classes. But it was certainly not intended to be funny. Rose Fyleman saw fairies everywhere. Especially they were to be found in the garden, dancing on the lawns, jousting on the gravel, sailing on the lily pond. Not only could you meet them sitting on mushrooms in the fields or running across the nursery floor (though Nurse would say it was a mouse); the perceptive would see them in London swinging down Bond street on a lady's hat, or in Oxford riding on a motor bus. Miss Fyleman's fairies played forever, sliding down steeples, cloud-catching, sitting on the fountain jets. You saw their traces wherever you looked, for the skin of peaches was their flannel, beechnuts their brushes, bulrushes their pillows, and willow catkins their muffs. They were even present at the Nativity:

They clustered round the doorway
 To see the Holy Child.
He opened wide His starry eyes
 And looked at them, and smiled.[12]

There was no end to the conceits that writers produced about fairies. Rose Fyleman visualized the moon as a great golden penny that the fairies unhooked and carried off to spend when their pockets were empty. "There are so many things they want to buy. Rainbow ribbons from the weather clerk for sashes, silken thread from the spider for weaving into shawls, pearl varnish from the snail for doing up their wings, and little red feathers from the robin for wearing in their Sunday bonnets." [13] It was modish to introduce a note of coy sophistication:

"Trains are all the fashion,"
 Said the Fairy in the tree.
"They'll catch upon the brambles
When we go for moonlight scrambles,
 And *then* where shall we be?"

"At the caterpillar's wedding,"
 Said the Pixie in the moss,
"The dewdrops were so fizzy
That all the guests turned dizzy—
 The Queen was very cross." [14]

Surprisingly these verses appeared in one of the *Joy Streets,* the annual published by Basil

Blackwell between 1923 and 1936 as an alternative for fastidious parents to the shoddy affairs that most other publishing houses poured out at the Christmas season. The emphasis in the *Joy Streets* was on fairy stories and fantasy. This was in the mood of the times, for the annuals and comics for younger readers contained little else. The appetite for fairies seemed insatiable, and publishers and authors alike scraped the barrel ever lower. The traditional sort were not enough; new ones were constantly invented. Agnes Grozier Herbertson came up with a Chimney Squeak, a Creepie-man, a Shoo-Shoo man, a Widdy Winkum, a Wuffly Worple, and many, many more.

Fairies appeared in surprising places. Even *The Schoolmistress,* a very sober journal with much attention given to mental arithmetic, care of the teeth, and needlework, included a marquetry design featuring the fairy queen and her attendants and intermittent fairy verse:

A baby knows more about fairies
  Than anyone else in the world.
For once, in a beautiful garden,
  He was in a flower-bud curled.

There was also a *Navy Book of Fairies* (published in 1916 to raise funds for a naval orphanage), to which Admiral Jellicoe contributed a preface which began, "The Bluejackets and Marines who man the British Fleet don't look much like fairies but they are doing much the same kind of work as fairies used to be credited with." Fairies were used to promote Gibbs's dentifrice —"Mother . . . in the guise of a fairy tale this book is teaching thousands of entranced little ones to treasure their teeth." They were also used to communicate scientific fact.

This went beyond Cicely Mary Barker's flower fairies[15] which showed children botanically accurate drawings of flowers with fairy children inside them. In Edith Howes's *The Cradle Ship* (1916) it is the fairies who tell Win and Twin how babies are born. Or rather they go no further than telling them that "baby grew in a silky baby-bag under your heart, Mother," though at a time when many other books told children that babies had been brought across the rainbows or out of the flowers by the fairies (a convention endorsed, as we have seen, by *The Schoolmistress*) this was remarkable enough. Win and Twin ask their grandmother where the new baby has come from and are told not to be rude. But mother turns out to be a fairy, and father transforms himself into one (amazingly, he chooses to be a red hot poker, which one can be tolerably certain was a Freudian slip rather than an adult joke), and everybody flies away to Babyland where the fairies show them how trees, flowers, butterflies and birds propagate the species.

Fairies brought the babies; sometimes they also lovingly took them back again. "Little Nancy seemed to be ailing. The Doctor couldn't say what was the matter with her. Perhaps it was that she was pining to go back to the lovely Country of the Fairies, which she had come from. At last she went away and we never saw her again."[16] There was during these years a yearning in those who wrote for children to present them with some sort of faith to replace the Christian teaching which had been implicit in Victorian books (even with writers who had no particularly fervent religious feelings) and which had become unfashionable. Children's writers generally deprecated the "progressive" attitude —characterized by Compton Mackenzie's Newall parents—which sought to remove all mystery and to base everything on scientific fact. They also recognized that it is difficult to preach an ethic convincingly in the absence of a faith, and so fairies became the new guardian angels:

> Good thoughts are very like Fairies; they fly around and around the world and only find a resting place in the hearts of those good and kind enough to receive them, and they would soon fade and die if there were no such people; but there are so many—for instance all the Mummies and Daddies and Aunties who try to make the children good and happy, for it is not possible to be one without the other; but the best of all is to

> make your own heart a resting-place, by being kind and thoughtful and loving and giving like the dear Fairies we have been reading about and to make your own home, like our Fairy Island, a place of Enchantment.[17]

This new concept of the guardian angel was not just confined to the agnostic. The *Child's Own Magazine*, for example, founded in 1872 and published by the Sunday School Union, in its early years was filled with stories of how careless children got to love their Bibles, and how little boys who used God's name in vain were cured by writing down all the Bible said about profane swearing. In 1930 the same journal was carrying a story about Winnie, who was cured of selfishness by a little mannikin all dressed in leaf-green.

Not to believe in fairies is tantamount to rejecting the good, if not God:

> Once upon a time there was an old Cobbler and he lived in a little village; nobody loved him and he didn't love anybody . . . and he didn't know there were Fairies. He was dreadfully mean, and only thought of himself, and none of the children of the village would come near him, just because he didn't understand Fairies; no child loves people who do not know Fairies.[18]

And conversely, by believing in fairies one will attain one's heart's desire, though this in the 1920s might be a very jejune affair. Fairyland in Christine Chaundler's *The Thirteenth Orphan* (1920) is a place where all wishes come true and you get chocolate éclairs and little pink cakes and gold bangles and a white rabbit just by wishing for them:

> When you've no heart to laugh or play,
> or voice to lift in song,
> Still keep your faith in Fairyland!
> Believe the vision true—
> And faith and love one day will bring
> Your heart's desire to you.

In the 1930s fewer writers were ready to assert that fairies were the "vision true," though the same blandness and easy glossing over of the difficulties of life remained. Nor did the Second World War have the effect, as the first one had, of sending the children's writers deeper into fairyland. In 1950 Cicely Mary Barker wrote in a preface to *Fairies of the Flowers and Trees:*

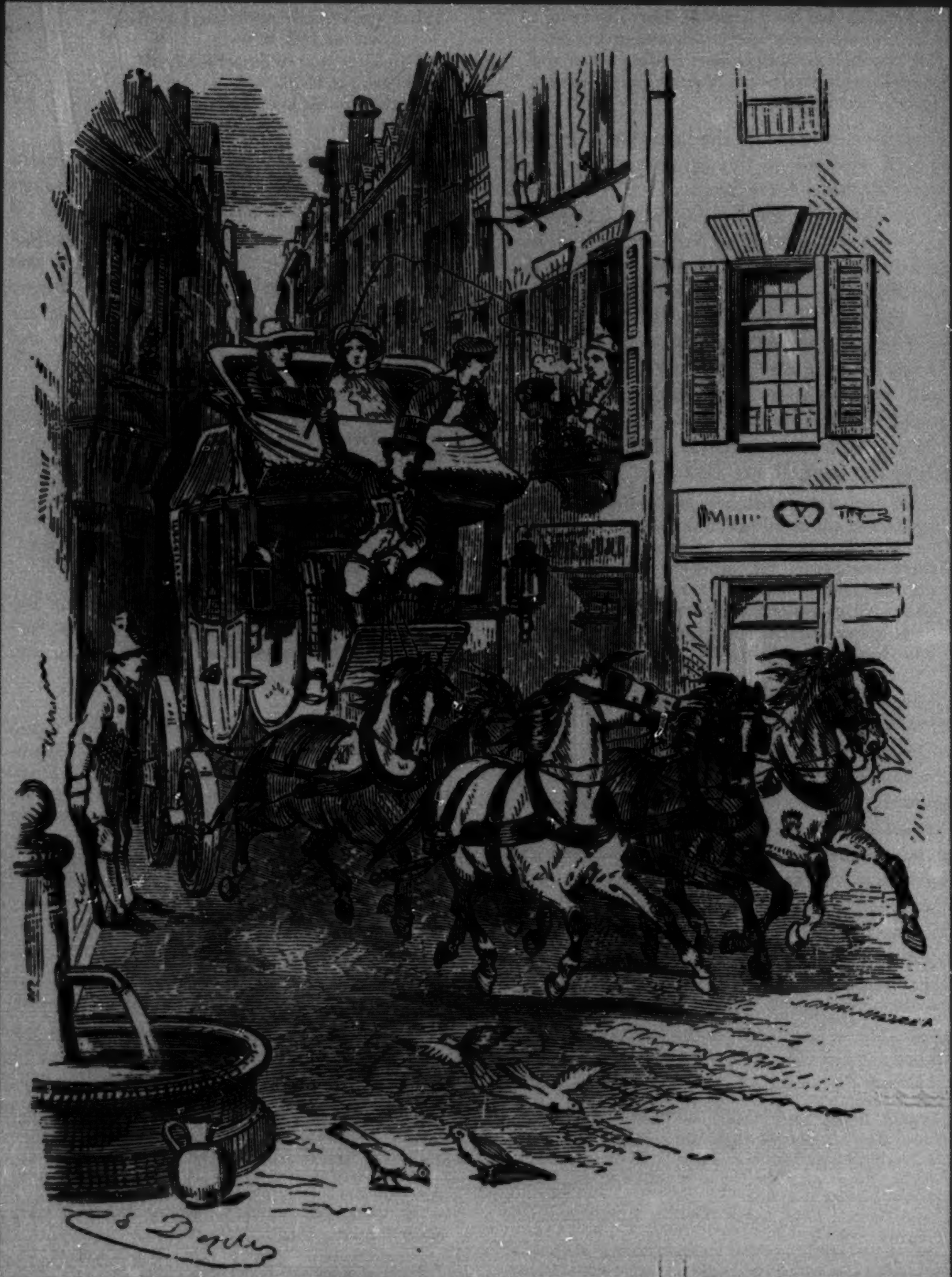
> I believe that many children would be glad to know how much of this book, and of the others in the Flower Fairy series, is true, and how much "pretend." So let me say quite plainly that I have drawn all the plants and flowers very carefully from real ones; and everything I have said about them is as true as I could make it. But I have never seen a fairy; the fairies and all about them are just "pretend."

That she needed to make this distinction between reality and fantasy demonstrates the sort of dreamland that children had been encouraged to inhabit in earlier decades.

Gillian Avery, married to an Oxford don, writes books both for children and about children's literature. Her latest work, *Childhood's Pattern: A Study of the Heroes and Heroines of Children's Fiction, 1770–1950*, was published in 1975 in London by Hodder and Stoughton. She has recently been conducting tutorials in children's literature for American students spending their junior year in England.

NOTES

1. Andrew Birkin, *J. M. Barrie and the Lost Boys* (London: Constable, 1979).
2. Edward Herbert Cooper, *Twentieth Century Children* (London: Lane, 1905).
3. Algernon Blackwood, *A Prisoner in Fairyland* (London: Macmillan, 1910).
4. Evelyn Sharp, *Fairy Tales, As They Are, As They Were, As They Should Be* (Brighton, 1891).
5. E. Nesbit, *Many Voices* (London: Hutchinson, 1922).
6. Arthur Ransome, "The Uncle and the Fairies," in *The Dream Garden* (London, 1905).
7. Enid Blyton: *Enid Blyton Book of Fairies* (London: Newnes, 1924).
8. Compton Mackenzie, *The Enchanted Island* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1933).
9. Christine Chaundler, *The Children's Author* (London: Pitman, 1934).
10. Walter de la Mare, *Broomsticks* (London: Constable, 1925).
11. Rose Fyleman, *A Garland of Rose's: Collected Poems of Rose Fyleman* (London: Methuen, 1928).
12. "Robin's Christmas Song," in Fyleman, *Garland of Rose's.*
13. Rose Fyleman, "The Moon," in *The Rainbow Cat and Other Stories* (London: Methuen, 1922).
14. "Gossip," in Fyleman, *Garland of Rose's.*
15. Cicely Mary Barker, *The Book of the Flower Fairies* (London: Blackie, 1927).
16. I. R. Outhwaite and G. Outhwaite, *The Little Fairy Sister* (London: Black, 1923).
17. Catherine and Percival Perry, *The Island of Enchantment* (London: Hutchinson, 1926).
18. Jeannie McConnell, *A Pilgrimage in Fairyland* (London: Privately printed, 1920).



The Terraqueous Globe

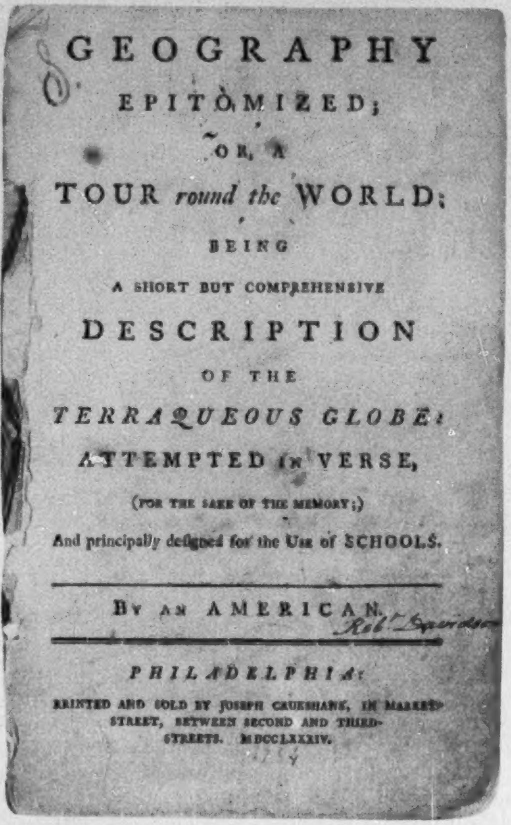
BY VIRGINIA HAVILAND

Didacticism laid a heavy hand on early books designed for boys and girls by "guardians of the young." From the late eighteenth century came stilted little volumes obviously intended to instruct. In the late nineteenth-century burgeoning of travelogue series, mentors made gratuitous and unconvincing disclaimers of aims to teach. If they did admit educational purposes, they confessed to having the lessons "made easy" or, at least, inviting.

In the eighteenth century Jedidiah Morse offered *Geography Made Easy. Being a Short but Comprehensive System of That Very Useful and Agreeable Science.*[1] An advertisement for the first edition, issued in 1784, was included in the book by the publisher, Meigs, Bowen & Dana of New Haven, and states the author's earnest aims, described in part as follows:

> The utility of a compendium of geography, which contains a concise, accurate and comprehensive description of the terraqueous globe, is too obvious to need a mention. Mankind are generally fond of acquainting themselves with the world, were it possible for them all to be possessed of the proper means; but geographical books have hitherto been too voluminous and expensive for the purchase, of by far the greater part of the inhabitants of the United States, which has, to them, been an effectual bar to acquaintance with this science. To remedy this, is one important end of this publication. But the Author's more immediate aim is to facilitate the acquisition of geographical knowledge, in the public and private schools throughout the United States. He at first intended it as a manuscript only, for the use of a school under his immediate instruction. . . .

The same year as the first issue of this little volume—which explains maps, winds, tides, and clouds as well as the geography of North and South America—another educator, Robert Davidson, aimed to beguile young readers with:



GEOGRAPHY
EPITOMIZED;
OR, A
TOUR round the WORLD:
BEING
A SHORT BUT COMPREHENSIVE
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE:
ATTEMPTED IN VERSE,
(FOR THE SAKE OF THE MEMORY;)
And principally deſigned for the Uſe of SCHOOLS.

BY AN AMERICAN. Robt Davidson

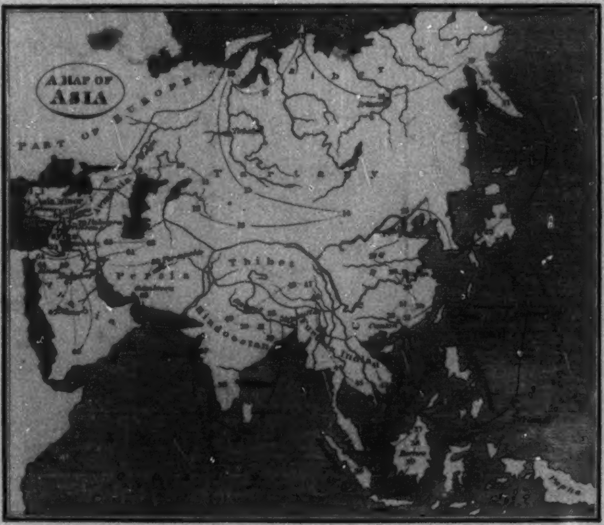
PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOSEPH CRUKSHANK, IN MARKET-
STREET, BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD-
STREETS. MDCCLXXXIV.

His introductory "To the Reader" is an apologia:

> If the following attempt, to smooth one of the paths of Science, and render it inviting to the

OPPOSITE PAGE:
From Jacob Abbott's *Rollo in Geneva* (Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co., 1900).

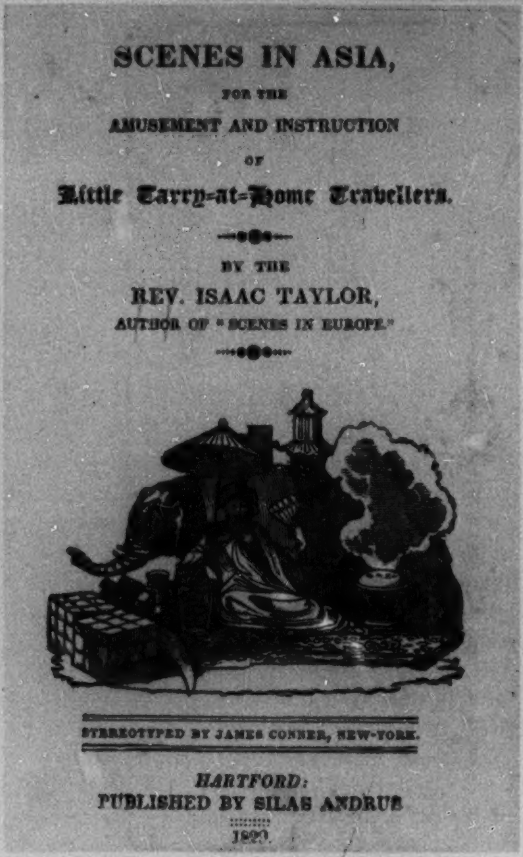
Frontispiece map which folds out to face the title page, right, for Isaac Taylor's *Scenes in Asia*.



> Sons and Daughters of *America*, shall be found, on a fair trial, to answer this important end, the Author will be highly gratified, and account those leisure hours that have been employed in it, as well spent.
>
> Every one knows, that instructions conveyed in any tolerable kind of *verse*, are much more easily remembered, than when delivered in the most elegant and harmonious *prose*.
>
> An *Epitomè*, therefore, of *Geography* (resembling a *general Map* of the World) in which the divisions and sub-divisions of Continents and States—the situation of Cities and Islands—the names and course of Rivers, &c. are pointed out, and described in easy and familiar rhymes—promises satisfaction and profit, not only to the young votaries of Science, but to every one who wishes to read histories, voyages and travels, with advantage and pleasure.
>
> To render this small System as useful as may be, great care has been taken, to express every idea with *perspicuity*, and at the same time with the utmost *brevity*. . . .

A quotation from Davidson's verse makes quickly evident its doggerel quality:

> A going, a going, we'll set off in style,
> The wonders of Asia to see;
> We'll take our farewell of Old England awhile,
> And give a good jump o'er the sea.
> O'er Europe we've wandered, so won't go again,
> But skip to the Black Sea in haste;
> Or Constantinople:—not there to remain,
> But get into Asia quite fast.



SCENES IN ASIA,
FOR THE
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION
OF
Little Tarry-at-Home Travellers.

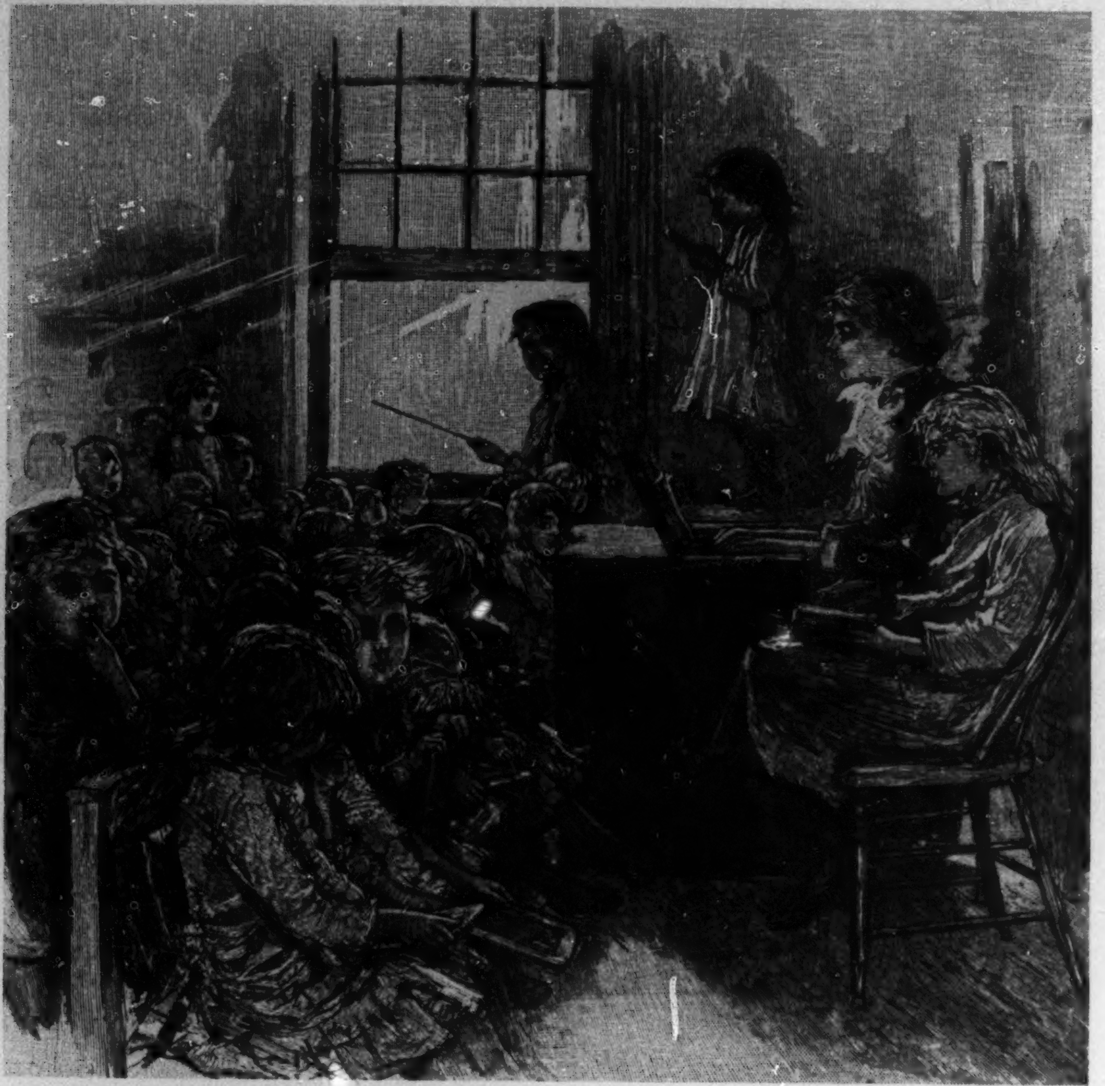
BY THE
REV. ISAAC TAYLOR,
AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN EUROPE."

STEREOTYPED BY JAMES CONNER, NEW-YORK.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY SILAS ANDRUS
1823.

The great burst of travelogue publishing in the next century provided such subtitles as "a peep at," "rambles among," "a geographical present" and such lighthearted qualifiers as "knockabout" and "zigzag," to suggest carefree journeys. The first of a considerable band of guardians who served as guides for the young was the Briton Isaac Taylor, father of the famous Jane and Ann who wrote *Original Poems for Infant Minds* (1804). To his *Scenes in Europe* (1818), *Scenes in Asia* (1819), *Scenes in Africa* (1820), *Scenes in America* (1821), and *Scenes in England* (1822), published first in London by Harris and Son, he appended the euphemistic subtitle *"for the Amusement and Instruction of Little Tarry-at-Home Travellers."* American editions of these little books had various publishers and dates from 1822 on. And there followed *Scenes in Foreign Lands; or, A view of Some of the Most Remarkable Wonders of Travel, an Interesting and Instructive Book for Young People* (Philadelphia: W. A. Leary, 1843?).

Following Isaac Taylor by several decades, Samuel Griswold Goodrich—known by his pseu-



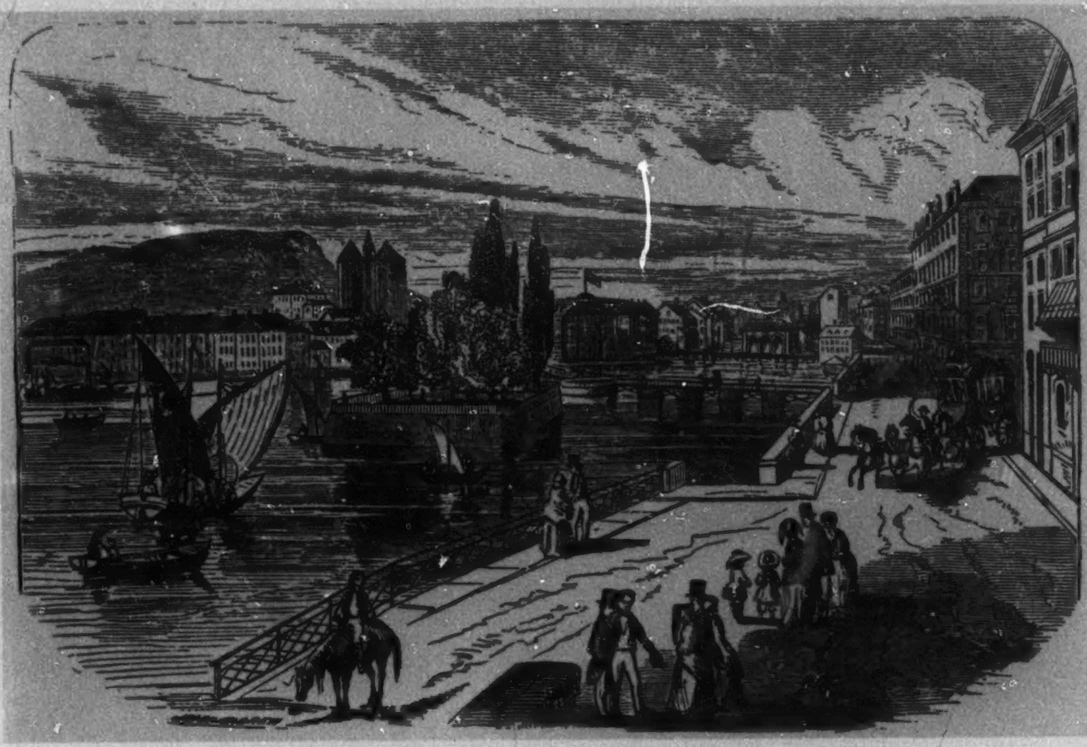
From a chapter on education in the colonies in *The Boy Travellers in Australasia.*

donym, Peter Parley—and Jacob Abbott opened the floodgates of travelogue publishing with lengthy series, including the latter's famous little "Rollo" books. A cue to Abbott's temperament and character and engaging the reader's attention at once in *Rollo in Naples* is Uncle George's list of nine rules for two parties traveling together. The first of these reads:

> The interior of the carriage, all the way, shall belong to Mrs. Gray and her family, and the *coupé* to Mr. George and Rollo. Mr. George or Rollo may, perhaps, sometimes ride inside; but if they do so, it is to be understood that they ride there as the guests of Mrs. Gray; and in the same manner, if at any time any of Mrs. Gray's party ride outside, it will be as the guests of Mr. George and Rollo.

This was followed by rules for choosing rooms upon arriving at the hotel and for setting the hour for the next day's departure. The fourth rule states:

> Any person who is not ready to sit down to breakfast at the time which shall have been appointed by Mrs. Gray the evening before, or



From Jacob Abbott's *Rollo in Geneva* (Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co., 1900).

> who shall not be ready to enter the carriage at the time appointed, shall pay a fine, except in the case hereinafter provided for. If the person so behindhand is one of the children, the fine shall be two cents, or the value thereof in the currency of the country where we may chance to be; and if it is one of the grown persons, the fine shall be three times that amount, that is, six cents.

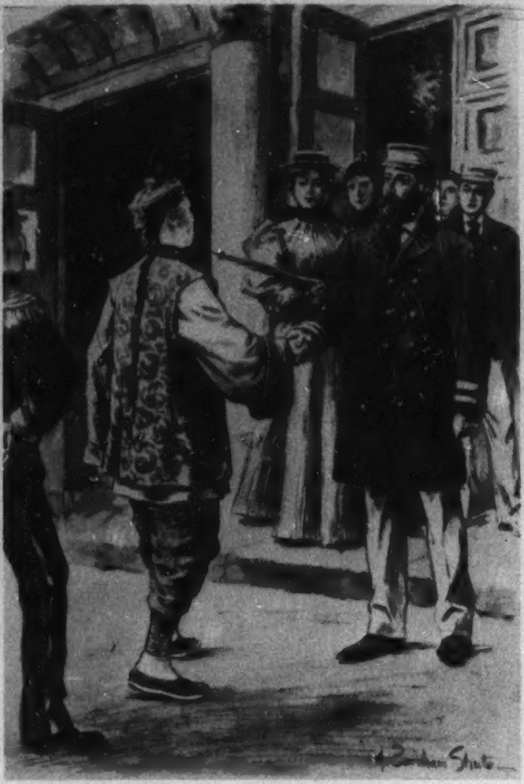
Another cause for fines is elucidated in rule eight.

> Any one of the party who shall at any time make complaint of any thing in respect to the carriage, or the riding during the day, or in respect to the food provided at the hotels, or the rooms, or the beds, when we stop for the night, except when such complaint relates to an evil which may be remedied, and is made with a view to having it remedied, shall be fined one cent, or the value thereof in the currency of the country. Rosie is to be the sole judge of the infractions of the rule, and is to impose the fine, while Josie as before is to collect and keep the money.

The final rule provides that "On the arrival of the party at Naples, the amount of the fine money shall be expended in the famous Neapolitan confectionery, and shall be divided equally among the three children."

Goodrich and Abbott were succeeded in turn by other New Englanders, the more literary and less prolific Horace E. Scudder (editor of *Riverside Magazine*)—a writer whom the *Atlantic* called "the more serene and non-sensational story-teller for children"—with his storybooks about the doings of the Bodley family on their jaunts abroad and Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale with their "Family Flight" series, which extended to such distant "flights" as *A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria.*

I found it agreeable in 1949 to accept as a topic for my contribution to the Caroline M. Hewins honor lecture series (founded by that generous bibliophile Frederic G. Melcher, then president of the R. R. Bowker Company and donor of the Newbery and Caldecott Medals for outstanding works of American children's literature) Frederic Melcher's suggestion: "The Travelogue Storybook of the Nineteenth Century." He told me that as a boy in the late 1880s he had read and loved the travelogues being pub-



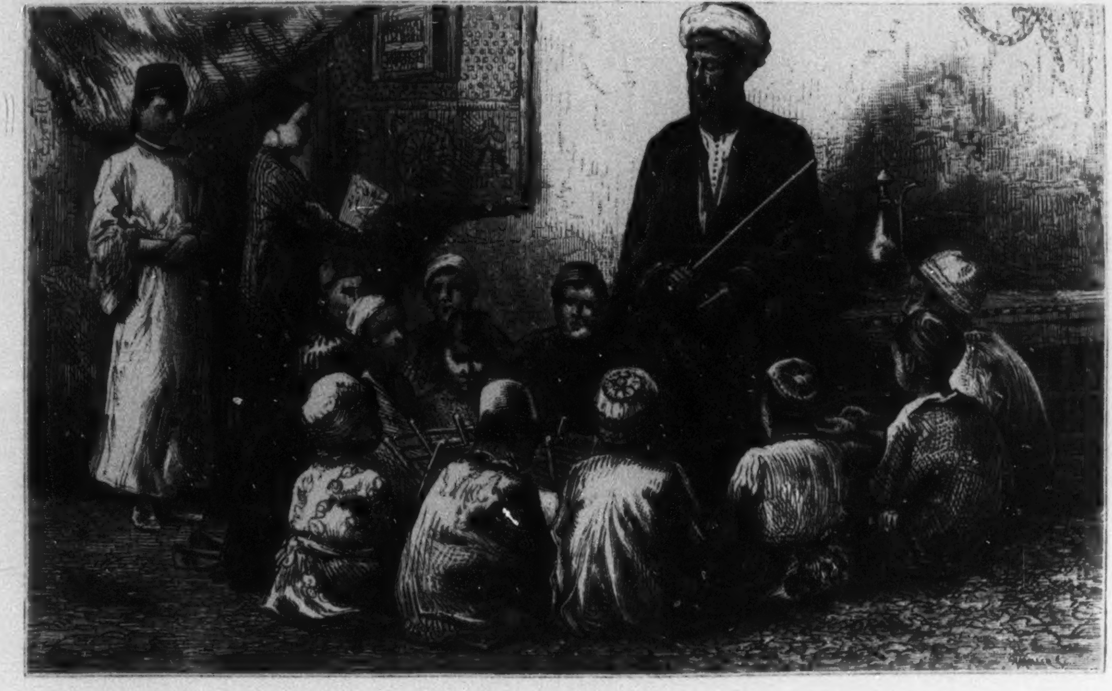
lished then in great numbers for young readers. In his introduction to my lecture (published as a monograph by Horn Book, Inc.) he called the genre "a fascinating but almost forgotten field."

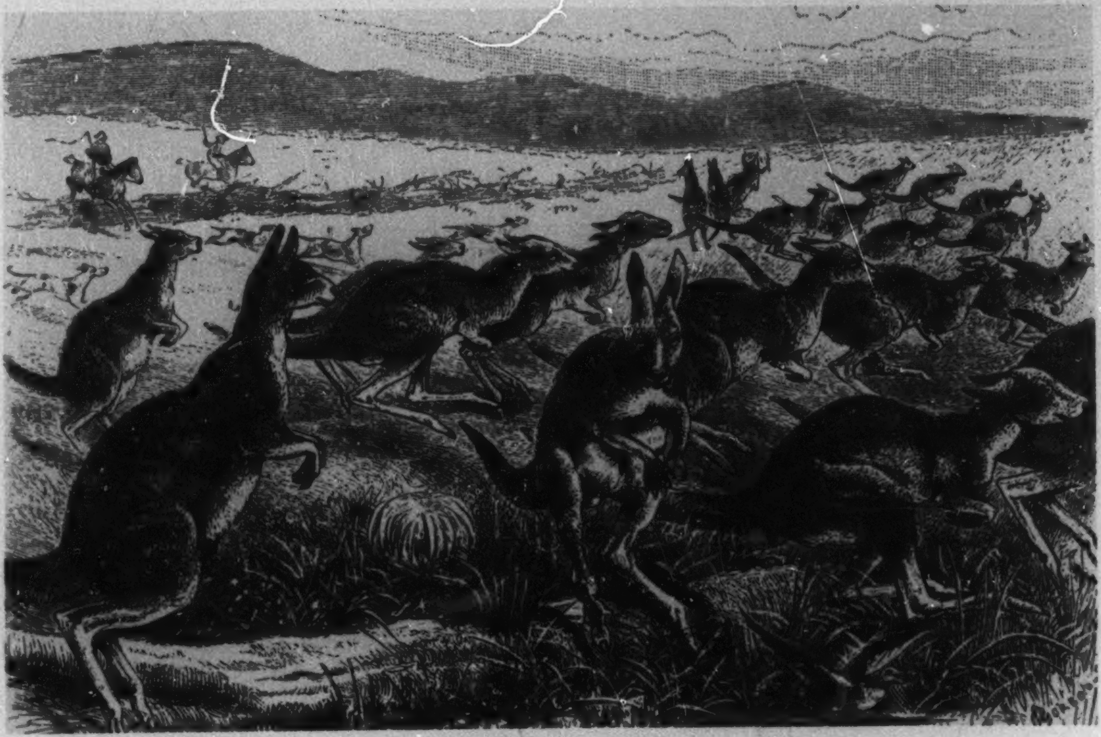
I found surprising interest in these made-to-order, pedestrian storybooks as I began to consider their emergence out of social developments of their day. First of all, a taste for adventure was sending explorers on expeditions into enticingly remote and hitherto uninvestigated areas of the world. Zealous troupes of missionaries, merchants, tourists, and reporters then followed them. This was occurring within a period of increasing vigor in the creation of an American literature for children, and it was natural for storybook writers also to look afar.

The more remote or exotic the lands traveled

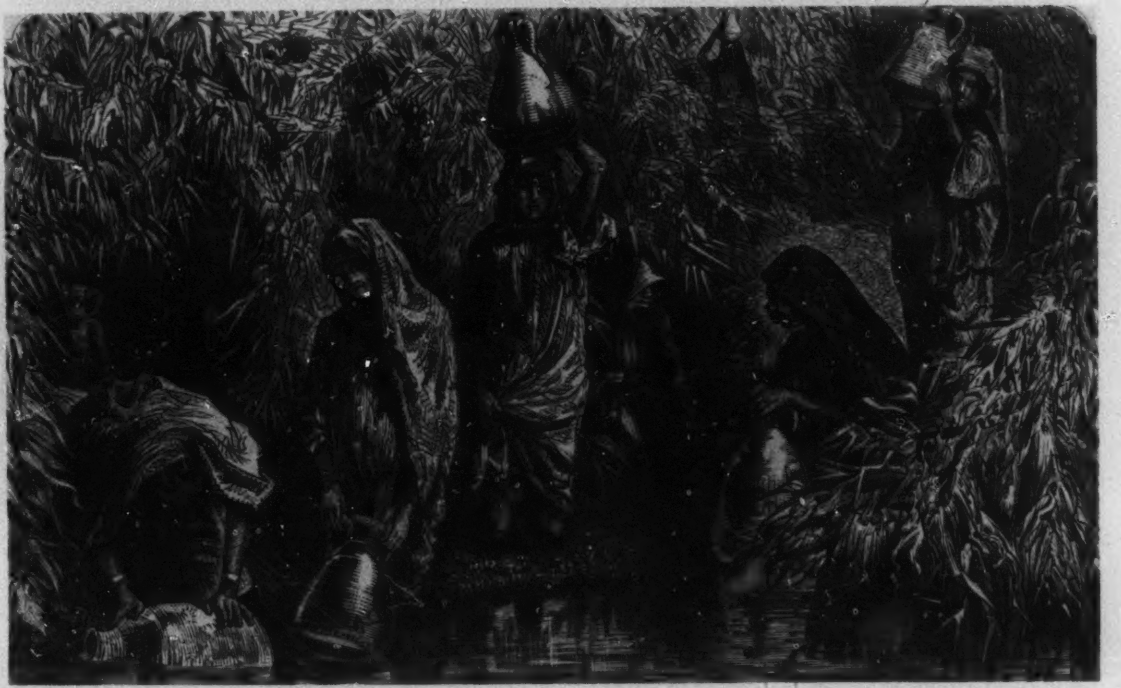
From *Pacific Shores; or Adventures in Eastern Seas* (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1898), by William Taylor Adams writing under the name Oliver Optic.

An Arab school depicted in Thomas W. Knox's *Backsheesh! or Life and Adventures in the Orient* (Hartford, Conn.: A.D. Worthington & Co., 1875).





From Thomas Knox's *The Boy Travellers in Australasia* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1889).



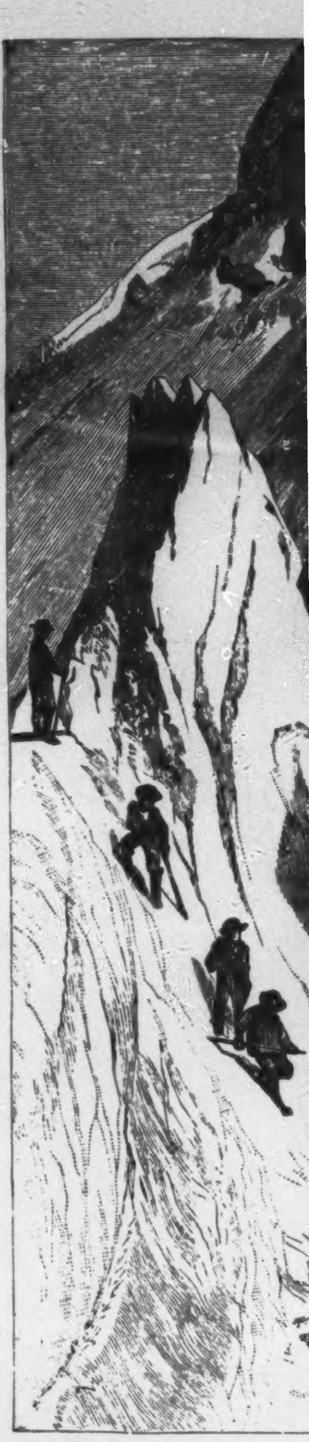
Egyptian water-carriers from Thomas W. Knox's *Backsheesh!*

by their stalwart and upright fictional heroes (and heroines, also, later) the greater was the potential adventure. Charles A. Stephens sent his Young Yachters to Iceland for a look at geysers and his Knockabout Club to the tropics to see strange flora and fauna. Late in the century William Taylor Adams, who wrote under the pseudonym Oliver Optic, dispatched his Boat Club, his Young Navigators, and characters from Our Young Folks Abroad series and his All-Over-the-World Library to Eastern Seas and "Across India" as well as "Down the Rhine." His publishers promoted these books—"a blend of the amusing and instructive," declared a reviewer in 1881—as being "very numerous stories" but "uniformly excellent in morals and literary quality."

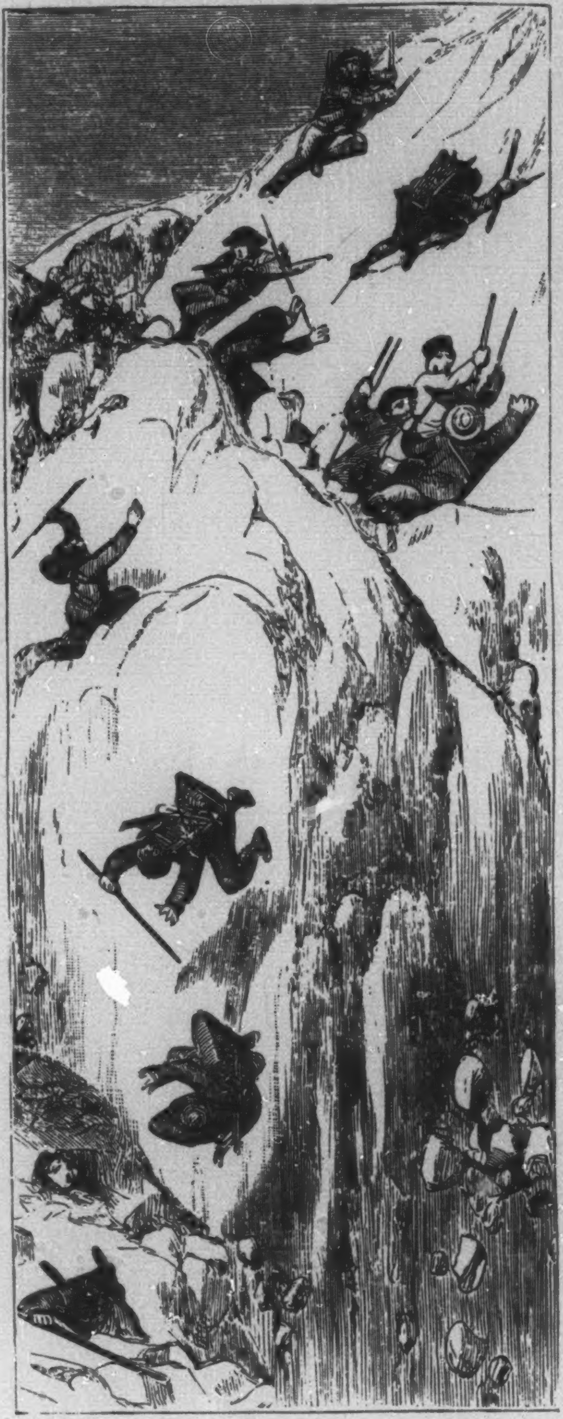
In these end-of-the-century years, Stephens and Adams had contemporaries in the more accomplished writers Hezekiah Butterworth and Thomas W. Knox. Knox's lavishly illustrated quarto volumes were praised in the *Literary World* of November 23, 1889, as "the most attractive and popular form in which books for children are now made. The style is a cross between the picture-book and the story-book and the story has a strong infusion of recent real life in the shape of travel or history."

Numerous wood engravings lent elegance to many of the volumes, which were often intended for gift-giving. Isaac Taylor is said to have supplied for his works as many as 192 engravings, made chiefly from his own designs. Sixty-five were publicized as adorning W. H. G. Kingston's single volume, *In the Wilds of Africa, a Tale for Boys,* of which an early edition appeared in 1883. In 1889 Knox supplied 250 engravings and original sketches for his *The Boy Travellers in Australasia* (New York, Harper & Brothers) and provided nearly as many for a volume on the Orient and Middle East. The formal engravings used by Knox and Butterworth and others were obtained by the common practice of delving into publishers' stocks of cuts—which led, of course, to repeated appearances of classic scenes of art and architecture. One reviewer in the late nineteenth century even suggested that some texts were probably "arranged to fit the illustrations."

Titles and subtitles were devised to suggest glamour and excitement. Hezekiah Butterworth aimed to enhance the lure of his book on the



From Thomas W. Knox's *The*
Central Europe (1893).



From Thomas W. Knox's *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe* (1893).

Great Northwest by calling it "The American Switzerland." The equally productive Knox, who himself defined his style of writing as a combination of "talk, observation, and journal-making," was declared by a reviewer for the *Nation* to be entertaining and "superior to Butterworth and Scudder." He gave to his Boy Travellers volume on the Orient and Middle East the rousing title *Backsheesh!* In his volume on Australasia he projects his lively manner as he describes the mishaps of a kangaroo drive:

> We let loose the dogs, which up to this time had been kept behind us, and they went away without any urging. The dogs are kept for this purpose, just as fox-hounds are kept in England and France, or deer-hounds in Scotland. The dogs soon overtook and pulled down a young kangaroo; this caused some delay, but not much, and they were speedily put on the track of an 'old man' kangaroo, as a full-grown male is called.

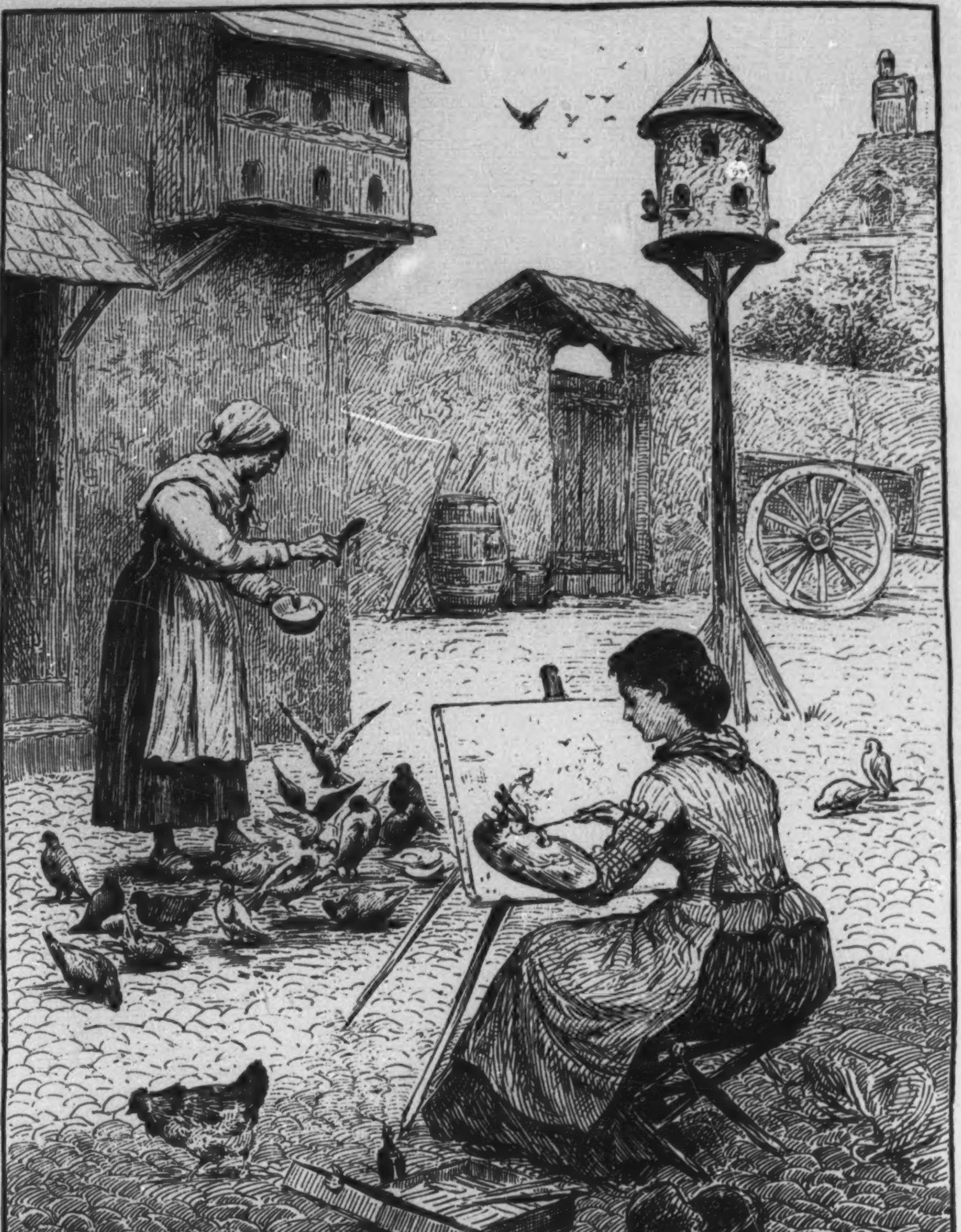
Knox's *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe* (1893) has one of the boys describe a glacier:

> "A glacier," says Fred, "is a mass of ice that flows like a river, with the difference that where a river flows one, two, or more miles an hour, the glacier only moves a few inches in a day, perhaps only an inch or two, and in winter hardly any perceptible distance. It is formed of the granular snow that falls in the highest Alpine regions above the snow line (eight or nine thousand feet), and accumulates in the valleys and in the clefts of the rocks."

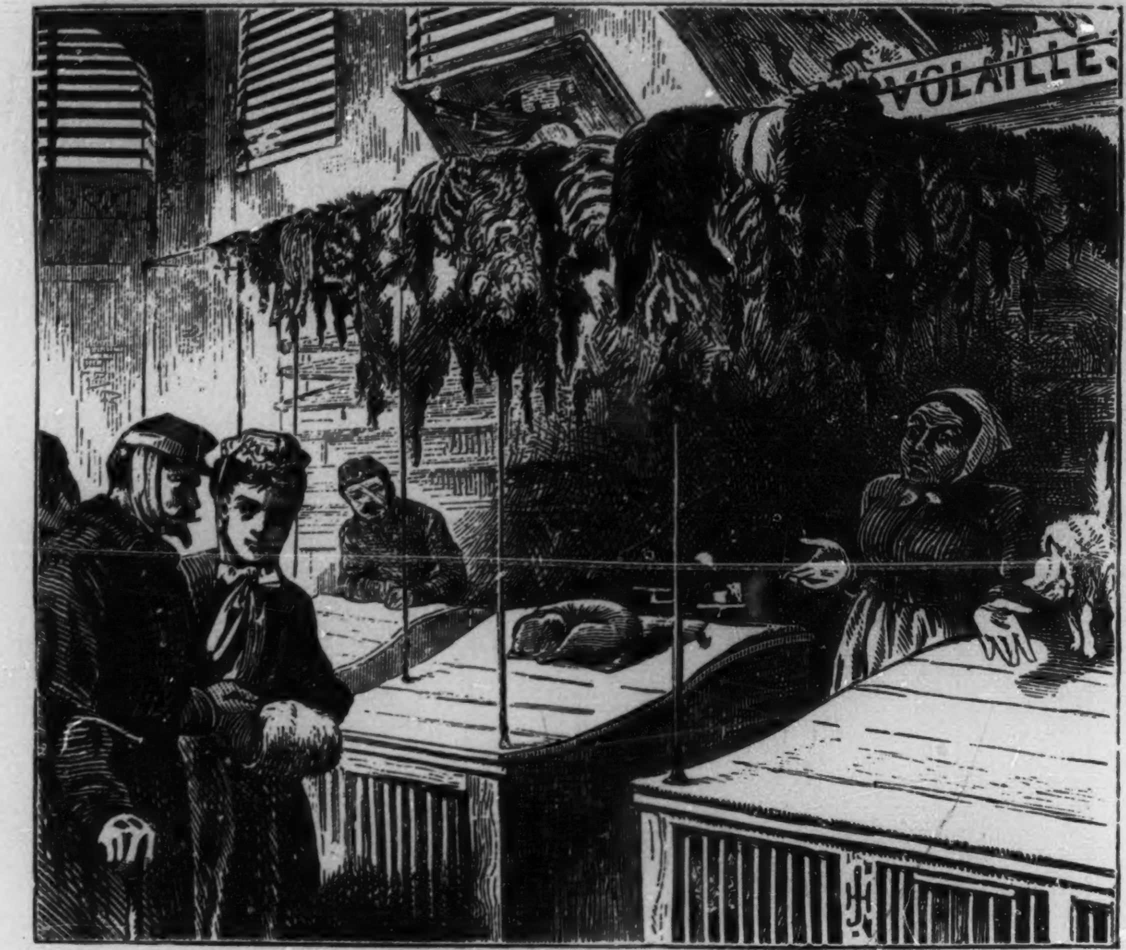
The travels of Elizabeth Champney's young Vassar Girls were less far-flung. Although, primed by high spirits and energy, the girls boldly ventured beyond the Mediterranean Sea to the Holy Land, most of their travel was confined to Europe. *The Three Vassar Girls in France* (Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1888) shows the girls reacting in shock to the fact that cats and dogs were being sold for food:

> One shuddering glance was enough, though the market-women protested that they were patronized by the aristocracy, and that cat had risen, a large one costing now twenty francs (four dollars). Dogs were cheaper; and Melicent was so much touched by the piteous aspect of a Russian Skye who was offered for sale alive, and seemed to understand for what fate he was reserved, that she incontinently purchased him.

Descriptions of the Black Forest, Carlsruhe, and Baden-Baden in *The Three Vassar Girls on*



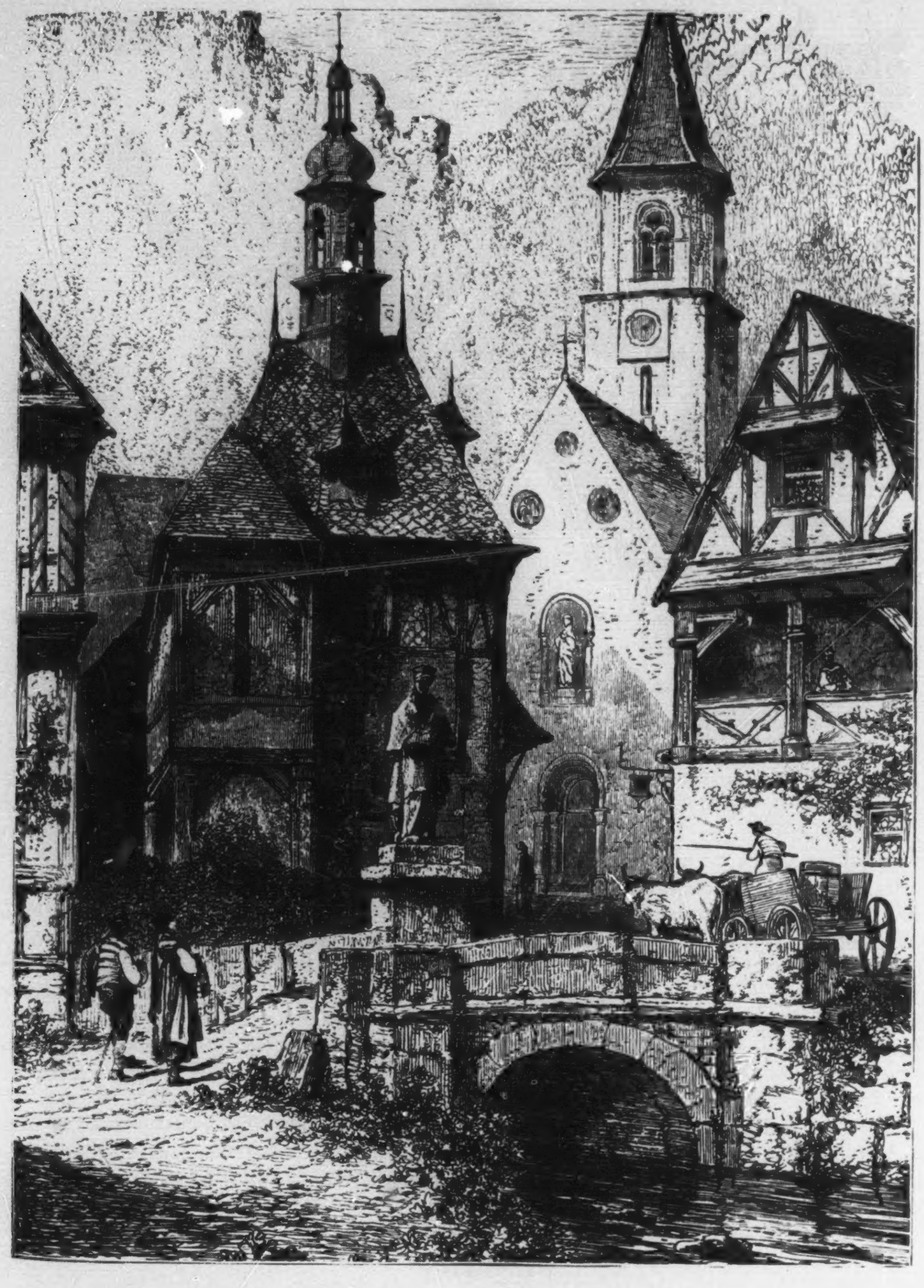
Frontispiece from Elizabeth W. Champney's *Three Vassar Girls in France* (Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1888).



"Dogs Were Cheaper." And the shopkeeper offered to kill, skin, and dress one for the three American girls shopping for a Thanksgiving dinner abroad. From *Three Vassar Girls in France.*

the Rhine (1887) demonstrate a characteristically provincial point of view:

> We decided to make the trip from Heidelberg to Strasburg by the railroad which runs through the northern portion of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest.
>
> The villages which we see from the car-windows are very picturesque; the houses having timbered fronts, and queer galleries and balconies.
>
> Our first stop was at Carlsruhe, a sufficiently stupid town, named from the fact that the Margrave Charles of Baden-Durlach built a hunting-lodge here when all around was wilderness and forest. Baden we found more interesting. It is the most fashionable watering-place of Germany, and is sometimes called Baden Baden, to imply that here are the *Baden*, or Baths, *par excellence*, and to distinguish it from other Badens. It is said that at the height of the season there are not unfrequently fifty thousand strangers in the place. The estimate sounds preposterous, but it is probably correct. We visited the Conversations-haus the evening of our arrival, and the next morning explored the dungeons under the Castle. These are very extensive, and were possibly the judgment-hall, dungeons, and chambers of torture of some secret tribunal. We were shown a rusty thumb-screw, and dropped some pebbles into an oubliette into which poor wretches were thrown. We heard the pebbles bound and rebound for nearly a quarter of a minute, and the faint splash which told that there was water at the bottom. We were glad to escape from this ghastly



A village in the Black Forest from Elizabeth W. Champney's *Three Vassar Girls on the Rhine* (Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1887).

> place into the bright little schnecken-garten, where snails were formerly raised for the princely table.

Much later, in the 1950s, a set of writings similarly intended to inform and also to entertain appeared—surprisingly, we might add—under the editorship of the distinguished New York City librarian Frances Clarke Sayers, who gave her name and attention to a series focused on a troupe of neo-Young Travelers. Her fictionalized accounts differed, however, from the long earlier series produced by one commissioned author. She commissioned a knowledgeable specialist individually for each volume. The countries covered were not only those well known to children from their schoolwork—France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, in particular—but South American lands and the West Indies, Japan, New Zealand, Czechoslovakia, and Russia. Although this series did not have a long life, its books were well received in their day. According to one reviewer, the set made "great supplementary reading, but needs the balance of a collection containing straight factual materials."[2]

The short life span of the travelogues is proof of the transitory nature of such writing. Criteria for style and content in books for young readers changed. Critics and book selectors came to agree that nonfiction about countries should stand without fictionalizing, just as they were to frown on anthropomorphism in books purporting to inform about animal life. Modern publications with well-designed and uncluttered title pages dropped expansive subtitles like those spelled out by Knox in his books about the Boy Travellers. Fulsome minutiae in description also succumbed to the criterion of succinctness. The importance of documenting facts was recognized.

A look at twentieth-century books about foreign countries reveals contributions from such notable authorities as Sigrid Undset on Norway and Harrison E. Salisbury on Russia. With greater emphasis given to design and illustration, first-rank artists were engaged, such as the Guatemalan painter Carlos Merida, who contributed to Patricia F. Ross's *Made in Mexico* (New York: Knopf, 1952). Other distinctively illustrated volumes in the same series covered China, Japan, Thailand, India, Iceland, and West Africa. The fictionalized *My Village in . . .* series focused chiefly on European countries and provided outstanding illustrative photographs.

Today writers of fiction from countries around the world are presenting fresh backgrounds to American children. A cluster of Australian luminaries—Patricia Wrightson, Ivan Southall, Joan Phipson, Eleanor Spence, and Colin Thiele—have emerged to claim favorable critical attention. Titles in both nonfiction and fiction for a wide range of reading ages have become available particularly about countries well known to children from school study or through classic literary characters. About the Netherlands, beloved for Mary Mapes Dodge's brave Hans Brinker and Lucy Fitch Perkins's Dutch twins, there are today in print in this country twenty works of fiction, eight of general nonfiction, and three of history, while France, known for Puss in Boots and Cinderella, is represented by forty-seven works of fiction, twenty-four of general nonfiction, and nine of history.

It should be noted in conclusion that the close rapport in America between the publishers and selectors of children's books has allowed a continued production here of books originating abroad. Republication or translation has resulted in part from the interest shown by children's librarians and other consumers, the mediators between publishers and children. International conferences have created awareness of the kinds of books available. Rights to translate or republish are bought by publishers attending the annual children's book fair in Bologna, established in 1966 and attended by children's book editors from an ever increasing number of countries.

In part also exchange of books across national boundaries is accomplished through the bestowing of awards. The Mildred L. Batchelder Award, sponsored by the American Library Association, is given annually to an American publisher of an outstanding work originally published in a foreign language in a foreign country. And the biennial international Hans Christian Andersen Medals are granted by the International Board on Books for Young People for an author's and an artist's total oeuvre. Published concurrently with the Andersen Medals is an honors list of one title per country for authorship and one for illustration. Outstanding translators are also singled out for honor.

Geography today addresses itself to more than land and water—or maps, winds, tides, and clouds—and books for children "fond of acquainting themselves with the world" are many and varied. There should be something that "promises satisfaction . . . to the young votaries of Science . . . [and] to every one who wishes to read histories, voyages and travel, with advantage and pleasure."

VIRGINIA HAVILAND served as chief of the Children's Literature Center at the Library of Congress from its beginnings in 1963 to 1981. Responsible for such works as *Children's Literature: A Guide to Reference Sources* (with three supplements) and *The Best of Children's Books, 1964-1978*, she also organized annual children's book lectures at the Library which were recently compiled in *The Openhearted Audience: Ten Authors Talk about Writing for Children.*

She began her library career in 1934 at the Boston Public Library, where she became reader's adviser for children in 1952, serving in that capacity until 1963. A lecturer on children's literature and a reviewer of children's books, she has also served on significant committees making awards to children's books nationally and internationally, including the Hans Christian Andersen international children's book award, the Newbery-Caldecott Award, the New York *Herald Tribune* awards, and the National Book Awards for children's books. She received both the Regina Medal and Grolier Award in 1976.

Virginia Haviland is a member of the National Society of Women Geographers and wrote her first book on *The Travelogue Storybook of the Nineteenth Century* (1950). Beginning with *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in England*, she prepared collections of fairy tales told in Germany, France, Russia, Norway, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Japan, Greece, Denmark, and India. In 1972 she compiled *A Fairy Tale Treasury*. Other books that combine an interest in geography with an interest in children's literature are *The Wide World of Children's Books* and *Children's Books of International Interest*. After attending the International Federation of Library Associations and Institutions meeting in 1980 she traveled to China, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Thailand, returning with new ideas about the creation of children's literature in those lands.

NOTES

1. Jedidiah Morse, *Geography Made Easy* (New Haven: Meigs, Bowen & Dana, 1784) was fifty-four pages in length and saw later editions up to the twentieth in 1819.
2. R. M. Daly in the *Library Journal* 81 (September 15, 1956): *Junior Libraries*, p. 45.

Why Study Children's Literature?

BY BARBARA F. HARRISON

Children's literature warrants sustained critical attention as imaginative literature and as art. Students are interested in its nature, function, and particularities within the framework of general literature. They desire knowledge about it. They take it seriously and try to explain its essential worthwhileness to others.

Matthew Arnold's plea for poetry made in 1880 can be taken as a plea for children's literature today—that it should be conceived of "worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it."[1] Standards must be high, for in reading children's literature as in reading poetry "a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read."[2] Apologetics for the value of general literature hold for children's literature as well—for instance, *dulce et utile* and art for art's sake—but apologetics for children's literature must include and go beyond important questions of utility and pleasure. It may be that the reader knows in general what Matthew Arnold is talking about in his essay on poetry, but the apologist for children's literature cannot be sure that the reader knows even vaguely that his subject is a great and varied body of literature with a history that includes folklore and fairy tale, mythology, poetry, the novel, and the splendid art form called the picture book, in which illustration and text blend to make a unified aesthetic whole. At best, it is a literature that enobles as does all art worthy of the name and cannot be categorized by using the ages of its readers.

Children's literature, like all literature, is concerned with human experience, with heroic possibilities fulfilled and unfulfilled, with longings which are gratified and longings brought down by circumstance. Author Jill Paton Walsh tells us that "children stand in a different relationship to the flow of time. They are nearer the beginning. . . . They are the Lords of Time."[3] What intrigues and tantalizes is that their journeys are written by adults who have brushed the dust from the past and have looked long and hard at what they have found. They are wise in memory. They are magisters of memory, and the truths they claim are uncompromising.

Critic Paul Heins says, "the term *children's* (in children's literature) remains a specifying term," specifying that on at least one level we can assume the work will be accessible to children, that they will find meaning in it and usually through the voice of one of the characters who is close to their own age.[4] This, of course, is how it should be and how it must be, but this specifying term has caused a great deal of confusion in the general regard in which children's literature is held. It would be foolish to assert that because a book is accessible to children or published by a children's department of a publishing house, it is less a work of art or has less integrity of vision than a book published by the general department of the house. It would be equally foolish to assert that the blank piece of paper is less challenging to the author of a children's book. Simplicity or complexity of language has little to do with depth of feeling, credibility, or integrity of vision. The Bible, which has engaged adults and children for centuries, is a case in point. Through the use of simple words and their extraordinary configuration in parable and metaphor, ideas are made inexorable. All writers are involved in the formidable struggle of rendering experience in words. If the "Lords of Time" are their protagonists, their quest is for a language immediate in its simplicity and profound in its ability to call forth meaning.

Misconceptions about children's literature can be attributed, at least partially, to the curious myth of childhood as an idyllic state free from burdens, to be prolonged and to be patronized. Adults who hold to the myth, some with surprising tenacity, respond to the literature as they might to a child—amicably, but as if it were no more than cute or silly. The myth is without basis. It belies human experience and art.

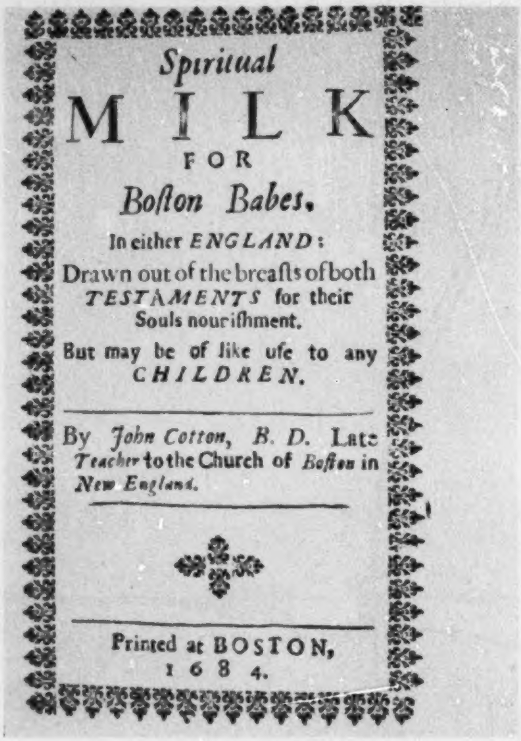
The demands of literature for children are as exacting as the experience of childhood itself. Bridie McShane, the young heroine in Mollie Hunter's *A Sound of Chariots*, is given to longings which she cannot name and which perhaps are unnameable. Life unfolds for Bridie in miracles of insight, in small and large awakenings, which enable her to tame the awesome grief she suffers on the death of her father and to begin to grapple with the swift and mighty passage of time.

A school for boys is a microcosm of moral intimidation and corruption in Robert Cormier's novel *The Chocolate War*. Cormier's theme is expressed by T. S. Eliot's line "Do I dare disturb the universe?" By refusing to sell chocolates in the annual school fund-raising drive, fourteen-year-old Jerry Renault defies the system and is devastated by forces he does not fully comprehend.

Ged searches for his true self, his true name, in Ursula LeGuin's novel of high fantasy, *A Wizard of Earthsea*. His wisdom is hard-won, and ultimately he is brought face to face with his demonic self in the form of his shadow. Ged's quest mirrors the journey in life; it is a journey which begins early and is echoed, in all its variations, in novels for young people.

The study of children's literature reveals the integrity of this art, the humanizing possibilities inherent in the literary experience, and the importance of literature to the education of the imagination. Through this study clear distinctions are maintained between literary issues and extraliterary issues, between pedagogical concerns and aesthetic ones, and between critical questions and questions of selection. Scholarship can and should be brought to bear also on public attitudes toward and knowledge of literature for children.

The enormous range of books which have been and are being published forms the basis of our literacy and contributes to shaping societal and world views. In early America, literature for children was steeped in a harsh didacticism which ignored literary concerns. Stories were

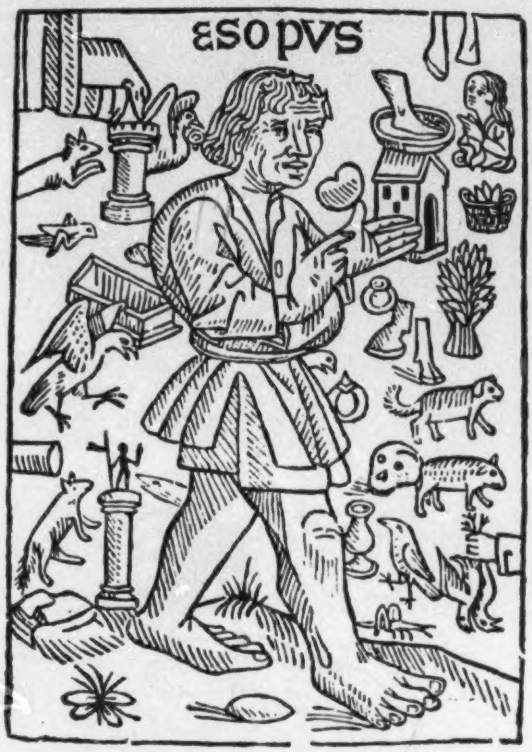


Spiritual
MILK
FOR
Boſton Babes.
In either ENGLAND:
Drawn out of the breaſts of both
TESTAMENTS for their
Souls nouriſhment.
But may be of like uſe to any
CHILDREN.

By John Cotton, B. D. Late
Teacher to the Church of Boſton in
New England.

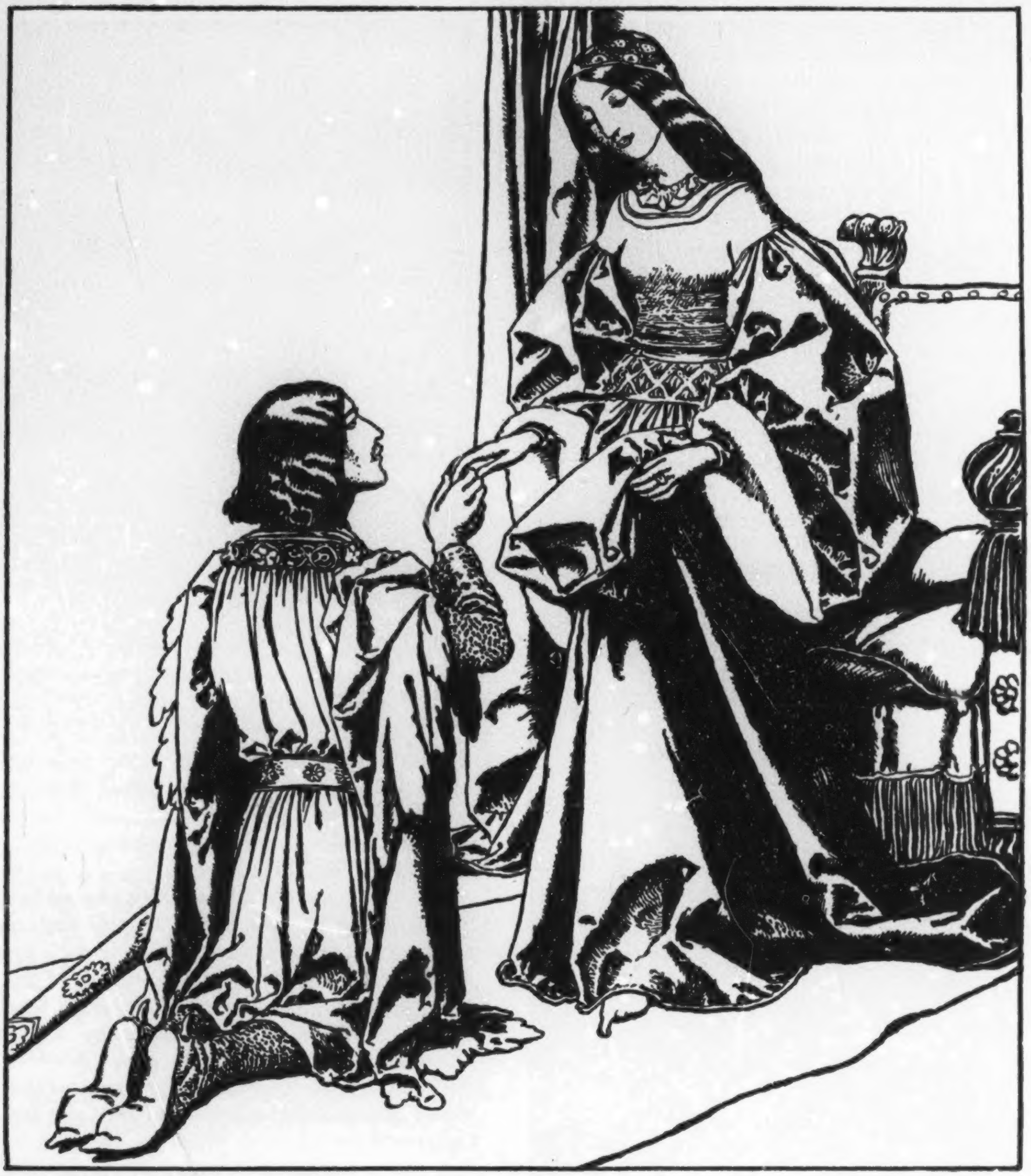
Printed at BOSTON,
1684.

Title page from *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes.* Photograph courtesy of Barbara F. Harrison.



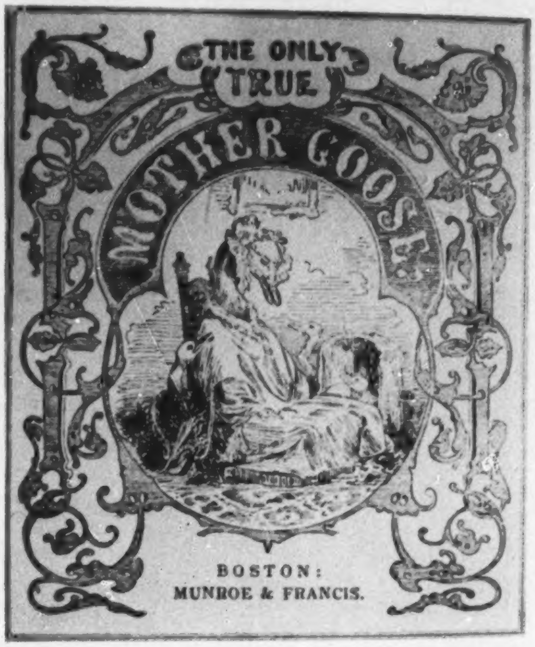
Frontispiece from *The Fables of Aesop,* 1484, "emprynted by me William Caxton at Westmynstre." Illustration from volume 2 of William Blades, *The Life and Typography of William Caxton* (London: Joseph Lilly, 1861-63).

anecdotal, and mainly consisted of good acts rewarded and mischievous acts punished. Punishment often was physical and caused by divine intervention, which was regarded as sad but just. A very popular work indicative of the times was John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes. In Either England: Drawn Out of the Breasts of Both Testaments for Their Souls Nourishment. But May Be of Like Use To Any Children,* printed in Boston in 1684. The title of one of James Janeway's books, adapted for the American market by Cotton Mather and published in Boston in 1700, also suggests the kind of reading considered appropriate for children: *A Token*



"Sir Launcelot greets Queen Guinevere." From *The Story of the Champions of the Round Table* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905), written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

for Children: Being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives, and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children. To Which is Now Added, Prayers and Graces, Fitted for the Use of Little Children. The transition of the works was from religious and moral tracts to literature as art, from a form finding its major justification on utilitarian grounds to a form finding justification as art for its own sake, from a form shackled by its narrow understanding of childhood and by its singular bent toward exhortation to a form which continues to grow in its understanding of childhood and itself. For example, if the contemporary author-illustrator Maurice Sendak had lived and worked in Puritan New England, he would not merely have sent his young protagonist Max to bed, he would have tied him to the bedpost. In the morning, after he was untied, Max would have appeared before his mother full of contrition and remorse, with promises that he would never again cavort around in his wolf suit, hammering nails into walls and chasing dogs with forks. Max certainly would not have found a warm supper waiting for him when he awakened as he did in *Where the Wild Things Are.*



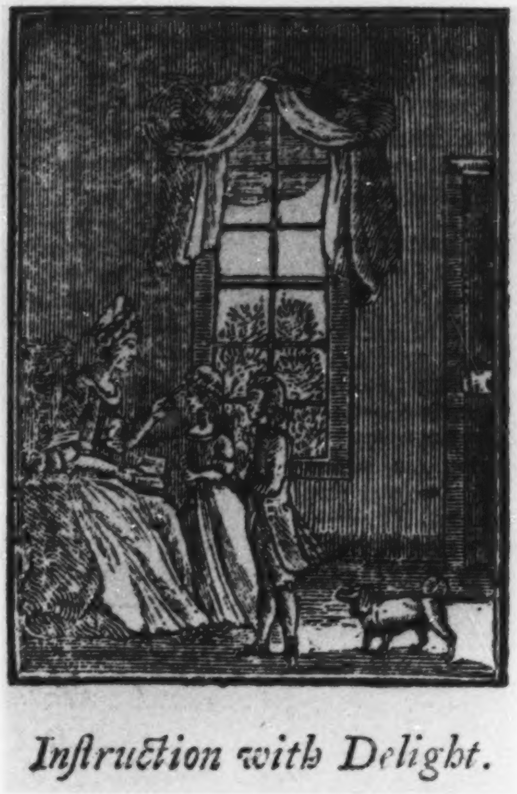
THE ONLY
TRUE
MOTHER GOOSE

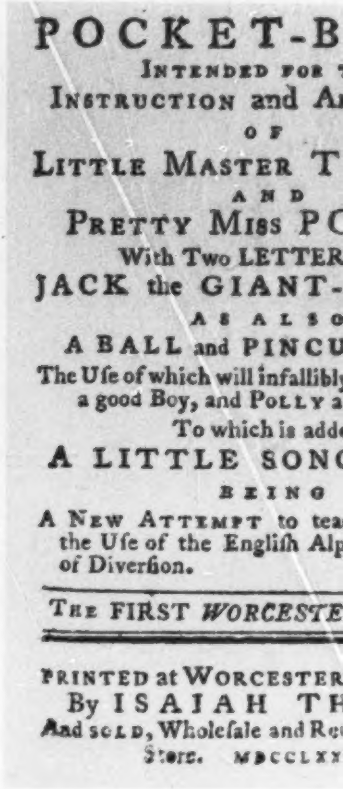
BOSTON:
MUNROE & FRANCIS.

Title page from *The Only True Mother Goose Melodies,* printed in Boston in 1833. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

The heritage of children's literature goes back to rituals and to incantations and to drawings on the walls of caves and to the human being taking the precious breath of life as Enkidu does on a steppe near Urub or as Adam does in Eden. It is a heritage which includes the ancient Sumerian epic *Gilgamesh,* the Bible, the *Iliad,* the *Odyssey,* the fables of Aesop, medieval legends and romances, and tales of folk and fairies. Countless versions of these great stories have been published: Charles Kingsley's *The Heroes,* Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales,* Bernarda Bryson's *Gilgamesh,* Leon Garfield and Edward Blishen's *The God Beneath the Sea,* and Norma Johnston's *The House of Atreus.*

The search continues for the point in history when children's literature began to have an identity of its own within the context of general


Inſtruction with Delight.


POCKET-B
INTENDED FOR
INSTRUCTION and A
OF
LITTLE MASTER T
AND
PRETTY MISS P
With Two LETTER
JACK the GIANT-
AS ALSO
A BALL and PINCU
The Uſe of which will infallibl
a good Boy, and POLLY a
To which is add
A LITTLE SON
BEING
A NEW ATTEMPT to tea
the Uſe of the Engliſh Alp
of Diverſion.

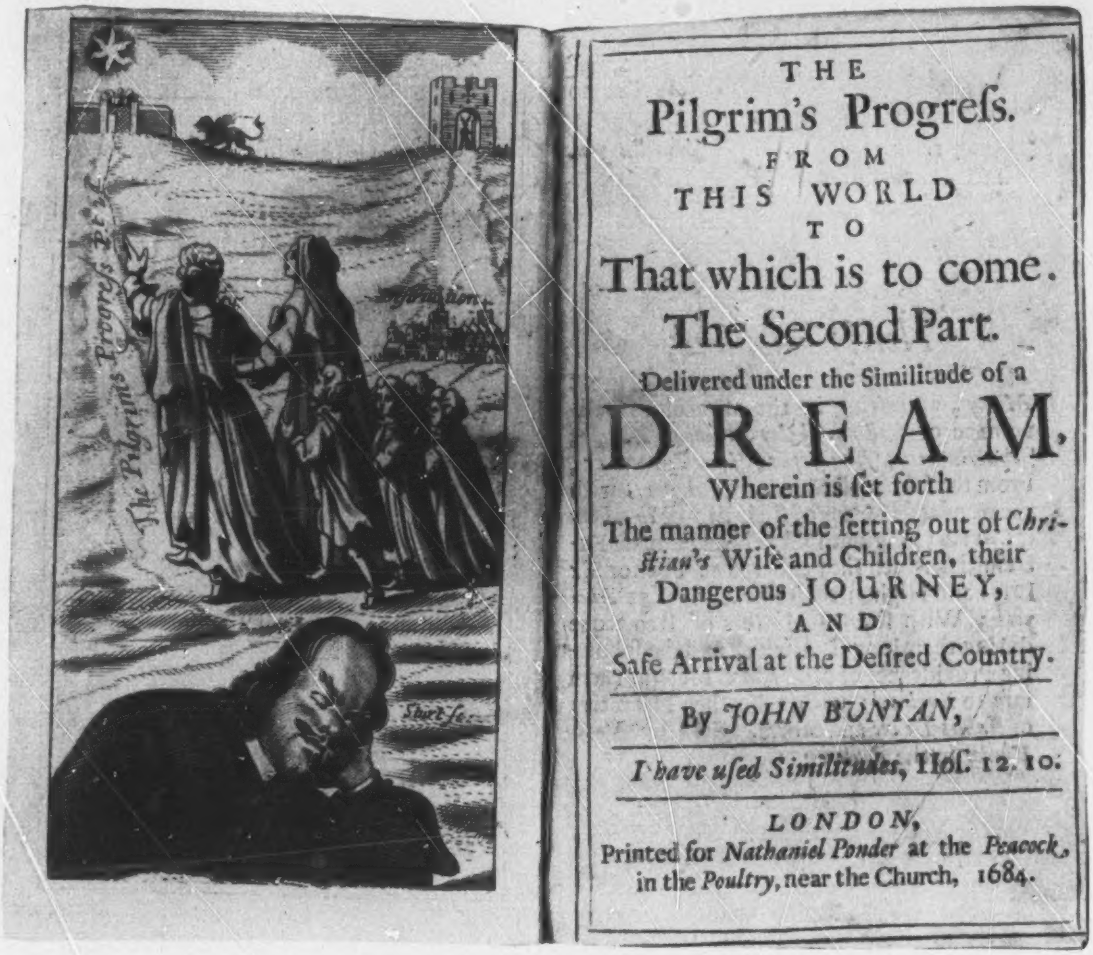
THE FIRST WORCESTE

PRINTED at WORCESTER
By ISAIAH T
And SOLD, Wholeſale and Re
Store. MDCCLXX

literature. In the mid-eighteenth century children's books were first written and produced, in F. J. Harvey Darton's words, "ostensibly to give children spontaneous pleasure, and not primarily to teach them, nor solely to make them good, nor to keep them profitably quiet."[5] Author and critic Clifton Fadiman, in his essay "The Case for Children's Literature," cites a number of earlier points of origin; for instance, the publication in Germany in 1555 of *Der jungen Knaben Spiegel (The Boy's Mirror)*, which he says is "perhaps the first 'realistic' novel aimed at youth."[6] He points to Perrault's fairy tales, published in 1697 in France, and to T. W.'s *A Little Book for Little Children*, published in 1712 in England. As a specialized field of inquiry Fadiman says that it "strictly defined is nearly 300 years old; less strictly, perhaps 500 years old."[7] His convincing argument is that children's literature has a long tradition and a "traceable history." Students trace its history, study the relationship of one work to another, and identify influences on and changes in the literature.

Frontispiece and title page from *A*
Pocket-Book, printed in Worcester,
in 1787. Rare Book and Special Coll

The publication of Lewis Car
ventures in Wonderland in Eng
regarded by many critics as the
new era in children's books. In
England, literature for children
late nineteenth and the early tw
parallels the diversity of the ad
the period and coincides with a
interest in books for children b
critics as William Dean Howell
period of the quarto, the series
children's magazines. It was a
in which works were published
giants as Robert Louis Stevenso
ling, Mark Twain, Louisa May
Grahame, George MacDonald,
Howard Pyle, Kate Greenaway,


The Pilgrims Progreſs
Sturt ſc.

THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs.
FROM
THIS WORLD
TO
That which is to come.
The Second Part.
Delivered under the Similitude of a
DREAM.
Wherein is ſet forth
The manner of the ſetting out of *Chriſtian's* Wife and Children, their
Dangerous JOURNEY,
AND
Safe Arrival at the Deſired Country.

By *JOHN BUNYAN*,

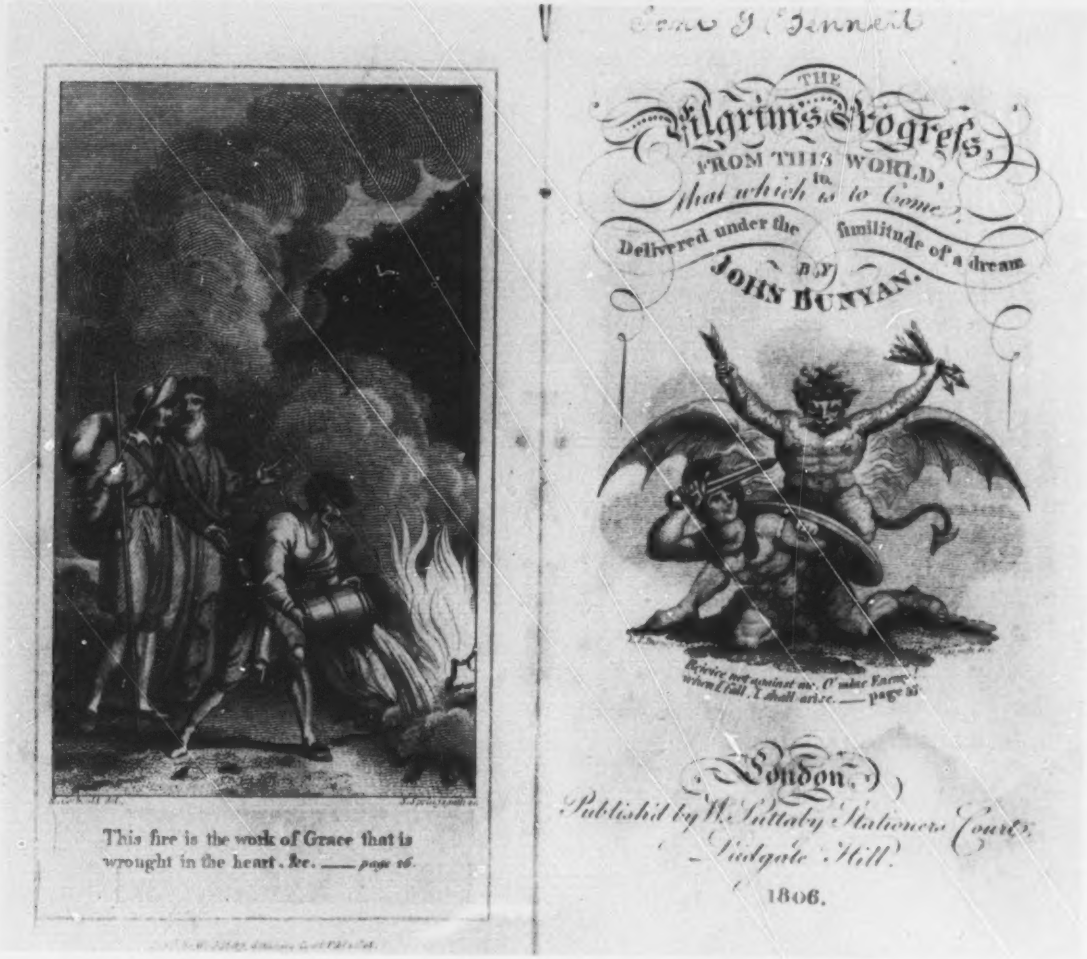
I have uſed Similitudes, Hoſ. 12. 10.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniel Ponder* at the *Peacock*, in the *Poultry*, near the Church, 1684.

Frontispiece and title page from *The Pilgrim's Progress From This World To That which is to come*, by John Bunyan. Printed in London for Nathaniel Ponder, 1684. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

cott, and Beatrix Potter. This also was the period in America in which the works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, and Edward Stratemeyer sold in the millions. It can be assumed that books by this triumverate were read by adults as well as by children. Their immense popularity can be attributed to the energizing of myths which appealed to the popular imagination of their times, to stoicism, to loyalty to country, to a technocracy that would resolve all problems, and to the perpetuation of the American rags-to-riches dream. The disillusionment with American society reflected in such works as Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* was not apparent in books for children. Writers for children maintained an optimism and either glorified the imperious aspects of Western civilization in realistic fiction or took the child to an imaginary frontier, as did L. Frank Baum, where straw still could be turned into gold. In depicting either seventeenth-century England or late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century America, the very soul of the times comes vividly to life through a study of works published for young people. The books have sociological, psychological, and historical implications in this country and in the world.

The scholar's concerns are for literature that


This fire is the work of Grace that is
wrought in the heart. &c. —— page 16.

THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs,
FROM THIS WORLD,
to
that which is to Come:
Delivered under the ſimilitude of a dream
BY
JOHN BUNYAN.

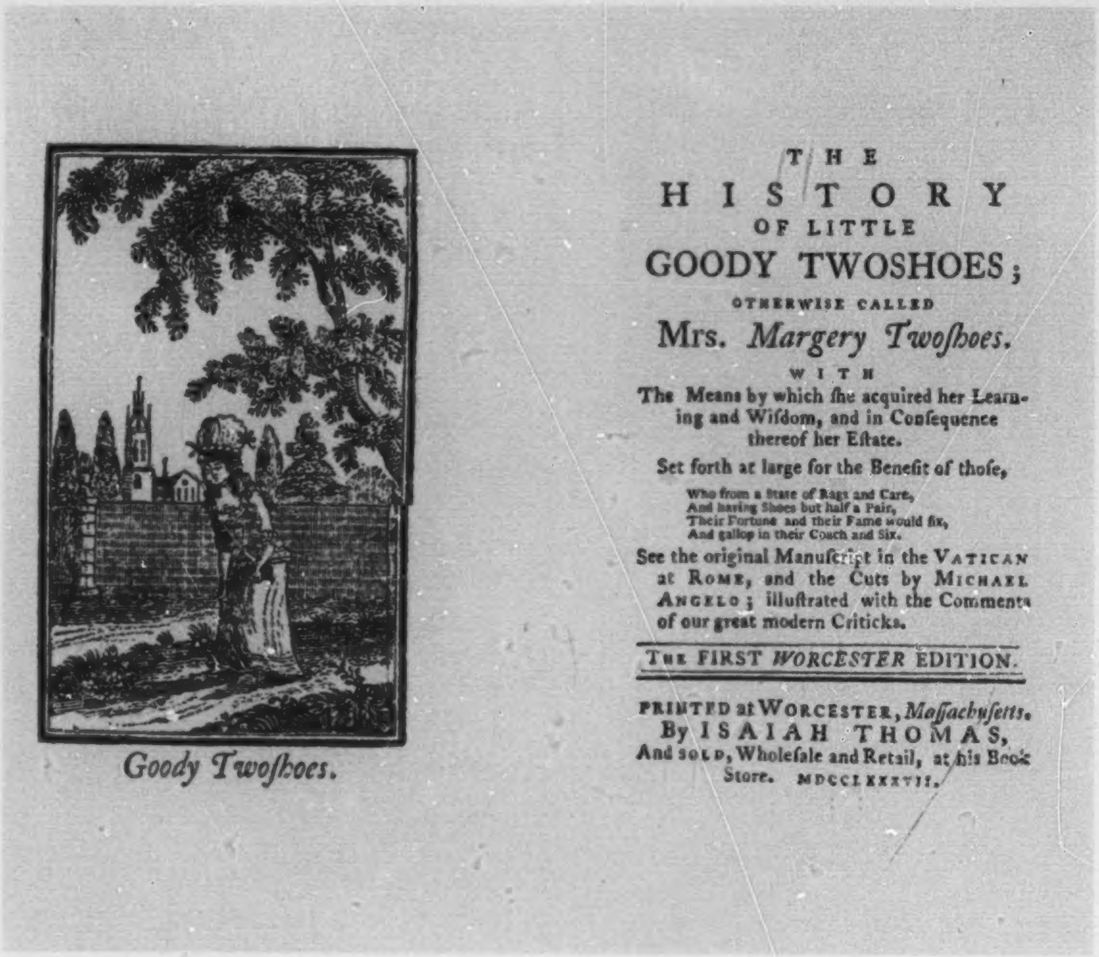
Rejoice not against me, O mine Enemy!
when I fall, I shall arise. —— page [illegible]

London,
Publish'd by W. Suttaby, Stationers Court,
Ludgate Hill.
1806.

Frontispiece and title page from *The Pilgrim's Progress From This World, to that which is to come,* by John Bunyan. Published in London in 1806. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

has transcended its time: the poetry of William Blake, the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and the traditional rhymes of Mother Goose. The concerns also are for literature that has primary value as history: *A Little Pretty Pocket-Book, The (Renowned) History of Little Goody Two-Shoes,* and *The (Renowned) History of Giles Gingerbread.* There is interest in works not meant for children which they claimed as their own, such as John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* and Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels,* and in books imposed on them such as John Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.* Scholarly inquiry encompasses stories by Kate Chopin, which appeared in *Youth's Companion* and *Harper's Young People* before they found their way into such anthologies as *Bayou Folk* and *A Night in Acadie,* and works by Mary Wilkins Freeman, Hamlin Garland, and Edith Wharton, which appeared in children's magazines at the turn of the nineteenth century.

Wonderful things were written in the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s, works by J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, A. A. Milne, Wanda Gàg, Robert McCloskey, Eleanor Estes, and Laura Ingalls Wilder, among others. And today there are such writers as Ivan Southall, Katherine Paterson, Natalie Babbitt, E. B. White, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Mollie Hunter, Lloyd Alexander, Virginia



Goody Twoſhoes.

THE
HISTORY
OF LITTLE
GOODY TWOSHOES;
OTHERWISE CALLED
Mrs. *Margery Twoſhoes.*
WITH
The Means by which ſhe acquired her Learning and Wiſdom, and in Conſequence thereof her Eſtate.
Set forth at large for the Benefit of thoſe,

Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in their Coach and Six.

See the original Manuſcript in the VATICAN at ROME, and the Cuts by MICHAEL ANGELO; illuſtrated with the Comments of our great modern Criticks.

THE FIRST *WORCESTER* EDITION.

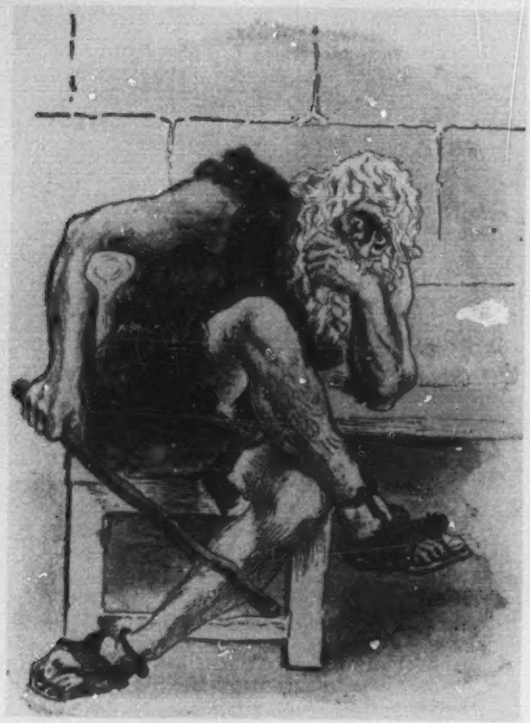
PRINTED at WORCESTER, *Maſſachuſetts*.
By ISAIAH THOMAS,
And SOLD, Wholeſale and Retail, at his Book Store. MDCCLXXXVII.

Frontispiece and title page from *The History of Little Goody Twoshoes*, printed in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1787. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

Hamilton, Erik Haugaard, and Ursula LeGuin; poets David McCord and William Jay Smith; and illustrators Maurice Sendak, Uri Shulevitz, and Blair Lent.

Writers for young people are energetic and daring in using structure and language, yet in the main they are loyal to story. They courageously venture into the realm of fantasy where they display both creative power and a moral intensity. Whether readers are in Alexander's "Prydain," Tolkien's "Middle-earth," LeGuin's "Earthsea," or Lewis's "Narnia," they are reading about the use and abuse of power, the nature of good and of evil, the burden of the good, and the vulnerability of evil. The works are studied in order to interpret them, to make them available to a greater number of people, and to perpetuate an increasingly remarkable legacy.

Little attention is given to literature in elementary schools across the country. Adults in our society are not familiar with titles published in the last two decades. Teachers are not familiar with various critical approaches to literature. Many teachers have done specialized course work in the teaching of reading; few have studied literature for children. Yet children's early experiences with literature have dramatic bearing on their ability to read, to write, and to begin to make sense out of a complicated world.



The Giant Despair. From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan. Printed in New York in 1899. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

Literature, which is inextricably related to language, to perception, and to the imagination, is fundamental to literacy and to humanity. Our purpose in studying children's literature, in no small measure, is to improve the quality of literary experience children receive in school and in society and thus to improve the quality of their lives.

In an important sense, the word *children's* should be held in respectful abeyance during the process of study. To teach literature to children requires knowledge of literary and artistic criticism and history. Teachers need to examine their own responses to literature and their roles as mediators of the literary experience for children.

In an age of growing technology and in a society more ambiguous than ever before in history, it becomes increasingly important to value experiences which encourage contemplation. Authors and illustrators reflect on the human condition in their work and they invite readers to do the same. In Coleridge's words, "The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity."[8]

Literature allows us, as it does our children, to hold life in our hands, the whole and the parts, to gather the recurring fragments and to piece them into a coherent pattern. In reality, the knowing is often too long in coming. Literature allows us to distance ourselves and to capture the ambiguities and ambivalences of experience. It informs us that although we might shake like jelly as does Bilbo Baggins in J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, we are capable of answering the call to life with courage and nobility. Literature makes us less frail in the precarious struggle. It cannot be a substitute for life, but it can help us to exact a greater truth from life itself.

Barbara F. Harrison is director of the Center for the Study of Children's Literature at Simmons College in Boston. The center offers a graduate program leading to a master of arts degree in children's literature, as well as a community program aimed at increasing public knowledge of children's books.

NOTES

1. Matthew Arnold, "The Study of Poetry," in *Criticism: The Major Statements*, ed. Charles Kaplan (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1975), p. 403.
2. Ibid, p. 404.
3. Jill Paton Walsh, "The Lords of Time," in *The Openhearted Audience; Ten Authors Talk about Writing for Children*, ed. Virginia Haviland (Washington: Library of Congress, 1980), pp. 196, 198.
4. Paul Heins, "Out on a Limb with the Critics: Some Random Thoughts on the Present State of the Criticism of Children's Literature," in *Crosscurrents of Criticism; Horn Book Essays 1968-1977*, ed. Paul Heins (Boston: Horn Book, 1977), p. 77.
5. F. J. Harvey Darton, *Children's Books in England; Five Centuries of Social Life*, 2nd ed. (1932; reprint ed., Cambridge: University Press, 1958), p. 1.
6. Clifton Fadiman, "The Case for Children's Literature," in *Children's Literature*; Annual of the Modern Language Association Group on Children's Literature and the Children's Literature Association, ed. Francelia Butler (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1976), vol. 5, p. 12.
7. Ibid.
8. *The Portable Coleridge*, ed. I. A. Richards (1950; reprint ed., New York: Viking Press, 1969), p. 524.

Literary Criticism and Children's Books

BY PAUL HEINS

In *An Experiment in Criticism* C. S. Lewis made an interestingly paradoxical statement: "The truth is not that we need the critics in order to enjoy the authors, but that we need the authors in order to enjoy the critics." But being a reasonable man, he went on to admit that "criticism normally casts a retrospective light on what we have already read. It may sometimes correct an over-emphasis or a neglect in our previous reading and thus improve a future re-reading."[1] Since C. S. Lewis was trying to distinguish in his experiment "between readers or types of reading,"[2] it might also be important to remember what Georg Brandes wrote to Hans Christian Andersen regarding critics: "A literary critic is someone WHO KNOWS HOW TO READ, and who teaches the art of reading."[3] Of course, if one knows how to read—in Brandes's sense of the word—one does not need critics, although what they have to say may prove interesting. Obviously, if one is seeking "a retrospective light" on what has already been read, criticism may be not only valuable but important.

The problem with children's books and with the criticism of children's books is that the endeavor is beset with ambiguities. For obviously the criticism of children's books can be meaningful to adult readers acquainted with such books; but what about people who are not extensively acquainted with them but who make audacious snap judgments about them? To cite a single example: Although Bruno Bettelheim in *The Uses of Enchantment* gave his imprimatur to the meaning and importance of fairy tales, he dismissed "the rest of so-called 'children's literature' " because "most of these books are so shallow in substance that little of significance can be gained from them."[4] The term "most" is a strange word to apply to a body of literature which in recent years has produced such works as *The Owl Service, Carrie's War, Unleaving, Petros' War, Bridge to Terabithia,* and *The Slave Dancer.* In a sense, of course, C. S. Lewis was right. The criticism of children's books will scarcely mean anything to people completely unacquainted or—at most—only somewhat acquainted with them. At this juncture the critic can only be an apologist and suggest, "Read extensively and judiciously; discover for yourselves the children's books worthy of reading and worthy of critical scrutiny."

Actually, there has long been a symbolic relationship between books intended for adult readers and those intended for juvenile readers. It is well known that before genuinely entertaining works of fiction had been written expressly for them, children adopted *The Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels,* and *Robinson Crusoe* for their own. And as time went on, such diverse writers as Stevenson and Kipling, Frances Hodgson Burnett and C. S. Lewis produced works for children as well as for adults. At the present time many noteworthy children's writers also write for an adult readership: Nina Bawden, Penelope Lively, Ursula Le Guin, Paula Fox—to mention only a few. Significantly, then, the development of the criticism of children's literature in recent years, especially as found in the essays of John Rowe Townsend and Eleanor Cameron, has stressed the unity of literary endeavor. Children's literature should be considered as part of all literature; the criticism of children's literature should be conducted in the same manner as the criticism of adult literature. These principles may by now seem to be truisms, but they are based on a sense of justice as well as on a sense of aesthetics.

To set up an analogy for the proper literary consideration of children's books, I should like to quote a significant portion of Kenneth T. Telford's analysis of Aristotle's *Poetics:*

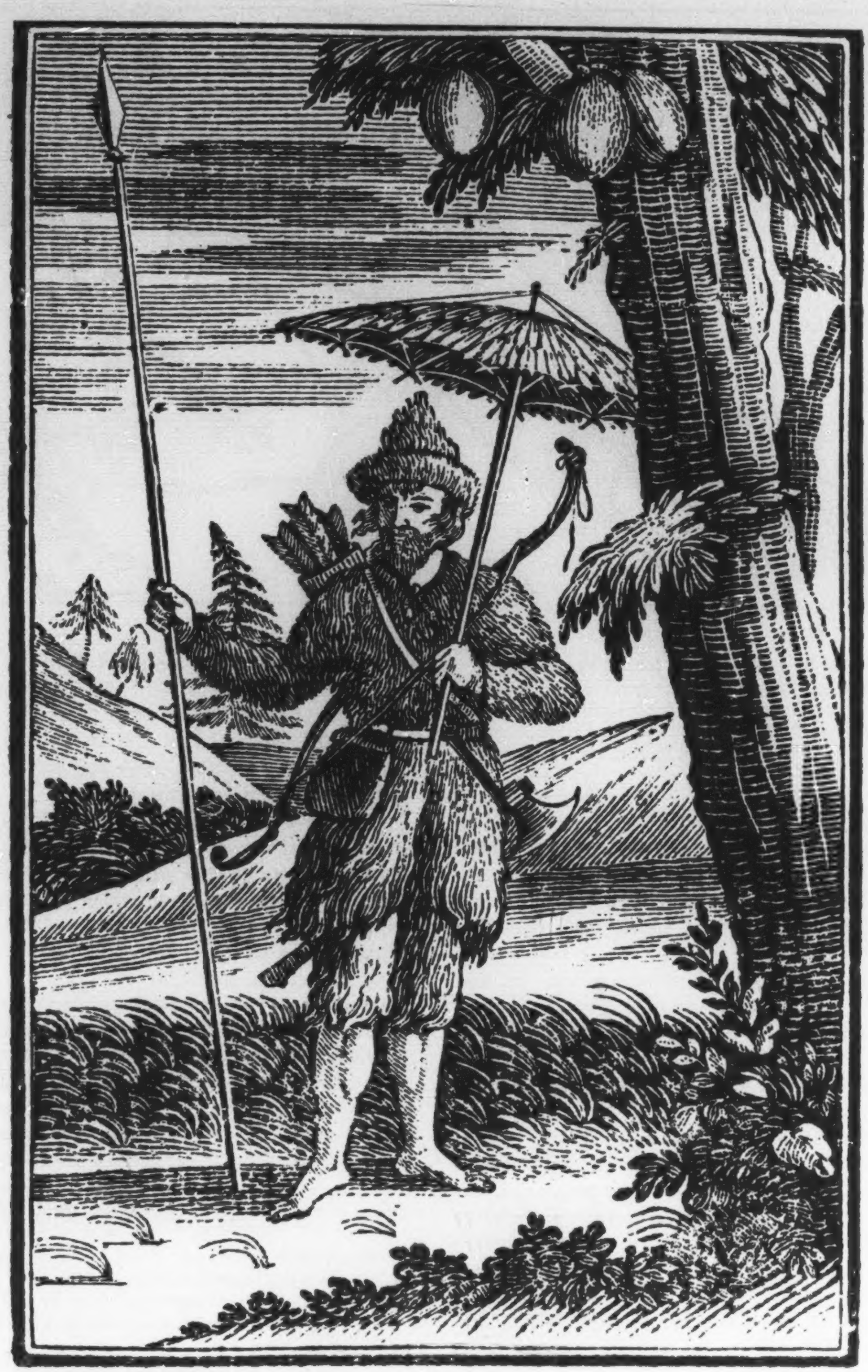
> The supposition that art either can or ought to be examined independently of other parts of man's experience was hotly contested in Aristotle's day and is still the subject of polemical debate today. Most treatises concerned with art, in fact, do not deal with its intrinsic characteristics. That is they do not deal with the art object as such. Instead we find essays on art as the expression of various biological, sociological, political, or psychological forces operating on the artist. Or we find discussions on art as an instrument for the moral improvement of man, or art as a technique for eliciting various emotional responses in an audience. Aristotle's position does not imply that such discussions on art are meaningless or impossible. There are in fact countless references throughout his work to the relationships which can be found between art and other things which form part of man's world. But these discussions have other purposes than that of telling us what art is or what makes a poem, painting, or musical composition well or poorly made.[5]

At the risk of raising the ghost of the New Criticism, I should like to suggest a number of reasons for the importance of considering children's books as works of literature, at the same time remembering that nonliterary approaches need not be scorned or ignored. For certainly Ursula Le Guin's *A Wizard of Earthsea* is structurally as well as mythically indebted to Jung's concept of the Shadow, and Katherine Paterson's *Jacob Have I Loved* derives its ultimate meaning from Biblical allusions and from theological interpretations.

In the first place, it is necessary to keep clear the distinction between criticism and book selection. Ever since the 1880s when Caroline Hewins published her pamphlet *Books for the Young,* librarians have been motivated to offer children the best kinds of books; and although

OPPOSITE PAGE:

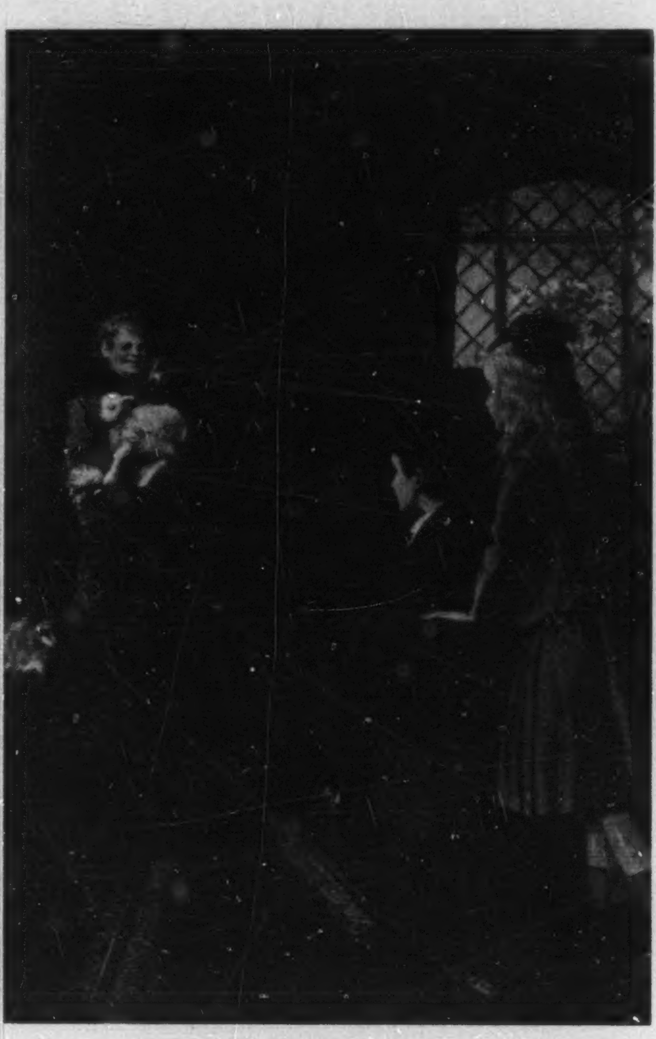
Frontispiece from *The New Robinson Crusoe: An Instructive and Entertaining History, for the Use of Children of Both Sexes,* printed in London for John Stockdale, 1789.



the tradition has been somewhat weakened in recent years, the principle still holds good. There are some who think the tradition elitist, but they lose sight of the fact that democracy is a political virtue and not an aesthetic one. Obviously, the desire for the best in books must lead to the search for the best; and how can that search be followed through without literary evaluation? Lillian Smith's excellent critical work *The Unreluctant Years* was obviously the result of a happy relationship between literary criticism and selection.

A second consideration of the natural and developing connection between children's books and criticism might appear to be somewhat academic. As a literary study, children's literature is coming into its own and is no longer limited to library schools or to schools of education—as adjuncts of book selection or the teaching of reading. The historical aspect of the subject has aroused interest on its own account, and the publication in recent years of such books as Richard Darling's *The Rise of Children's Book Reviewing in America, 1865-1881* and Anne MacLeod's *A Moral Tale: Children's Fiction and American Culture 1821-1860* has bolstered the scholarly reputation of the subject.

But apart from the functional and pragmatic relationships between children's books and their criticism, there exists a vital and necessary give-and-take between the two which depends upon the peculiar nature of this body of literature. Originally sporadic in production and for a long time didactic in intent, it did not—as is well-known—begin to enjoy a separate independent existence until the 1860s. Until the late 1960s children's books were following more or less the course laid out for them a hundred years before by such works as *Little Women, The Story of a Bad Boy, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. As late as 1941 Elizabeth Enright in *The Saturdays* could express in the experiences and feel-



"Dickon came in smiling his nicest wide smile." From *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, published in 1911.

ings of one of her characters the spirit of what may be called the old realism in children's fiction:

> Mona switched off the light, leaped into bed, and burrowed under the covers. In a few minutes she was warm and cosy. The shade flapped against the window as it always did, and far overhead tracing its lonely path across the dark she heard the hum of the airplane. She was safe in her bed, the house enclosed her in a shell of warm security and all about, on every side, were the members of her own family who loved and understood her so well. She felt calm and happy.[6]

The 1970s saw the advent of the new realism. *The Pigman, Dinky Hocker Shoots Smack, Z for Zachariah, His Own Where, The Planet of Junior Brown, The Man without a Face* are just a few of the noteworthy books produced during the era one is tempted to call the Age of Judy Blume. Much has already been said and written about the causes of the proliferation of this new kind of realism—the social unrest, the sexual revolution, the baneful influence of television, the creation of the category "young adult fiction"—to name only a few. Suffice it to say, it is a realism unrestricted by taboos and conventions and propriety of subject matter, and it deals freely with sexual as well as with social and racial topics.

Critics are well-aware of the two kinds of realism. For example, Sheila Egoff for her 1979 May Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture chose as her title "Beyond the Garden Wall: Some Observations on Current Trends in Children's Literature." To her the wall represented "order, serenity, aesthetic delight." Sadly she admits that what she calls the problem novel "has vastly extended the scope of children's literature, both in content and tone. Writers are free, as never before, to attempt themes of almost any kind."[7] Admitting the influence of this new freedom on writers such as Katherine Paterson, Ursula Le Guin, and Scott O'Dell, Professor Egoff somewhat ruefully feels that "the problem novel is almost inherently inimical to the traditional values of imagination and style."[8]

If writers of children's books are "free, as never before, to attempt themes of almost any kind," it is obvious that the signposts if not the boundaries of children's literature have changed significantly. The change, of course, has been comparatively recent, even if one thinks back to such a transitional work as *Harriet the Spy*, which was published in the 1960s; and whether this new freedom will continue to be the keynote of juvenile and young adult literature for a considerable length of time is naturally unknowable. New approaches do not necessarily cancel old ones (think of the mice and bunnies that are still being glorified in new children's books); and, as Sheila Egoff suggests, the results of the new freedom are evident in the works of capable, unsensational writers.

The term "traditional values" is an important

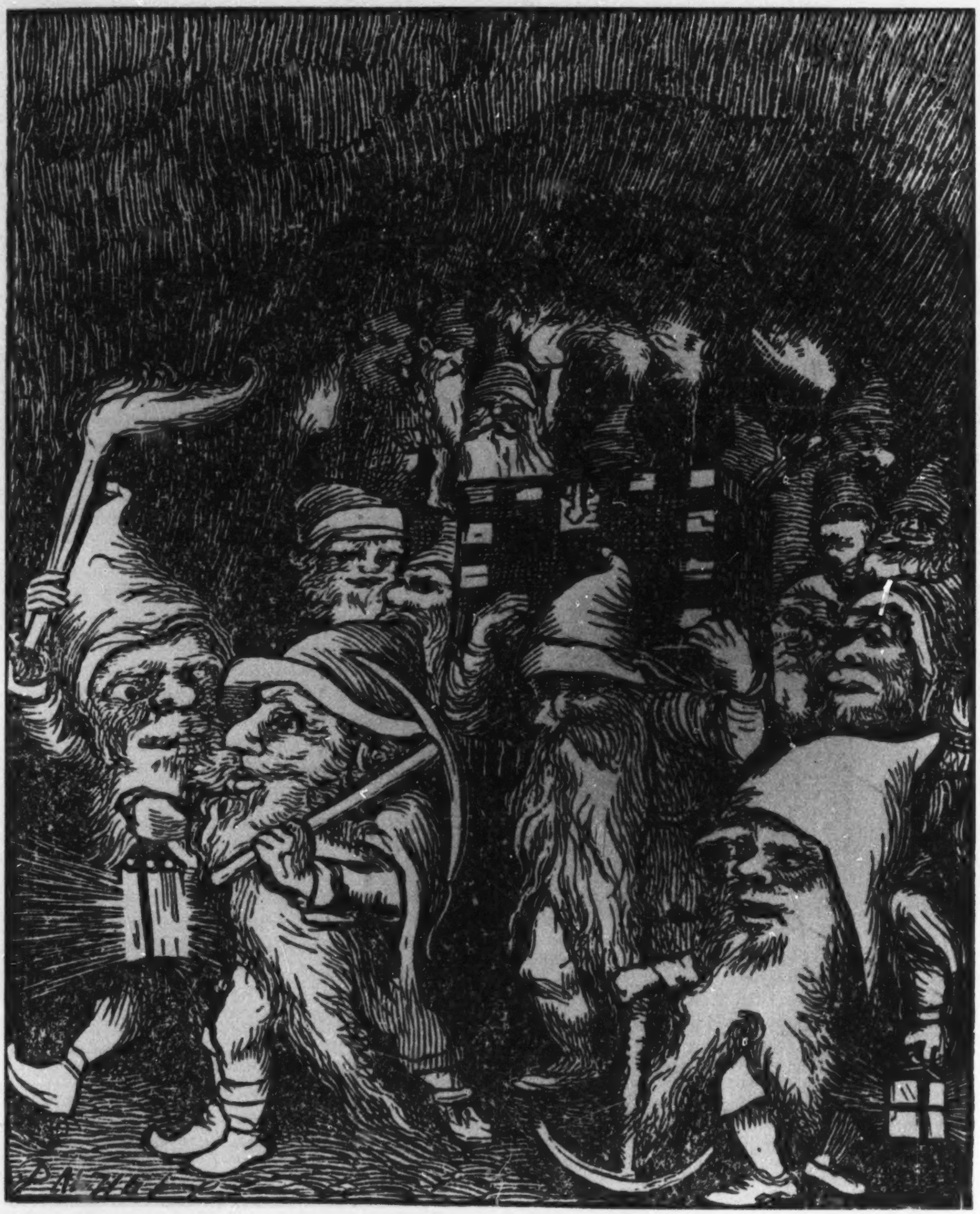
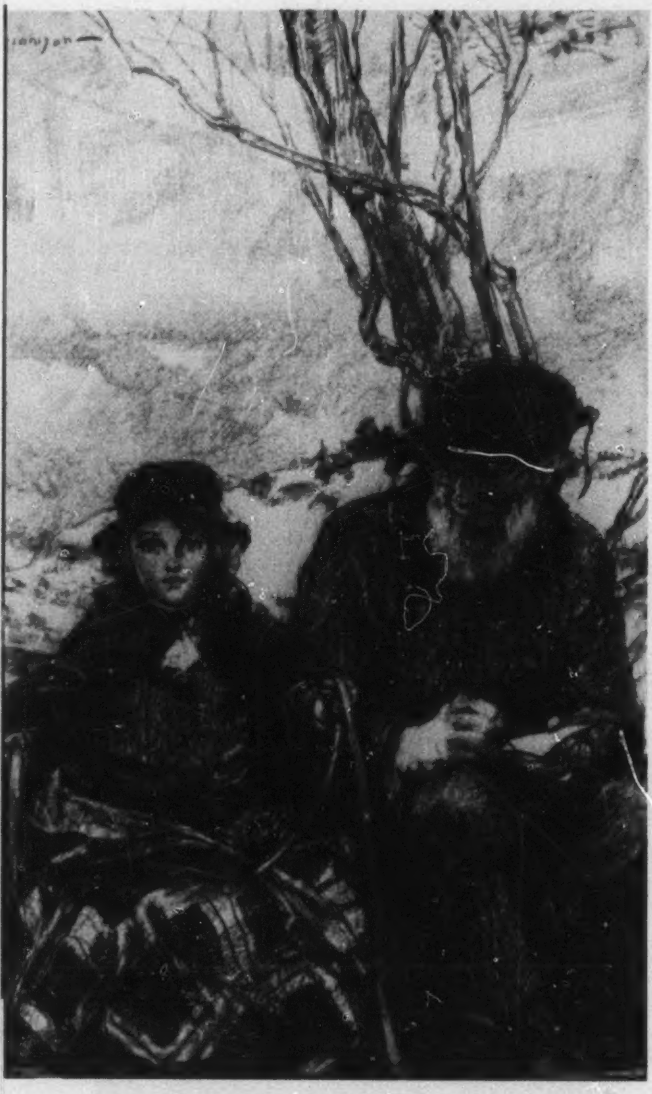


Illustration from *The Princess and the Goblin* by George Mac Donald.



"Uncle Henry looked at her, eyeing her sidewise over the top of one spectacle-glass." Frontispiece by Ada C. Williamson from *Understood Betsy* by Dorothy Canfield, published in 1917.

one to remember in evaluating the possibilities of the new realism. Ten years before Sheila Egoff's lecture, Eleanor Cameron in her *Horn Book* article "The Art of Elizabeth Enright" made an ironically revealing statement: "There is traditionally more often the depiction of overt cruelty and evil [in the fairy tale] which children have taken for their own than there is in their realistic literature."[9] A perfect statement of the kind of double standard which separated the content and form of folklore presented to children from the form and content of the old realism.

In addition to critical scrutiny, the new realism has aroused caustic commentary and rebuttal. "Realism: How Realistic Is It?," by Norma Bagnall, appeared in the Winter 1980 issue of *Top of the News*. The burden of her complaint about a book like *The Chocolate War* was that its "presentation of people and events shows only the evil, the ugly, and the sordid. It is not appropriate for young people because it presents a distorted view of reality and because it lacks hope."[10] Later, in the Fall 1980 issue of *Top of the News*, in an article entitled "The New Repression," Jay Daly defended the new realism by saying that "the only excuse for writing—or reading, for that matter—is to come in contact with something real, something that expands one's experience with life. It can be a positive or a negative experience; life is full of both."[11]

Now, to judge books—works of art—by their external characteristics scarcely does justice to them. There is all the difference in the world between *Are You There, God? It's Me, Margaret* and *The Planet of Junior Brown*—two decidedly different examples of the new realism. And if we are to admit the possibility of tragic protagonists, who made their appearance in children's literature because of the freedom inaugurated by the new realism, we have to turn our attention to purely literary questions, not necessarily and entirely to the principles of tragedy as laid down in Aristotle's *Poetics* but at least to the consideration of a literary work as a work of art, as something to be grasped and understood in its own terms.

Perhaps the most uncompromising expression of tragedy in juvenile literature is to be found in *The Chocolate War*. A book inspiring—as we have already stated—violent opinions, it is worthy of careful study to ascertain what really lies below its surface, which often seems overcharged with crude, violent, cynical, and sordid details. But the author is always clear about the distinction between good and evil. As revealingly acute as he is about Archie, a twentieth-century Iago, there is never any question about the boy's villainy. If the protagonist Jerry finally tells his confidant Goober not to disturb the universe, what other statement would have been possible to him at the time? After all, Jerry is not presented as a saint. Robert Cormier was writing about a fallible young man whose actions had to correspond with the aesthetic premises of the book.

In one of her letters, Flannery O'Connor wrote: "I don't believe you can ask an artist to be affirmative any more than you can ask him to be negative. The human condition includes both states. . . . I mortally and strongly defend the right of the artist to select a negative aspect of the world to portray. . . . Of course you are only enabled to see what is black by having light to see it by."[12] If such statements can serve to illuminate what is essential to literature in general, they can also logically serve a similar function for children's literature on the special occasions which demand them.

In coping with contemporary publications, a critic may tend to be polemical, especially if he is dealing with such a controversial subject as the new realism. But fortunately not all of his efforts will be limited by the responsibility of coming to grips with current productions. Traditionally, the critic—as C. S. Lewis suggests—"casts a retrospective light on what we have already read." In *Written for Children* John Rowe Townsend did just this kind of service for English children's books published before World War I:

> Robert Louis Stevenson and his successors had
> raised the adventure story to a higher status
> than it had known before or has known since.
> Rudyard Kipling was at the pea
> in the last decade of the ninetee
> the first of the twentieth; and h
> international reputation among
> "mere" children's writer. E. Nes
> peak, had excelled in both fami
> stories. Kenneth Grahame had
> *Wind in the Willows* in 1908, a
> son Burnett *The Secret Garden*
> de la Mare's first collection of p
> . . . and Beatrix Potter had alrea
> best work.[13]

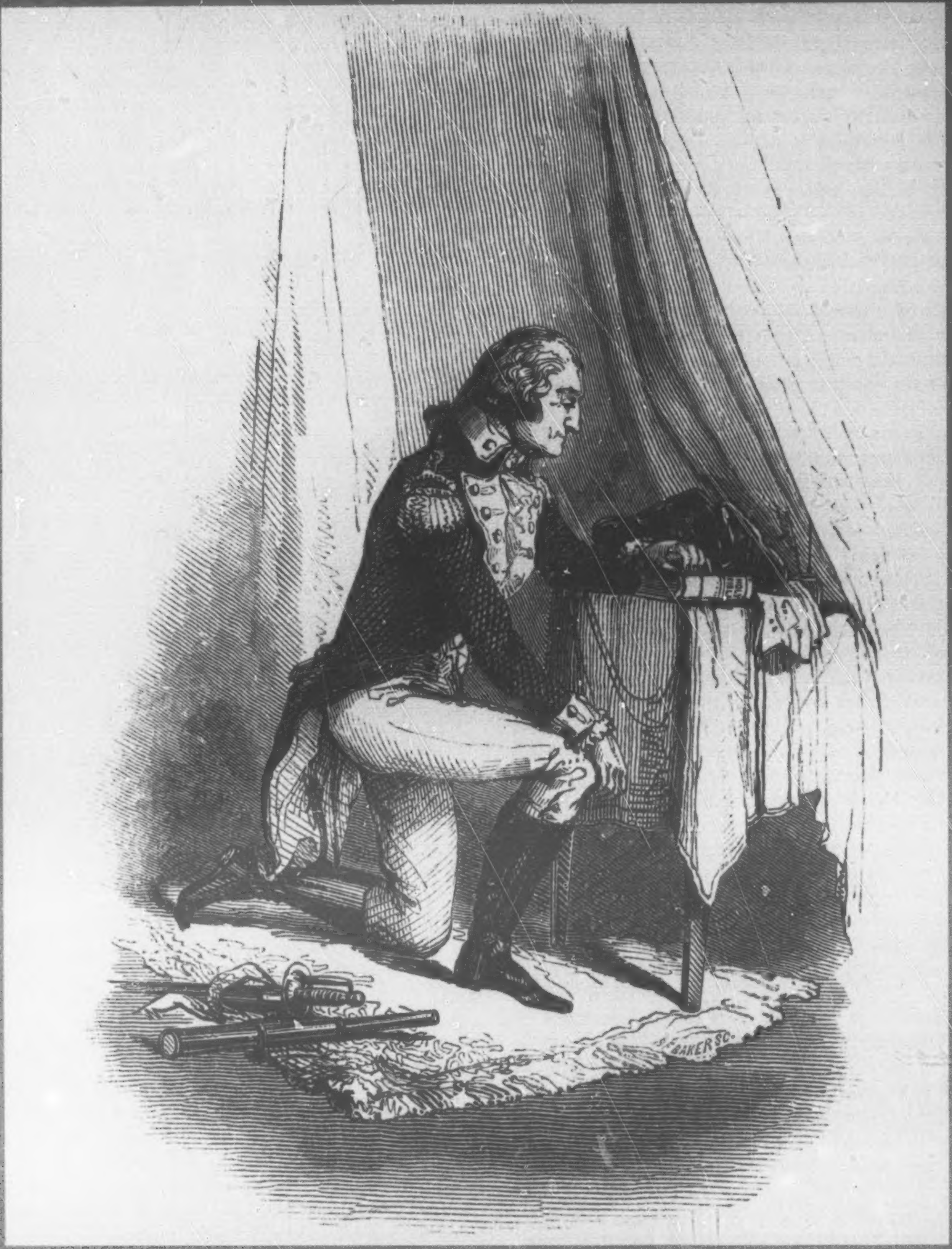
As adult readers of child
whether for professional reas
cause of a certain catholicity
play a part in casting the "re
We can admire the dramatic
characterization in *Little Wom*
surrealistic elements in *Alice*
We can discover that *The Prin*
lin and *Understood Betsy* hav
beyond the era of our childh
yond the times for which they

This discussion has obvious
to a literary point of view. Ac
ble to consider children's b
points of view: social issues,
anthropological, linguistic, or
nificance. And literary criticism
certain insights from these nor
ations. But as mathematics is
the queen of the sciences, liter
well be the proper topographi
ploring the terrain of children'

PAUL HEINS, former editor of *The*
zine, is adjunct professor at the C
of Children's Literature, Simmon
Massachusetts.

NOTES

1. C. S. Lewis, *An Experiment in Criticism* (Cambridge University Press, 1965), p. 123.
2. Ibid, p. 1.
3. Elias Bredsdorff, *Hans Christian Andersen: The Story of His Life and Work, 1805-1875* (Scribner's, 1975), p. 255.
4. Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales* (Vintage Books, 1977), p. 4.
5. Kenneth A. Telford, *Aristotle's Poetics: Translation and Analysis* (Henry Regnery, 1965), pp. 59-60.
6. Elizabeth Enright, *The Saturdays* (Dell, 1941) p. 104.
7. Sheila Egoff, "Beyond the Garden Wall: Some Observations on Current Trends in Children's Literature," Mary Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture, p. 261.
8. Ibid, pp. 264-5.
9. Eleanor Cameron, "The Art of
The Horn Book Magazine (Decem
10. Norma Bagnall, "Realism: Ho
Quoted in *Top of the News* (Fall
11. Jay Daly, "The New Repression
(Fall 1980), p. 81.
12. Flannery O'Connor, *The Habi*
Straus & Giroux, 1979), p. 173.
13. John Rowe Townsend, *Written*
Outline of English-language C
(Lippincott, 1975), pp. 158-9.


S.F. BAKER SC.

Lives of Great Men All Remind Us...

BY MARGARET N. COUGHLAN

. . . every child in America should be acquainted with his own country. He should read books that furnish him with ideas that will be useful to him in life and practice. As soon as he opens his lips he should rehearse the history of his own country—he should lisp the praises of liberty and of those illustrious heroes and statesmen who have wrought a revolution in his favor.[1]

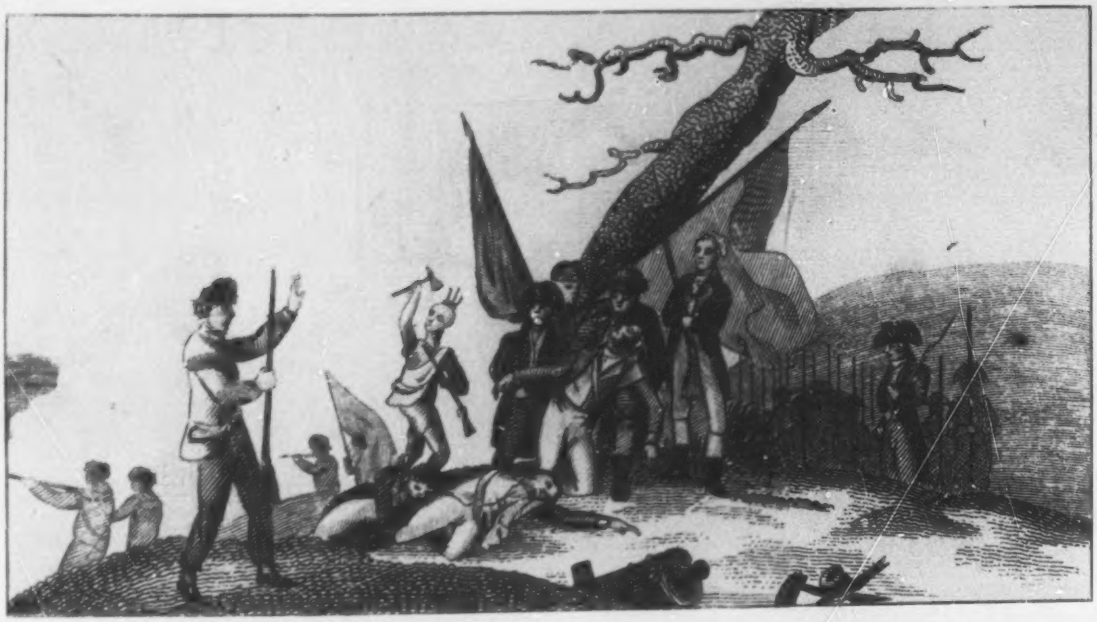
The thirteen colonies had indeed snapped the British yoke and gained independence, but the future they faced was uncertain. No nation before that time had come into being without a common government, currency, history, military, tradition, set of heroes, and "national character." With consummate energy the new Americans, Noah Webster among them, sought to remedy the situation. They took care of the common government and currency by adopting a constitution. History they took care of by espousing all elements of the past, going as far back as the Garden of Eden and ancient Greece and Rome. American materials suitable for Americans, particularly children, were lacking. Noah Webster, while concentrating on forming American spelling, grammar, and pronunciation, found time in 1790 to bring out *The Little Reader's Assistant*.[2] Along with rudiments of grammar, a "Federal Catechism," principles of government, and two attacks on slavery, he provided stories of heroes from America's past, including Columbus, Capt. John Smith, and Gen. Israel Putnam.

Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Massachusetts, and other publishers "Americanized" the children's books they had pirated from England, changing, for example, British place-names to American ones. Jedidiah Morse wrote geographies for children. The first history was most likely *The History of America, abridged for the use of children of all denominations* (1795),[3] a slim illustrated volume with accounts of the explorers, chiefly Columbus and Vesputius, and sketches of the lives of Generals Montgomery and Putnam and other American heroes.

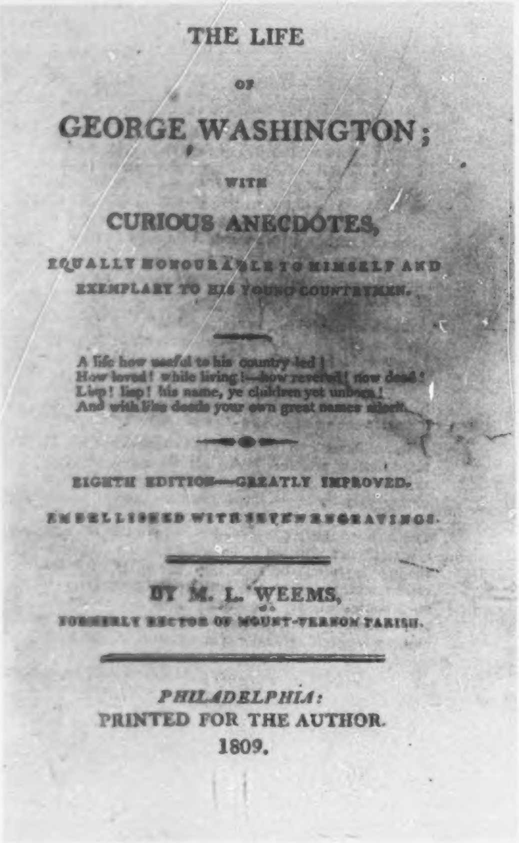
It took an itinerant bookseller, an Episcopal parson without a parish, to create a hero capable of capturing popular imagination. Mason Locke Weems, perhaps the first American book agent, traveled the countryside, selling the books of various publishers, including Mathew Carey of Philadelphia. He was a colorful character—riding in a horse-drawn wagon with a fiddle, ink horn, and books beside him; stopping in country inns; fiddling and preaching at weddings; and, at night, writing moral tracts and biographies—a romantic, fervent patriot, who saw in the death of George Washington an opportunity for commercial success. With characteristic ebullience he wrote to Carey on January 12 or 13, 1800:

> I've something to whisper in your lug. Washington, you know is gone! Millions are gaping to read something about him. I am very nearly prim^d & cock^d for 'em. 6 months ago I set myself to collect anecdotes of him. You know I live conveniently for that work. My plan! I give his

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Washington shown at prayer in the frontispiece from *The Example of Washington: Commended to the Young* (1846) by The Rev. Joseph Alden.



The frontispiece and title page from *The Life of George Washington: With Curious Anecdotes, Equally Honourable to Himself and Exemplary to His Young Countrymen* (1809) by Mason Locke Weems. Although General Montgomery's death is depicted, it is not mentioned in the text.



THE LIFE
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON;
WITH
CURIOUS ANECDOTES,
EQUALLY HONOURABLE TO HIMSELF AND
EXEMPLARY TO HIS YOUNG COUNTRYMEN.

A life how useful to his country led!
How loved! while living!—how revered! now dead!
Lisp! lisp! his name, ye children yet unborn!
And with like deeds your own great names adorn.

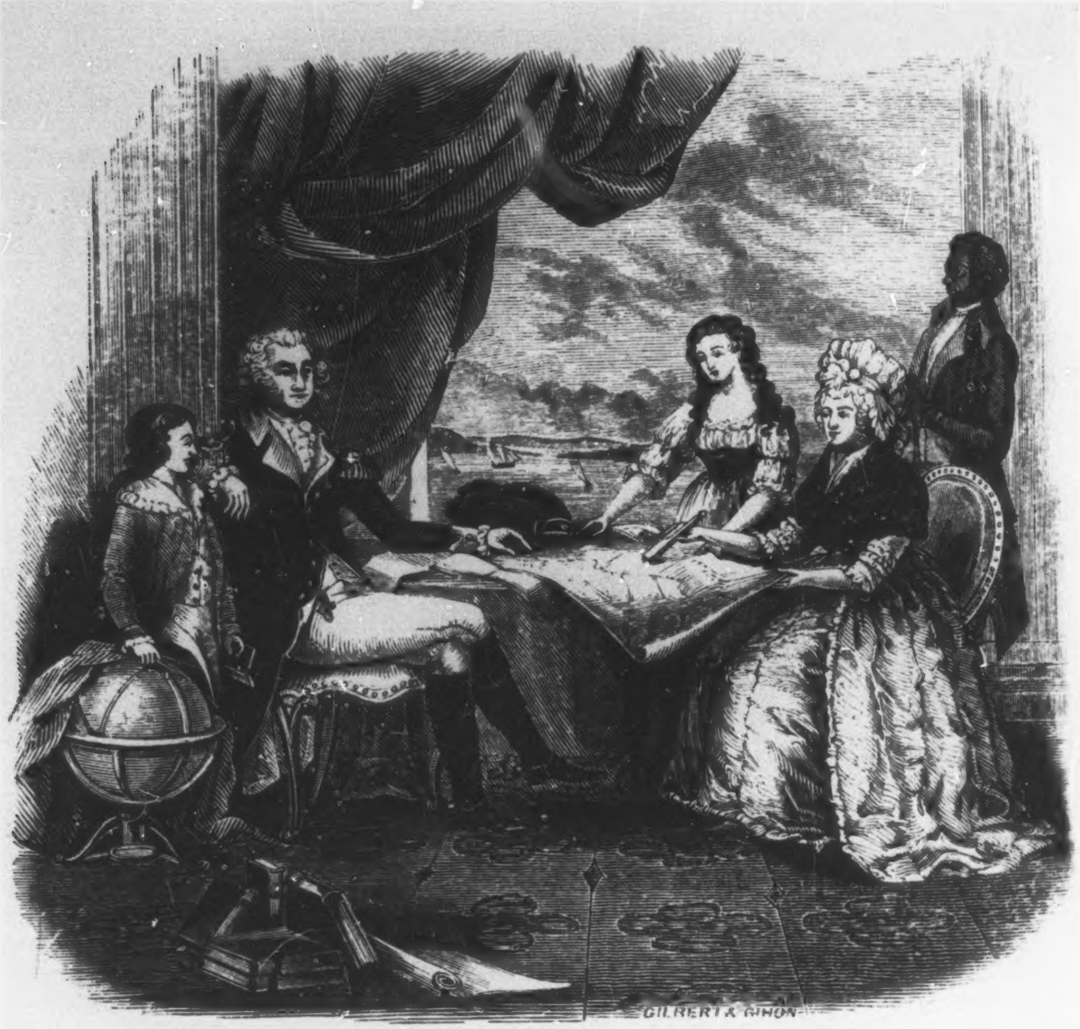
EIGHTH EDITION—GREATLY IMPROVED.
EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN ENGRAVINGS.

BY M. L. WEEMS,
FORMERLY RECTOR OF MOUNT-VERNON PARISH.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1809.

> history, sufficiently minute—I accompany him from his start, thro the French & Indian & British or Revolutionary wars, to the Presidents chair, to the throne in the hearts of 5,000000 of People. I then go on to show that his unparrelled rise & elevation were owing to his Great Virtues. 1 His Veneration for the Diety, or Religious Principles. 2 His Patriotism. 3^{d} his Magninmity. 4 his Industry. 5. his Temperance & Sobriety. 6 his Justice, &^{c}. &^{c}. Thus I hold up his great Virtues . . . to the imitation of Our Youth.[4]

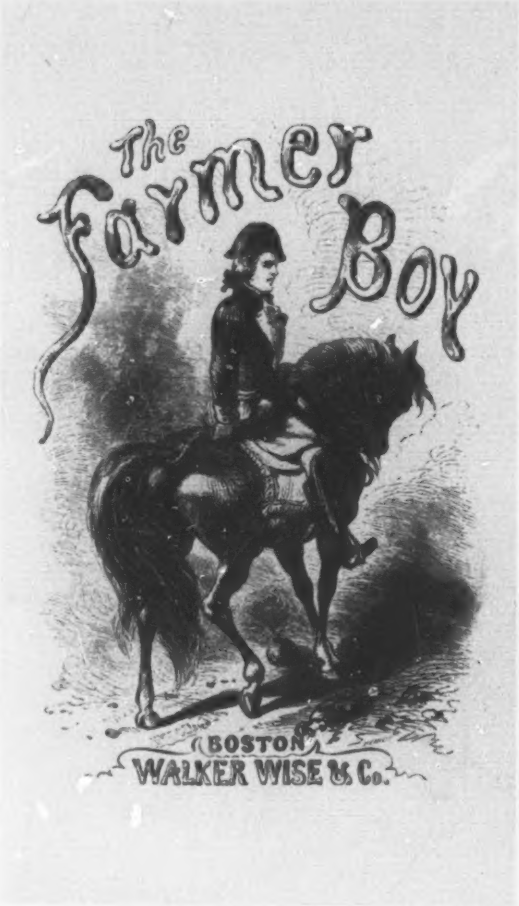
Carey apparently did not respond. But, knowing that his finger was on the people's pulse, the good parson set about, with patriotic fervor, writing a *History of the Life and Death, Virtues, and Exploits of General George Washington*, and making textual changes in each successive edition, for the slim pamphlet proved popular. At one stage he wrote rather wistfully to Carey, "There is a beautiful likeness of Washington in one of the Ladies Magazines; he was *young, beautiful* and *interesting* when that was taken. If you have to have that engrav^{d} on Copper as



At home with the Washington family. From *Life of George Washington: Embracing Anecdotes Illustrative of His Character* (1845) by Horatio Hastings Weld.

a Frontispiece to our little book it might have a happy effect."[5] There was no response. In fact, the first editions of the pamphlet appeared without Carey's imprint. The completely rewritten 1806 edition—now entitled THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON THE GREAT. / ENRICHED WITH A NUMBER OF VERY / CURIOUS ANECDOTES, PERFECTING IN CHARACTER, / AND EQUALLY HONORABLE TO HIMSELF, AND EXEMPLARY TO HIS / YOUNG COUNTRYMEN. *A life how useful to his country led! How* LOV'D *while* LIVING . . . *how* REVER'D *now* DEAD! *Lisp! lisp! his name, ye children yet unborn! And make your Father's virtues all your own!*—contains the stories of George and his "little hatchet" (the little was dropped in succeeding editions) and of the cabbage seeds:

> To startle George into a lively sense of his Maker, he [Mr. Washington] fell upon the following very curious but impressive expedient:
>
> One day he went into the garden, and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name at full, in large letters—then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up and smoothed all over nicely



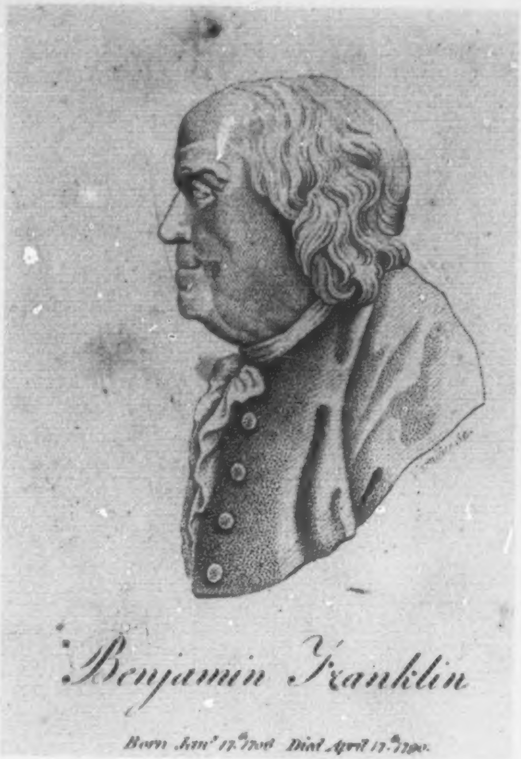
The half title page from *The Farmer Boy, and How He Became Commander-in-Chief* (1864) by Uncle Juvinell [Morrison Heady], edited by William Makepeace Thayer.

> with the roller. . . . Not many mornings had passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to burst with *great news.*
>
> "O Pa! come here! come here!"
>
> "What's the matter, my son, what's the matter?"
>
> "O come here, I tell you, Pa, come here! and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your life time."
>
> The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him up point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON[6]

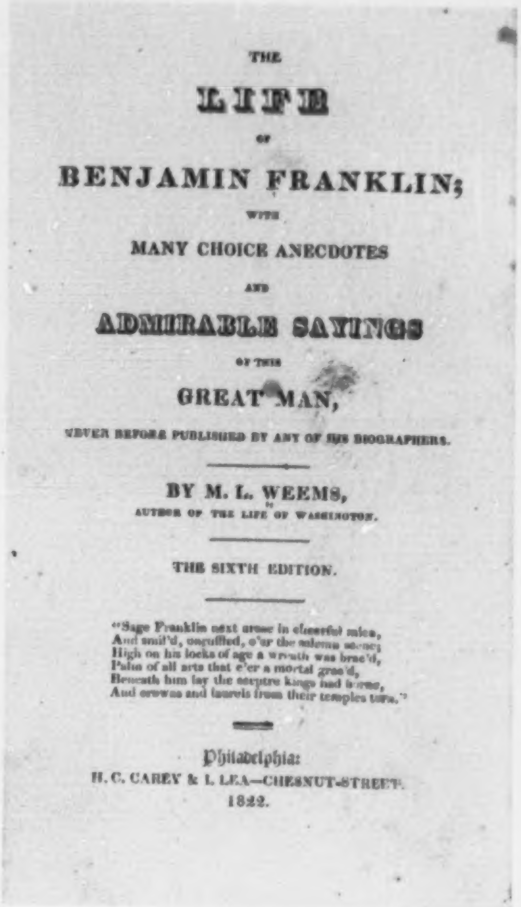
In such a way young George was taught who his *true* Father was.

By 1808 the once slim pamphlet had become a volume of more than two hundred pages. It was pure romance, for Weems, a moralist, saw history as a means to "seduce the reader into morality." And so a myth was born, and a hero created for the young and "lower readers," for Weems expressed the American dream. He pointed out that George Washington had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, that he rose to great heights because of his faith in God and his own industry and virtue. He was every American, and thus reflected America, an America where virtues were honored and practiced; if they were not, Americans convinced themselves that they were. The true American was like Washington: devout, truthful, pious; faithful in all undertakings, attentive to his duty, industrious, calm, wise, impartial in judgment; just, fair, generous, always master of himself, and protective of the poor and lowly. Industry, virtue, piety, moral principles[7]—these were important and were reflected in writings for both old and young. Not ignored were the dire consequences that befell those who failed to cultivate virtue.

Weems had a lively, colorful style. The young reader could skip the moralizing and revel in dramatic descriptions of events, such as, "the French, pouring down from the lakes of Canada, thick as autumnal geese," [8] or "The news was brought to Britain's king just as he had dispatched his pudding, and sat, right royally amusing himself with a slice of Gloucester and a nip of ale. From the lips of the king down fell the luckless cheese. . . ." [9] and "A famous Indian warrior, who acted a leading part in that bloody tragedy, was often heard to swear, that '*Washington was not born to be killed by a bullet! For,*' continued he, '*I had seventeen fair fires at him with my rifle, and after all could not bring him to the ground!*' " [10] Other memorable "anecdotes" dealt with the prophetic dream of Washington's mother, Mary Ball; a story of the Quaker who saw Washington at Valley Forge on his knees in prayer; and an account of Washington's ascent into heaven. The biography was



Benjamin Franklin
Born Jan.y 17.th 1706 Died April 17.th 1790.



THE
LIFE
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN;
WITH
MANY CHOICE ANECDOTES
AND
ADMIRABLE SAYINGS
OF THIS
GREAT MAN,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED BY ANY OF HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

BY M. L. WEEMS,
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

"Sage Franklin next arose in cheerful mien,
And smil'd, unruffled, o'er the solemn scene;
High on his locks of age a wreath was brac'd,
Palm of all arts that e'er a mortal grac'd,
Beneath him lay the sceptre kings had borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn."

Philadelphia:
H. C. CAREY & I. LEA—CHESNUT-STREET.
1822.

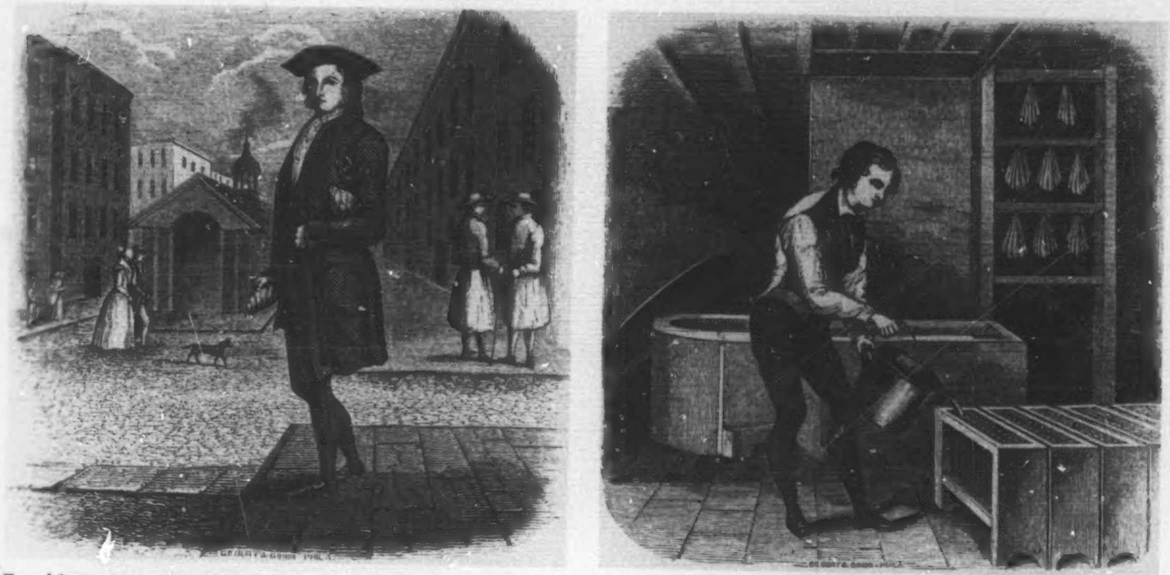
The frontispiece and title page, with inspirational message, from *The Life of Benjamin Franklin: With Many Choice Anecdotes and Admirable Sayings of This Great Man, Never Before Published by Any of His Biographers* (1822) by Mason Locke Weems.

built on incidents—many the fruit of Weems's imagination—each of which revealed a trait in the hero's character. Although the work was ridiculed by the educated and sophisticated, it was enormously successful, pleasing well the taste of a people preoccupied with piety and morality—in principle, if not in practice.

Weems followed this work with lives of Francis Marion (based on material given him by Brig. Gen. P. Horry, who came to be greatly displeased with Weems for turning the book into a romance), Benjamin Franklin (to whom he gave "a truly Christian spirit"),[11] and William Penn (about whom not even Weems could concoct a memorable anecdote). Of these the one about Marion was the most successful.

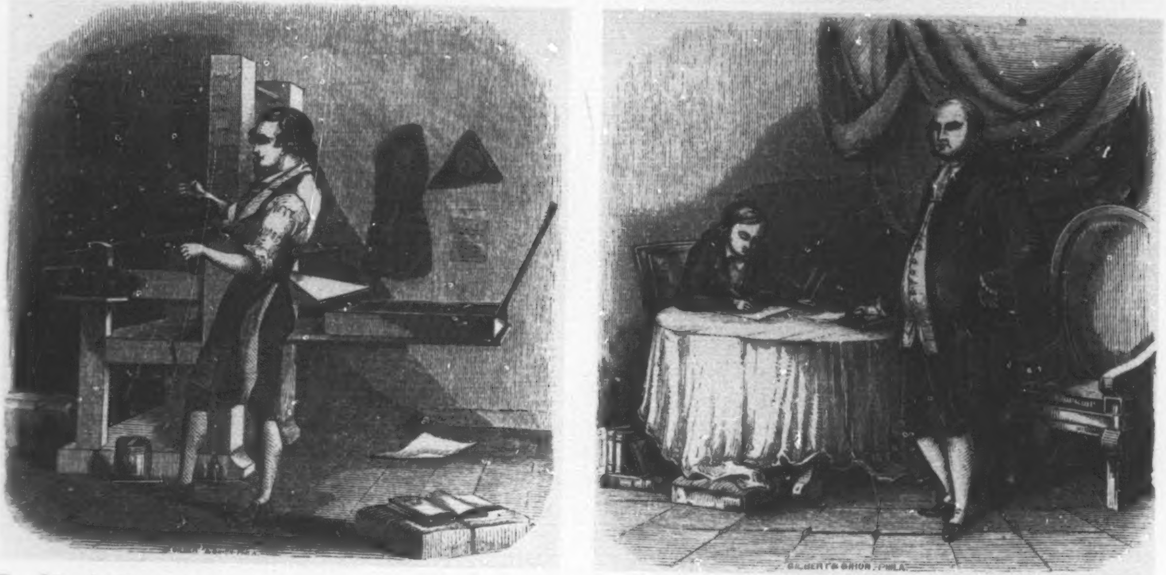
A sampling of Library of Congress holdings of nineteenth-century juvenile biographies reveals that a certain predilection existed then for the lives of poor men who rose to great elevation because they, like Washington, were pious, patriotic, industrious, and virtuous. Washington appears to have been a favorite subject. His moral virtues were pounded into the young by a number of writers whose chief source for incident was Weems, though credit was not always given him. Morrison Heady, in his *The Farmer Boy, and How He Became Commander-in-Chief*, exhorts the youth of his day:

> Like him, be industrious in your habits, diligent in your studies, polite in your manners, orderly in your dress, peaceable in your disposition, upright in your dealings, faithful in your friendships, patient under trials, persevering under difficulties, strangers to covetousness, content with little, moderate with much, generous, self-denying, courageous in well-doing, pure in heart, devout in



Franklin's Arrival in Philadelphia

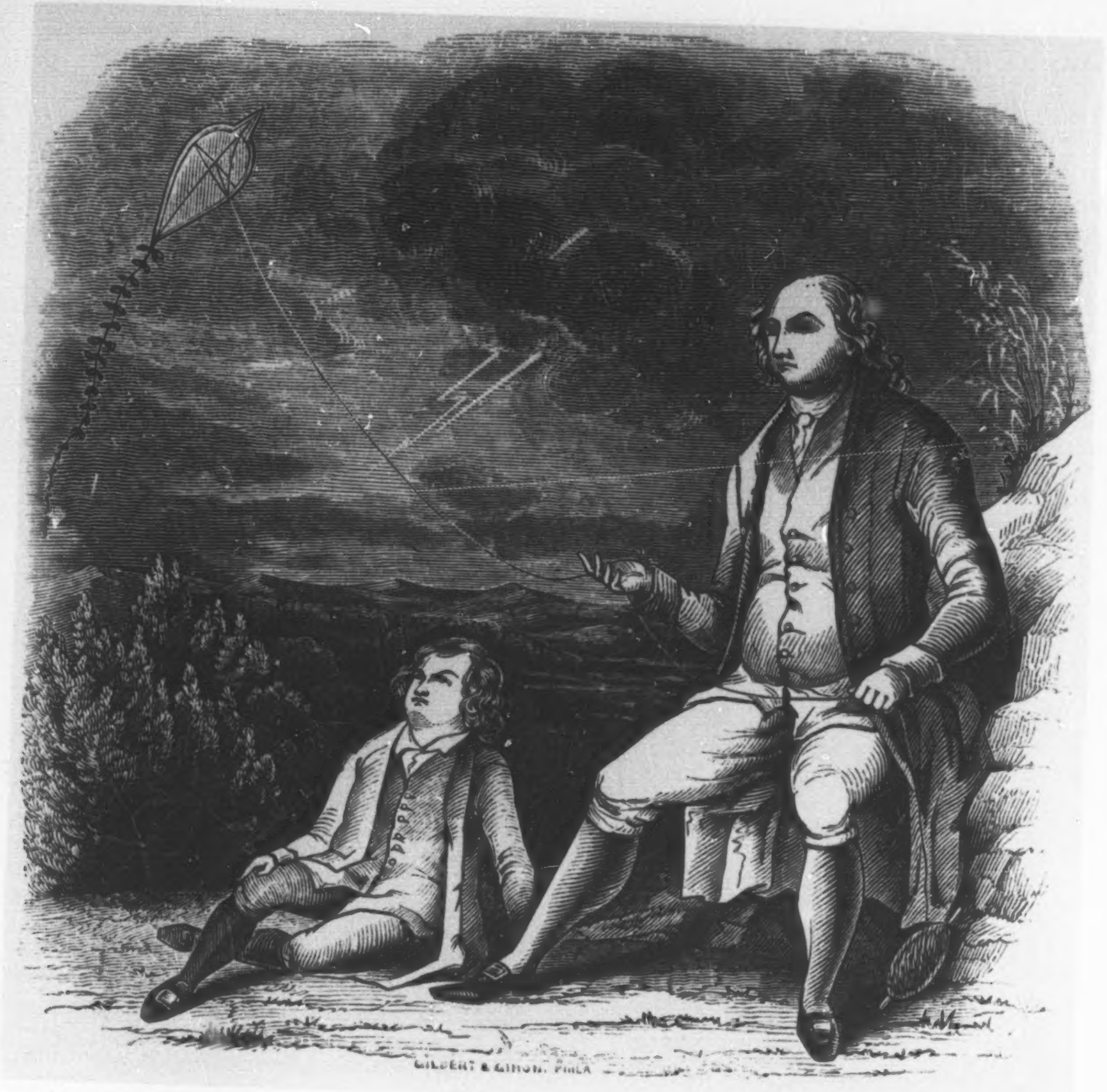
Franklin the Tallow Chandler



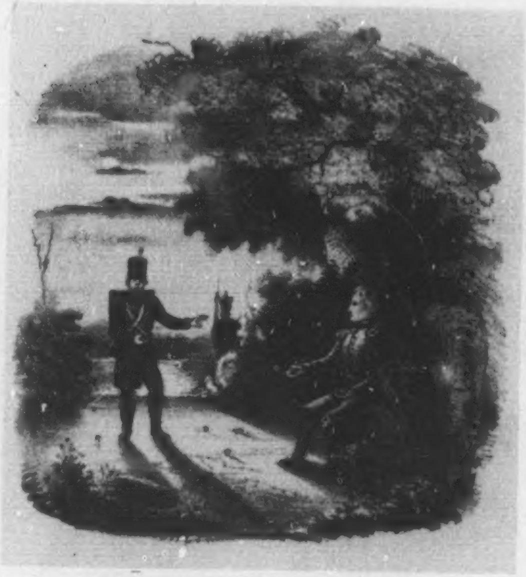
Franklin the Printer

Franklin the Statesman

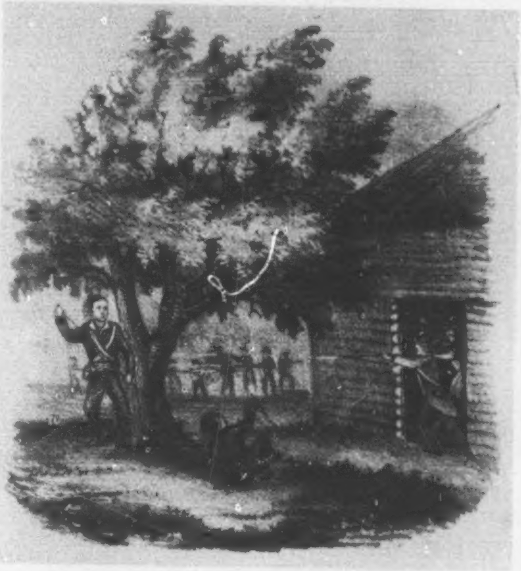
Benjamin Franklin at his various occupations, from *Pictorial Life of Benjamin Franklin: Embracing Anecdotes Illustrative of His Character* (1846).


GILBERT & GIHON. PHILA

Franklin's Kite Experiment



Jackson and the Acorns



Jackson's Presence of Mind

From *Pictorial Life of Andrew Jackson: Embracing Anecdotes, Illustrative of His Character. For Young People* (1845) by The Author of "Life of Washington."

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Abraham Lincoln leaving home for his first day at school. From *The Pioneer Boy, and How He Became President* (1863) by William Makepeace Thayer.

> spirit, modest before men, reverent to your parents, respectful to your superiors, humble before God; and, like him, let the clear light of truth shine forth in all your words, in all your actions, in all your looks and gestures, in all your secret thoughts, and in your very souls. Be all this, that men may reverence you, that angels may honor you, that God may bless and reward you.[12]

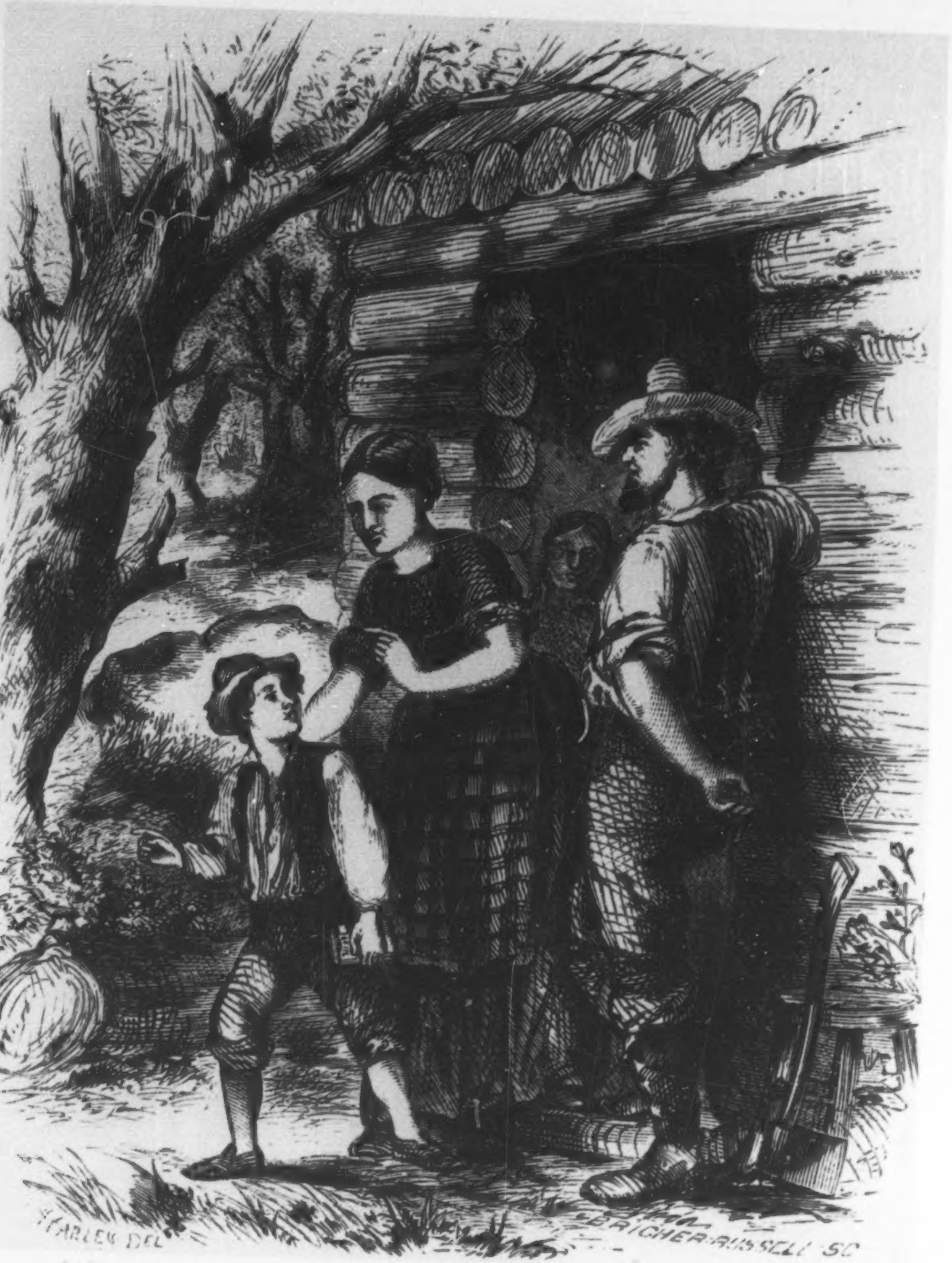
However, not every poor boy who achieved honor was like Washington in all his virtues. Benjamin Franklin, for one, distressed his biographers (with the possible exception of Parson Weems) because of his attitude toward religion, or at least that which was accepted by the people as religion. John Frost, a schoolmaster, reveals the dilemma in his 1846 *Pictorial Life of Benjamin Franklin; Embracing Anecdotes Illustrative of His Character:*

> We have not presented him as a *perfect* model for imitation, for such a model is to be found in no human being. . . .[13] *Industry,* FRUGALITY, INTEGRITY—such are the leading lessons of FRANKLIN'S LIFE. From them, all other virtues, under Providence, are derived. But the foundation of all virtue is trust in God, and prayer for His assistance: the reward of all is gratitude to that Heavenly Father, who has made, in his wisdom, our habitual acknowledgement of his mercies the greatest and best mode of enjoying them.[14]

What biographies were there for girls? Stories and moral tracts abounded, but lives of women were few. The Rev. Joseph Alden has the pious papa in *The Example of Washington* (1846), tell his young daughter, who complains that she cannot be like Washington, that though she is a girl she can indeed be like him "in a great many things." [15] Jacob Abbott, from the late 1840s on, included women in his famous histories, devoting volumes to Queen Elizabeth of England, Josephine, Margaret of Anjou, Mary Queen of Scots, and Madame Roland. As with his histories for boys he indicated, when appropriate, flaws in character.

Perhaps Samuel Goodrich reveals best the social conflict in the preface to his *Lives of Celebrated Women:*

> It is an oft-quoted proposition of Rousseau, that "the glory of woman lies in being unknown." . . .
>
> It may indeed be true that the *happiness* of women is generally to be found in the quiet of the domestic circle; but that all, without distinction, should be confined to it, and that whenever one of the sex departs from it, she departs from her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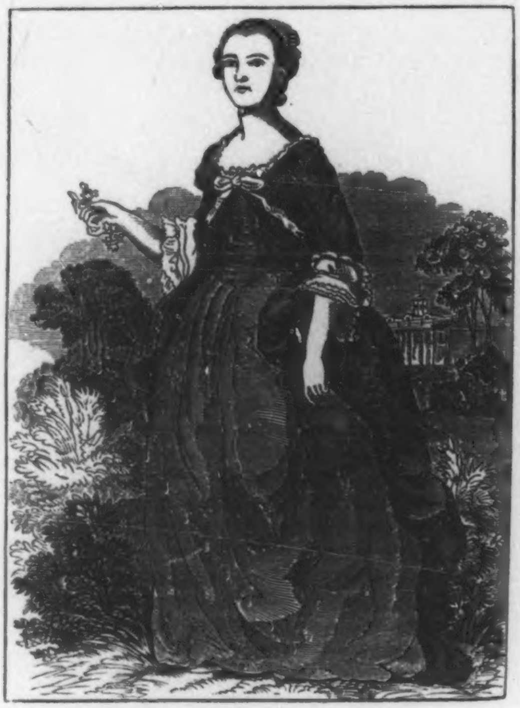
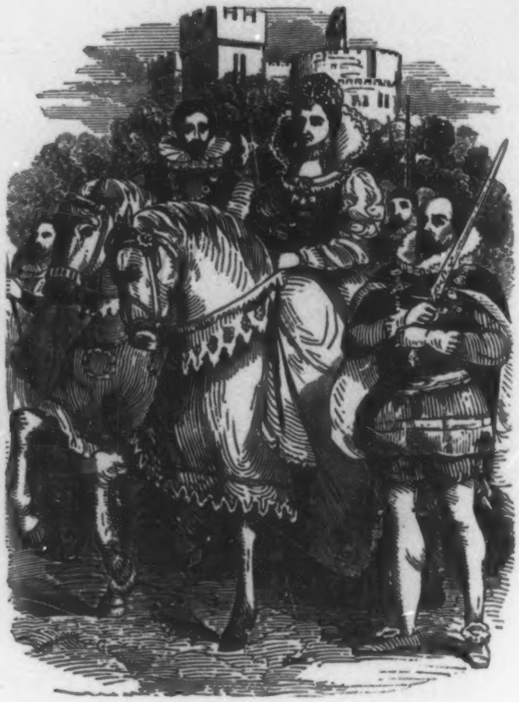
BRICHER-RUSSELL SC



Mrs. George Washington

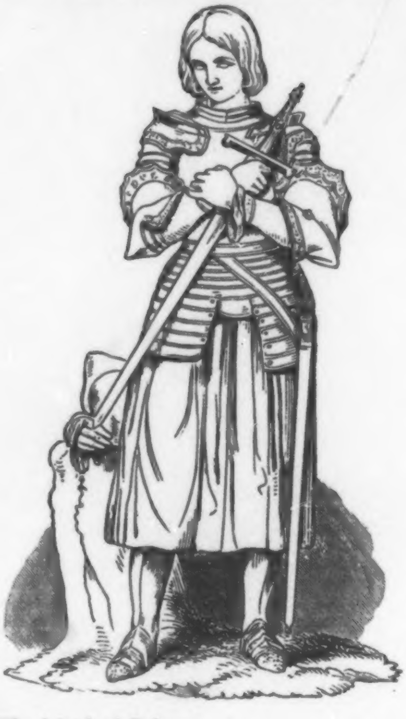
From *Lives of Celebrated Women* (1844) by The Author of *Peter Parley's Tales.*



Queen Elizabeth on a Tour Through Her Realm

> allotted sphere, is no more true than a similar proposition would be of men. . . .
> If woman is only to be a housewife, why are gifts bestowed upon her, that make her often the rival, and sometimes the *master*, of the other sex, even in the higher walks of ambition? . . . In short, shall we, in Christian countries, who make it our boast that we have elevated woman to free companionship with man, still look backward, return to the selfish philosophy of the Turk, shut woman up in the harem, and gloss over our despotism by quotations from the Swiss Diogenes?
>
> While we repeat that, in general, women consult their true dignity and happiness by seeking a quiet domestic career, we still maintain that such among them as have endowments suited to exert a happy influence upon mankind at large, are as truly fulfilling their duty and their destiny, by giving them scope, as are the other sex in doing the same under the like circumstances.[16]

In *The Poor Girl and True Woman; or, Elements of Woman's Success Drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and Others; a Book for Girls* (1859), William Makepeace Thayer shows his uneasiness:



The Maid of Orleans

> Miss Lyon was not a perfect woman, and therefore she is not a perfect model for girls. Yet she possessed a rare combination of qualities, such as are indispensable to a high order of character, and which will secure a good degree of success to any girl who will really imitate her, whatever may be her sphere of effort. It is believed that girls, no less than boys, must possess certain elements of character, if they would succeed in the stations they occupy. . . .
>
> Miss Lyon was never a wife or mother, and therefore we cannot speak of her in these important aspects of the True Woman;
>
> Much has been written for boys concerning the way to success; but little has been penned for girls, as if they had nothing to do with the subject. But if there is such a thing as success in forming character, and in housekeeping, mantua-making, teaching music, learning, and the multitude of other matters that claim the attention of women, then the subject is as important to them as to boys.
>
> The author hopes that the volume will assist girls in cultivating the highest virtues, and in prosecuting the work of life with credit to themselves, and acceptance to God.[17]

The close of the Civil War, the Centennial, and success in the war against Spain produced a spate of biographies. Still popular was the theme of the poor boy rising from log cabin to greatness. New subjects included Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley, the last hailed by Edward S. Ellis in his *Life of William McKinley* as "the sturdy boy, endowed by nature and birth with a stout heart and a wise head, [who] worked his way upward inch by inch until by grit he reached the top, and from the uppermost round of the ladder stepped into the sky." [18]

In spite of political corruption, scandals, and social injustices, nineteenth-century writers for the young continued to persuade themselves and their audience that piety and high moral principles were honored, practiced—and rewarded. This American dream, further developed by Horatio Alger and others in stories for boys, unfailingly enticed writers to echo Parson Weems's exhortation to youth:

> Young Reader! go thy way, think of Washington, and HOPE. Though humble thy birth, low thy fortune, and few thy friends, still think of Washington, and HOPE. Like him, honour thy God, and delight in glorious toil; then, like him, "thou shalt stand before kings; thou shalt not stand before common men." [19]

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The Sleuth–Then and Now

BY MARGERY FISHER

Mystery and *secret* are words that proliferate in any index of children's books, and a high percentage of young heroes and heroines in fiction would qualify as amateur sleuths. All the same, the specific subdivision of detective fiction, with its balance of crime and conundrum, of entertainment and social comment, is not easily scaled down to junior form. Too much of reality must be sacrificed, too much improbability injected, in order that boys and girls may make their lighthearted forays into detection undisturbed by adult interference. Junior investigators have held their own in the field of adventure story for at least four decades, but the present-day taste for realism (implying details "of an unpleasant or sordid character," as the dictionary has it) has forced a closer look at the carefree attitudes and incompetent crooks of the postwar junior thriller, which, after all, only followed the prevailing artificiality of the adult genre.

How far can a story of detection and crime retain any emotional depth or social meaning when it is directed to readers between the ages of nine and fourteen? There is, of course, a compromise solution. Given an adult rather than a young hero, within a junior context of readership, the whole approach can be simplified in a
less drastic manner. As long ago a
Treece introduced to the young a
Stewart, a private investigator in
ties, fresh from university and
R.A.F. Not long after the probat
described in *Ask for King Billy* (1
boss accorded to him 100 percen
50 percent organizing ability. St
uous nature made him a congeni
young, but he was never presen
rogate child. Treece was writing
kind of grammar school pupils in
that he himself had taught (and
stories were originally told), and
style and design his books lead
novels like those of John Bu
there are echoes of the Hannay t
enters upon chases and escapes i
Don't Expect Any Mercy (1958
Killer in Dark Glasses (1965), a
shire in *Bang You're Dead* (196
trating the attention on the you
tells the stories himself), Treece
sent his villains in outline and
ambiguities of good and evil.
Yates (perhaps another ancestor),
to balance tension and to contr
genuinely exciting yarns. They
enthusiastically both as adult
books; they had a literary sul
breadth of outlook rarely accor
readers.

A decade or so later another
away from the stereotypes of j
Stephen Chance gave himself a
latitude when he created the ch

Reverend Septimus Treloar, rector of a Fenland parish but previously a London policeman on the beat in the 1920s and an underground fighter in occupied Europe in the 1940s. Stephen Chance is a pseudonym for Philip Turner, an Anglican parson who has published holiday adventures for children under his own name. The cases "Stephen Chance" devised rose naturally from his hero's calling. In *Septimus and the Danedyke Mystery* (1971), he prevented the theft of a medieval gold chalice; in *Septimus and the Minster Ghost,* he averted a scandal which could have caused distress to the archdeacon and one of his vergers; on holiday in Wales, in *Septimus and the Stone of Offering,* he was able to bring peace to a valley and to a tragically tormented individual. Here was a chance to combine a fast-moving plot with a serious look at human motives and aberrations. Given Septimus's unique mixture of priestly wisdom and compassion and a policeman's skill for astute observation, the books have a sober, unsentimental tone which adds to their value as vigorous junior thrillers.

These were puzzles of a relatively innocuous nature. Murderers, terrorists, kidnappers, or saboteurs seem unsuitable for children's stories if they are to be treated honestly. But more often than not such villains are described in misleadingly general terms, their motives ignored in an assumption of "evil," a Buchanesque hyperbole of power and stature. For the past twenty years at least, writers designating crime-mystery stories for young readers have had to compete with the permitted violence and brutality of television programs. Used in children's stories, this kind of material is potentially harmful without the most responsible exploration of motive and circumstance.

In a group of novels about a secret agent, Marston Baines, and his young nephew and apprentice Simon, Malcolm Saville has attempted to bring the junior thriller into line with modern taste. From *Three Towers in Tuscany* (1963) to *Marston Baines—Master Spy* (1978), he has taken his readers from Brittany to Mallorca, from Fiesole and Venice to Luxembourg, combining snatches of tourism and some gently romantic passages between undergraduate Simon and his girl, Rosina, with the predictable weapons of international syndicates aiming at world power, as well as drug-peddling, kidnapping, the infiltration of youth organizations, and various nasty versions of Satanism. There is no doubting the sincerity of the author's underlying message. In the latest book Simon expresses his uncle's definition of the eternal war they have been waging together:

> He had stressed that there is always a war between good and evil, between freedom and slavery, between compassion and cruelty, and that in the twentieth century these issues are only too obvious. He had warned him also that the enemies of freedom are to be found amongst those carefully selected and trained men and women who set out to break down a nation's morale and destroy a people's will to resist.

If his stories read like junior James Bond thrillers, they look back also to Buchan's nationalist

anxieties. There is a naiveté of dialogue and circumstance in the Marston series, though, which is perhaps the result of trying to present major issues to readers as young as eleven or twelve. His villains are stock figures; their activities mechanical. With no emotional depth, the books merely *describe* crime in the dangerously generalized way of bad television thrillers.

The popular series of tales about the Lone Pine Club shows Malcolm Saville's characterization in a more forceful light. It is true that these are static, received characters, carefully defined at the beginning of the first of nineteen successive stories, *Mystery at Witchend*, published as long ago as 1943, and thereafter remaining almost unchanged. All the same, David Morton and his allies enter upon their various adventures in amateur detection with enough individual spirit and ingenuity to give point to their encounters with a variety of villains, carefully chosen within a relatively harmless range of jewel thieves, saboteurs, and confidence tricksters. The rules of the Lone Pine Club reflect both the author's serious purpose and the congenial nature of the plots. The rule that the children must always be true to one another is often seriously tested. A more lighthearted rule obliges them to keep close watch on strangers, who almost always turn out to be up to no good.

The Lone Pine books cover a publishing period of almost forty years; they have been republished in the last ten years in paperback, in slightly shortened form. They belong in style and approach, though, to the immediate postwar period. The children act without benefit of adults and are exasperated when professional investigators try to curtail their detection. It is a long-established convention that young amateur detectives, without harm to themselves, solve problems which have baffled older heads than theirs. This inherent improbability is modified to some extent when the children do have some direct contact with professionals.

Roger Pilkington, for example, gave his young sleuths (Peter, Jill, and Michael Branxome) a senior Scotland Yard detective for a father. His children accept his help and advice all the more readily because Michael, a bright, inquisitive lad of eleven or so, is bent on becoming a police detective himself. Already he shows something of a professional attitude to the mysteries that come the way of the young Branxomes as they cruise in their motor launch along canals in Belgium and Holland and rivers in France and Germany. Literal-minded readers may not be prepared to believe in their consistent success. Wise in his craft, Roger Pilkington compensates by using the conjuror's device of distraction. In *The Missing Panel*, for example (1958), his young sleuths locate the centerpiece of a Nativity triptych when more experienced investigators, after following false trails, have long ago given up the search. Intelligent deduction brings them, in *Don John's Ducats* (1960), to a hoard of gold lost for more than three centuries. In these and several other books, accurate details

of river rules, tourist spots, and climatic conditions divert the reader's attention from the improbability of the Branxomes' exploits.

Similarly, the three Hadley children, persistently curious about the problems assigned to their father, a London-based police inspector, have acquired enough knowledge to be a help rather than a hindrance when the disappearance of a Hungarian diplomat's son and the theft of a Cellini dagger, for example, exercise their wits. Dorothy Clewes gave credibility to stories like *Adventure on Rainbow Island* (1957; American title, *Mystery on Rainbow Island*) or *The Singing Strings* (1961; American title, *Mystery of the Singing Strings*), not only by precise backgrounds but also by endowing Peter, an aspiring writer who tells the story, and his younger brother Bob, ambitious to become a detective, with suitable qualifications for sleuthing.

Robert Bateman's tales of Archie McGillicuddy, also published in the 1960s, offered practical encouragement to would-be sleuths. His young hero, unlikely to qualify for police training because of his diminutive size, is encouraged by his friend in the force to consider police photography as a career. Archie's approach to the disappearance of valuable postage stamps, a specialized camera, and a historic school bell are enlivened by small-town details and warmed by humor—of a useful kind, incidentally, for the boy clearly learns from his absurd mistakes to be more cautious in deduction.

Amateurs all, in spite of certain professional connections, these young investigators approach their tasks in a spirit of improvisation which hardly fits the climate of today; they must be met now, when they are met at all, as period pieces. Innocuous and lighthearted, too, are the cases of the cousins, Norman and Henry Bones, perhaps the ancestors of the young sleuth in Britain, since Anthony Wilson told the stories to his preparatory-school pupils in the early 1940s, after which they became popular on B.B.C.'s radio Children's Hour. Compact and cheerful, published two or three to a book, the tales achieve verisimilitude by attention to neighborhood gossip and local color. Social and psychological comment is minimal and the cousins are seldom in danger as they accept invitations to investigate the theft of antiques, ghostly phenomena, industrial spying, impersonations, smuggling, and blackmail, always intelligently professional, if unpaid, but with a carefree approach which their sixteen-year-old counterparts today would find it hard to emulate.

The earliest of the quasi-professional young sleuths, in publishing terms, have had the longest life. Frank and Joe Hardy of Bayport made their debut as private detectives in 1927, followed three years later by Nancy Drew of River Heights. Why have they survived where other series are forgotten? One reason, certainly, lies in astute revamping. Revised texts published from 1959 onwards were described as "new" stories based on the originals, incorporating "the most uptodate methods used by police and private detectives." While the Hardy Boys graduated from humble automobiles to speedboats and helicopters, Nancy Drew's hair and idiom were both restyled. The changes were mechanical, as though the three young sleuths had been lifted across the decades like waxwork images from Madame Tussaud's, while remaining nominally in the late teens. The prose has changed as well as the background detail. The humor and vigor of vocabulary which enlivened the formula-plots of the earlier books were sacrificed to the needs of readers in the last two decades who, supposedly, demanded instant thrills of the television kind. Certainly the formula laid down by Edward Stratemeyer in the 1920s demanded action rather than character. Steady Frank and hasty Joe were conceived as useful complements to one another, while Nancy's intuition and common sense were balanced by a generous allowance of feminine charm to commend her to her own sex; these traits remained constant and undeveloped like the rest of the formula elements.

In book after book the small towns of Bayport and River Heights retain their familiar contours, within which are concealed an astonishing number of over-Gothicized mansions and battered shacks ready to shelter sinister newcomers. The young detectives suffer a statutory number of attacks and kidnappings before solving each case, helped along the way by police officers always at their disposal and grateful for their help, and with wise elders (Fenton Hardy the detective and Carson Drew the lawyer) to supply essential contacts, information, and advice. Familiarity has its uses, for readers looking for quick entertainment, and they may be saved (perhaps) from the tedium of formula-writing by skillful variations of such standard mysteries as lost wills and impersonators, industrial espionage, burglary and fraud, and by riddles of words and identities that are intriguing yet essentially simple.

It can be argued that if the Stratemeyer books are trash, they are competent and agreeable trash. What is missing in them is emotional substance and concrete reality, and this lack is more serious and more obvious today than it was thirty years or so ago, now that young people are less sheltered and more aware of crime in its real rather than its story-book manifestations. We need to question the artificiality of the sleuth story, the dilution of danger and the absence of motivation. Robert Cormier in *I am the Cheese* (1977) and *After the First Death* (1979), Bernard Ashley in *A Kind of Wild Justice* (1979), authors like Susan Hinton, Jan Needle, and Robert Westall have in the last ten years taken junior novels of contemporary life nearer to reality in terms of both event and emotion. Can the junior detective story, as a branch of what one might call social adventure, achieve any degree of responsible authenticity?

One author who made his own gesture toward reality, the British writer Roderic Jeffries, published between 1965 and 1973 a group of documentary novels partly designed to counteract the stereotyped images of police in children's books and current misconceptions about their work. With dog-handling in *Police Dog* (1965), for instance, and river work in *Police Patrol Boat* (1971), he demonstrated procedure and community relations through fictitious narratives based on actual cases. In *Police and Detection* (1962) he took kidnapping as his theme and followed in meticulous detail the routine of a particular investigation. Young Peter Dunn is held as hostage by men who hope to force his father, a detective officer in charge of a police division in Kent, to falsify evidence against their associate in an imminent murder trial. Emotional tension is added to the story as the author shifts his view of events between police, kidnappers, and victim so that he can indicate the reactions of each individual to the situation, emphasizing the double loyalties faced by Peter's father and the boy's courage and resourcefulness as a policeman's son. This is a more honest view of police work than that of a new English series of stories, a series with the persuasive title "Roger Moore and the Crimefighters" and with an ancillary "Club" designed "to get children to keep their eyes open, and their wits about them, to help in the prevention and the detection of crime." In spite of a warning that they must "act in conjunction with the police, and never interfere where they could come to harm themselves" (and in spite of the fact that the well-known actor invoked in the series has given his royalties to charity), these tales of gang warfare, shoplifting, and terrorism are as falsely flattering to the young as similar series "sponsored" by celebrities, like Terrance Dick's stories about the "Baker Street Irregulars" and the American series concerning "Alfred Hitchcock and the Three Investigators."

It is not enough to trust children to recognize stereotypes for what they are; the habit of accepting clichés in fiction is more easily formed than it is broken. It is a long step even from the limited individuality of Roderic Jeffries's characters to the policemen and associated officials in Roy Brown's *The Siblings* (1975) and *The Swing of the Gate* (1978), in which family relationships and close friendships pose extra problems for detectives and social workers in an urban community. The raw honesty of Roy Brown's books and their uninhibited tone must direct them to readers in the mid-teens, who will find in them an emotional depth which stories for younger readers rarely offer. Benjamin Lee's *Paganini Strikes Again* (1970) is an interesting exception. The author, a London family doctor with a lively style and a strong sense of humor, described how two schoolboys outran the police in the hunt for bank robbers, partly activated by curiosity (initially about the unusual pattern on a pair of shoes) but partly out of sympathy for a schoolfellow whose father seemed to be implicated. The suggestions they make to the police are received with a convincing mixture of interest and skepticism, their sleuthing is impetuous and opportunist, and their concern for the neurotically unhappy Pitmore has a distinct edge of superiority, but their concern is real all the same, and there are serious social implications in this brisk, flippant narrative.

Perhaps in the end the sleuth story will find its best chance of renewed life in the junior age-range—say, nine to thirteen or so—with the emphasis placed firmly on the puzzle element of the genre. It is axiomatic that "nobody notices kids but kids notice everything." Writers of junior detective stories can avoid blatant artificiality while avoiding, equally, the more violent and distressing forms of crime beyond their readers' understanding, by posing homely local problems and stressing the natural advantages of child-investigators—curiosity, an eye for insignificant details, the power to lurk unseen, and an awareness of environment as intense as that of a policeman on the beat. Let them invoke the spirit of two classics of the genre—Kästner's *Emil and the Detectives*, now half a century old, and C. Day Lewis's blithe, rollicking yarn, *The Otterbury Incident*, a mere eighteen years younger. For many years E. W. Hildick has been introducing a series of young investigators (among them Jim Starling, Lemon Kelly, the Questers, and the inimitable McGurk) who not only notice things but also remember and assess what they have noticed—besides being quick to seize on the latest mechanical aids such as tape-recorders and walkie-talkies. Most recent among these amateur detectives, McGurk and his gang consciously imitate police detective methods, with their Ed McBain-type dossiers and report files, their identity cards, and the ubiquitous magnifying glass. The forces of this amusing gang are intelligently deployed. The role of forensic scientist could be said to be shared between Willie Sanders, with his acute sense of smell, and the technologically erudite "Brains" Bellingham, while spectacled Joey Rockwell attends to the paperwork and McGurk, as self-appointed leader, presides over the headquarters in the cellar of his ex-vicarage home and follows the Holmes tradition with devotion, if not always with success. The children obviously enjoy their role, but their deductions concerning kidnapped dolls, a cat-pogrom and a mysterious robbery note lead to the right conclusions most of all because of their automatic, extensive accumulation of facts about their neighborhood. Hildick is a past master at simplification. There is nothing in the McGurk stories beyond the reading capacity of a nine-year-old, but there is wit as well as humor in his words and an originality of narrative technique which should alert young readers to the craft of prose-writing.

The real pleasure of reading comes from encounters with books alert rather than flabby, individual (even idiosyncratic) rather than hackneyed, probing rather than superficial. Children around nine or ten may not be ready to appreciate moral ambiguities or social comment, but they are still capable of responding to a close texture of feeling in tales of action, or recognizing individuals as opposed to types in fictional heroes. "What happens next" is essential to junior thrillers, but within their pages there should be grace and wit, perception and humor, sense and sensibility, to nourish and please their readers.

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Americana in Children's Books: An Exhibition Catalog.

1974. 28 p. $1.25. Available from the Information Office, Library of Congress.

The Audience for Children's Books.

1980. 42 p. Distributed by the Center for the Book, Library of Congress.

The Best of Children's Books, 1964-1978.

1980. 96 p. $3.75. (S/N 030-001-00093-1)

Catalog of the Jean Hersholt Collection of Hans Christian Andersen.

1954. 97 p. Available free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress.

Children & Poetry: *A Selective, Annotated Bibliography.*

2d rev. ed. 1979. 84 p. $3. (S/N 030-000-00099-4)

Children's Books: *A List of Books for Preschool through Junior High School Age.*

- 1967. 16 p. Available free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress.
- 1968. 15 p. 35 cents. (S/N 030-001-00034-6)
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- 1975. 15 p. 35 cents. (S/N 030-001-00069-9)
- 1976. 19 p. Available free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress.
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- 2d supplement. 1977. 413 p. $7.75 (S/N 030-001-00075-3)
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Children's Reading in America, 1776, a Selection of Titles.

1976. 12 p. Available free in single copies from the Central Services Division.

Creating Independence, 1763-1789: *Background Reading for Young People; a Selected, Annotated Bibliography.*

1972. 62 p. $1.45 (S/N 030-001-00046-0)

Folklore from Africa to the United States, an Annotated Bibliography.

1976. 161 p. $4.50 (S/N 030-001-00066-4)

For Younger Readers: Braille and Talking Books

Available in large print free from the National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, Library of Congress.

- 1970-1971. 1972. 130 p.
- 1972-1973. 1974. 36, 88 p.
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I Went to the Animal Fair: *A Selected List of Animal Books for Children Which Have Appeared in "Talking Book Topics" and "Braille Book Review."*

1975. 33 p. includes phonodisc. Available in large print free from the National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, Library of Congress.

Illusion and Reality (a lecture by Virginia Hamilton).

1976. 18 p. 50 cents. (S/N 030-001-00072-9)

Louisa May Alcott: *A Centennial for Little Women; an Annotated, Selected Bibliography.*

1961. 91 p. Available free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress.

The Openhearted Audience: *Ten Authors Talk about Writing for Children.*

1980. 198 p. $9. (S/N 030-001-00089-3)

Portrait of a Poet: *Hans Christian Andersen and His Fairytales* (a lecture by Erik Haugaard).

1973. 17 p. Available free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress.

Questions to an Artist Who Is Also an Author: *A Conversation between Maurice Sendak and Virginia Haviland.*

1972. 18 p. $1.10 (S/N 030-000-00058-7)

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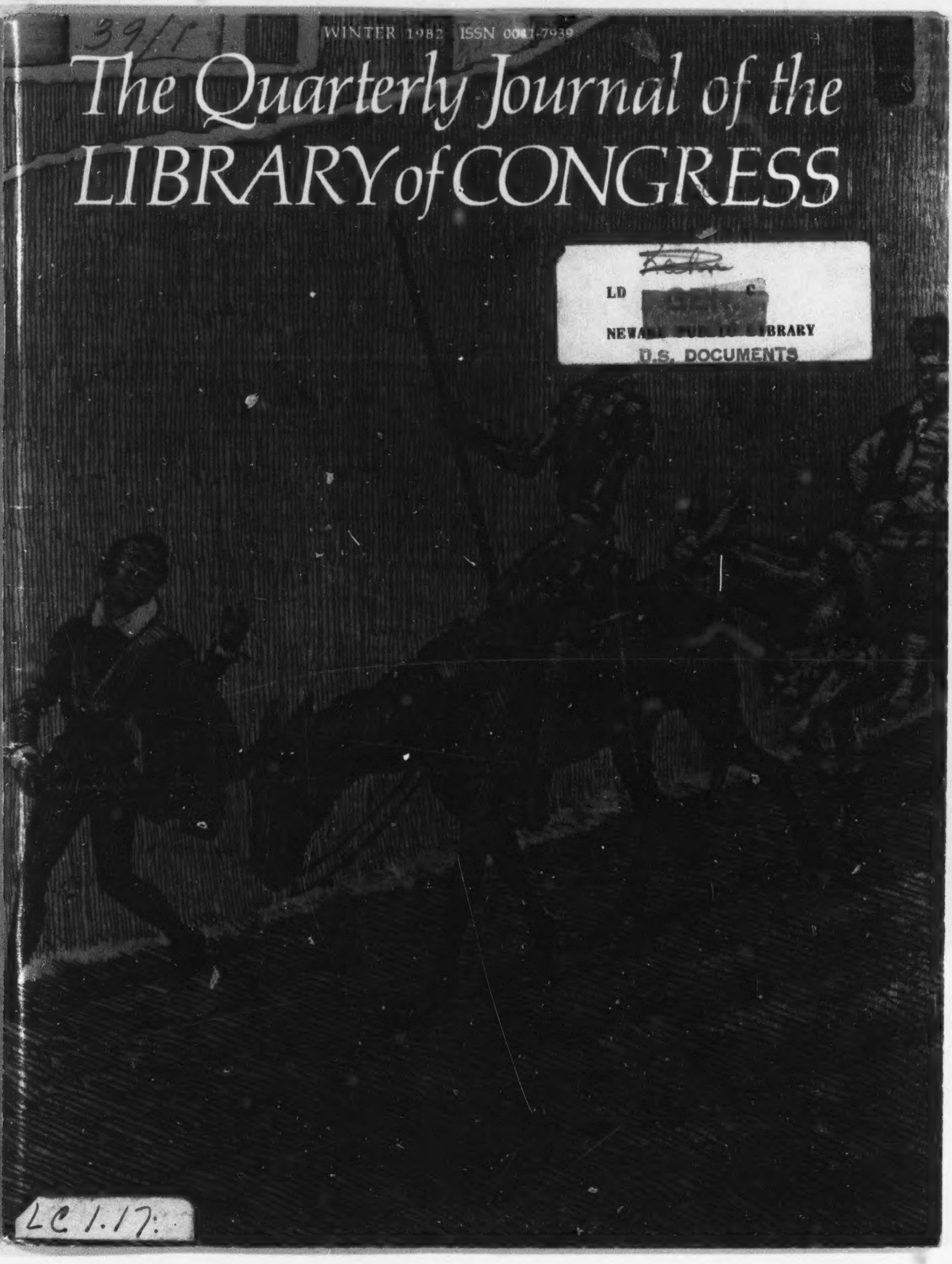

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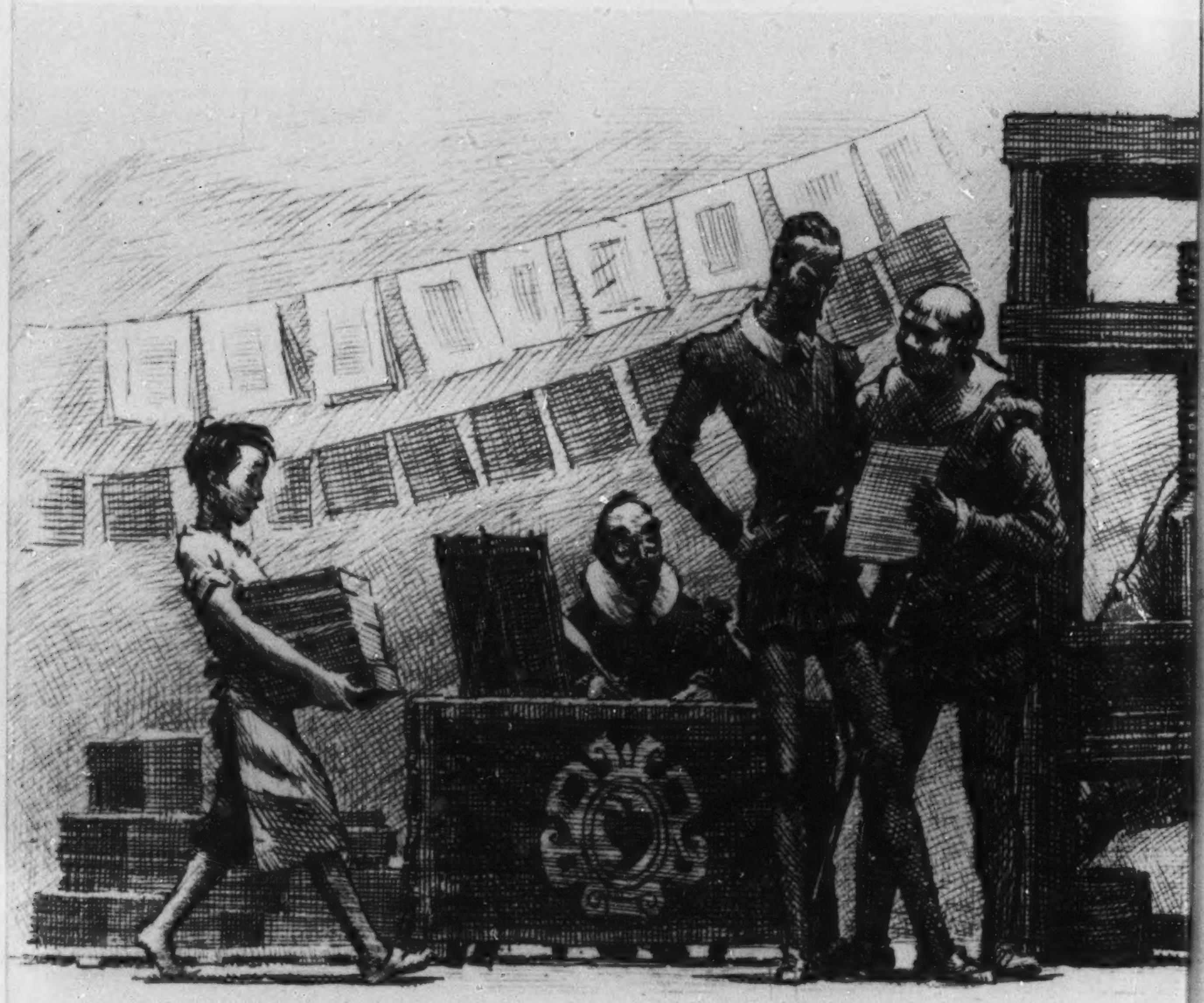

Don Quijote in a print shop. A Teodoro Miciano illustration for *Don Quijote*.

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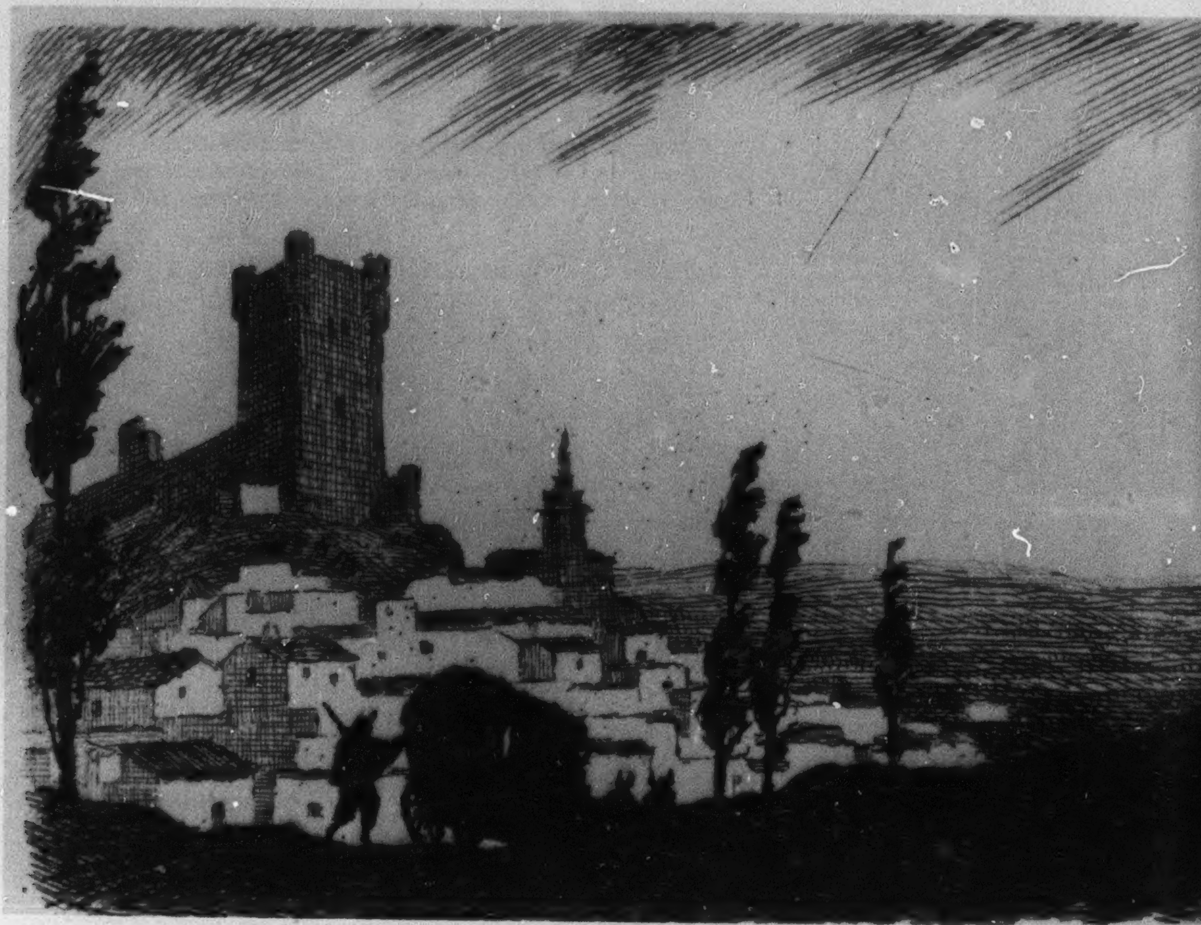
Detail from a Teodoro Miciano illustration for *Don Quijote.*

Editor's Note

In "one of the most important chapters in the entire history" of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the hero's housekeeper attempts to divert his thoughts from an intended third journey by suggesting that he might instead serve the king at court. Don Quijote replies that not every knight can be a courtier, just as not every courtier can be a knight-errant. The true knight-errant such as Quijote must, for example, measure the land with his own feet, while courtiers can journey all over the world, at no cost and without any discomfort, by merely looking at a map.

The Library of Congress contains an infinite number of such maps, and anyone with an inquiring mind may journey through their times and spaces at will. The editors hope that the *Quarterly Journal* will also serve both as a map in itself and as a metamap of the Library as a whole, providing whirlwind guided tours of territories through which the reader may subsequently wish to travel on foot at a more leisurely pace. Coincidentally, *journal* and *journey* have the same Latin root, although the Library's journal is by definition not diurnal and a day's travel is far from being the twenty miles or so that it used to be. Indeed, a journeyman (or journeywoman) is now primarily competent and

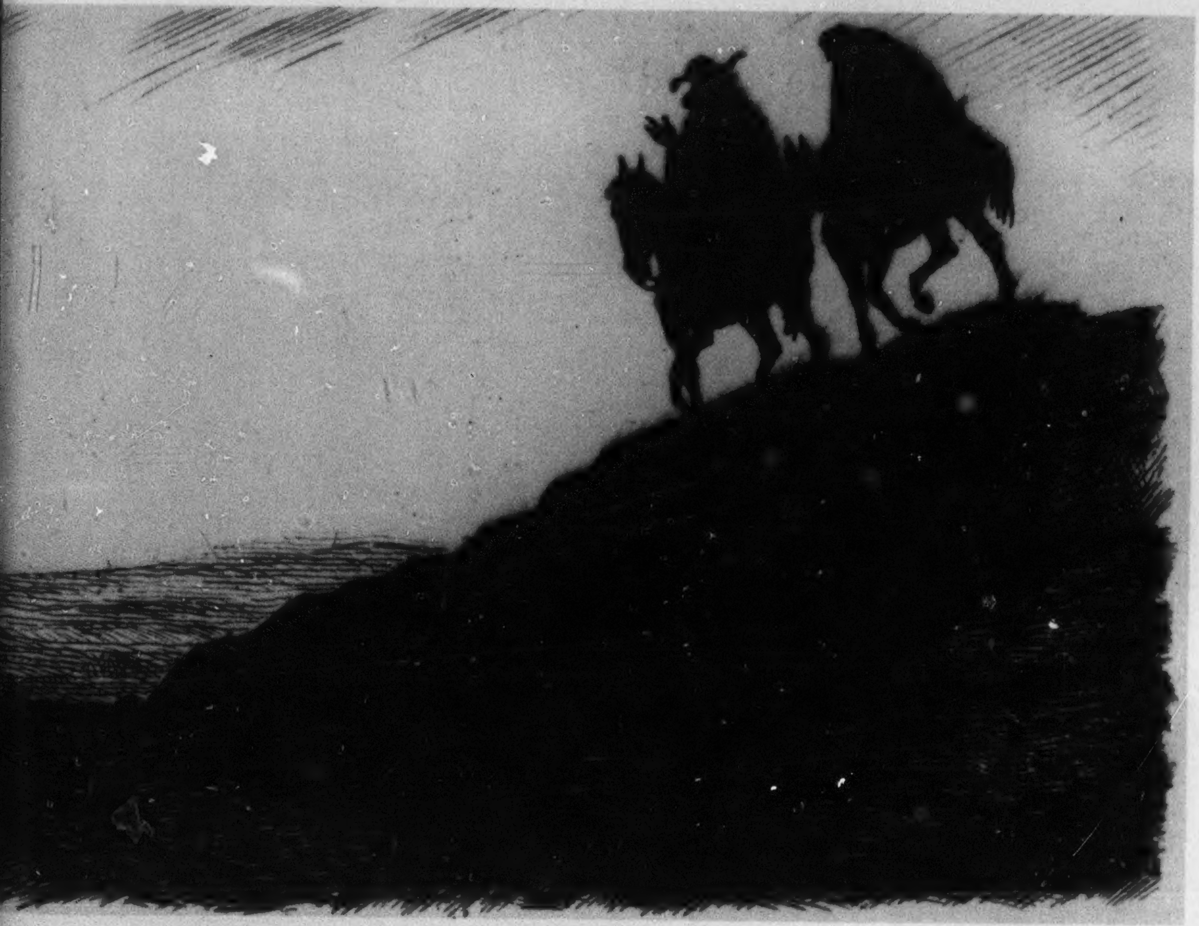


reliable—as distinguished from inexperienced or brilliant—and would not usually be hired by the day or paid on a daily basis to walk to a new job, as were the eighteenth-century printers whose day-to-day activities are described in this issue by Robert Darnton.

Cleanth Brooks guides us on a journey through the last three decades of American literature, and Maxine Kumin delineates the diverse routes taken by several American women poets earlier in the century. Alexander Coleman reflects upon the changing artistic and literary conceptions apparent among the illustrators of *Don Quijote*—including Teodoro Miciano, an example of whose work appears below.

Don Quijote himself, ignoring all advice to the contrary, soon departs upon his new journey, again to seek—and often find—great and wondrous adventures (or misfortunes, as his housekeeper calls them). At risk of being considered Quixotic, we encourage the reader to undertake more fortunate journeys, if not as knight-errant then at least as courtier.

FM



AN AGE OF SILVER

Contemporary American Literature

BY CLEANTH BROOKS

American literature of the last three decades not only presents us with a great variety of themes and modes, but tends to overwhelm us with its sheer quantity. How best make this point vividly yet concisely? One might consider the recently published *Harvard Guide to Contemporary American Literature.* It takes some six hundred pages to accomplish its task. It requires for poetry alone three solid chapters and discusses in some detail over 160 contemporary poets. What makes a commentator's task even more difficult is that a great deal of our recent literature is work of a high order—intelligent, sensitive, and carefully crafted. In fiction there is also a great plenitude of writers, though the *Harvard Guide* does not concern itself with the machine-made best sellers. Nor shall I do so. Doubtless the writers and publishers of airport and drugstore fiction consider their rewards sufficient without demanding a pound of critical praise.

Confronted with such an embarrassment of riches, my only practical course will be to make wholesale omissions and to confine myself to a few representative authors. First of all, let me dispose of literary criticism. That brilliant poet of our time, the late Randall Jarrell, called our period an "Age of Criticism." He intended this as no more than a left-handed compliment, for he meant to *describe* the age, not to commend it for its preoccupation with criticism. We have indeed bred up a host of literary critics, and I have witnessed in my own lifetime the rise and fall of at least three or four reigning schools.

Yet I shall have nothing to say on the subject of criticism as such, and there are good reasons for the omission. First, I would have to raise too many technical issues—philosophical, aesthetic, and linguistic. Second, I am myself too much involved in criticism to appear as a plausible honest broker. Anything that I could say might well be regarded as self-serving.

Nor shall I say anything about American drama. A wise literary critic once remarked to me that American drama had, throughout this century, lagged behind American fiction and poetry. I believe that he is right, though I do not deny that some good plays have been written or that certain of our dramatists have a genuine flair for the theatrical. But the plays of some of our most highly regarded dramatists have not worn too well. I shall not be surprised, however, nor much disconcerted if others argue

Cleanth Brooks, Gertrude Clarke Whittall, Luther H. Evans, the Librarian of Congress, and Burgess Meredith before a poetry reading and lecture in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress, May 1951. Mr. Meredith read selected poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Brooks presented a critical evaluation of Robinson's works. This was the first in a series of poetry readings and lectures made possible by the fund established at the Library by Mrs. Whittall.

The lecture by Mr. Brooks that appears in this issue of the *Quarterly Journal* was presented at the Library of Congress on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary celebration of the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund.

emphatically their fervent approval of our drama.

Yet, if I am correct in holding that our age has not proved the best nurturing ground for drama, such a weakness would seem to go back a long way. Victorian drama is not notably good, and to push back earlier still, the Romantic and neoclassical periods produced very few first-rate plays. The antidramatic force in Anglo-American culture is evidently deep-rooted.

The impress of our culture on contemporary literature also reveals itself in our fiction and poetry, though not always adversely. One way in which it reveals itself is in the recent movement away from a contemplation of history to a concern with contemporary manners. The literary masters of the early century—W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and William Faulkner, to mention only four—were steeped in history. One is tempted to say that they were even obsessed by it. It is not difficult to see why. The First World War had shattered the dream of universal peace and unlimited progress. That cataclysm made our writers furiously think—and feel as well. It is no accident that Eliot's *Waste Land* came at the time it did, nor that it took the shape it did—that is, a form that to its first readers seemed to reveal no pattern at all.

This concern with history hit the American writer peculiarly hard. Henry Adams provides a good instance, and in his own way, so does Henry James. The American writer found Europe wonderfully exciting precisely because the American had regarded himself as having cut his ties with the Old World. But in entering the New World, had he really been given a new start as a sinless and unfallen Adam? Was he or was he not implicated in the European cultural debacle? For, as Henry James had declared, to be an American was a complex fate, and the complexity was also a complicity: the American felt that he both was and was not a European. I think that it is significant that both Eliot and Pound were Americans living abroad, and that Yeats, as an Irishman, was also something of an outsider on the London literary scene.

With Faulkner the problem is taken one stage further: he felt that as a member of a conscious subculture, he was and was not even an American. In the more traditional and even provincial culture of the American South, the pressure of history was more immediate. The devastations of a war largely fought on its own soil were not something you read about in books, but matters that your grandparents had experienced and could tell you about viva voce. So we have Faulkner's characteristic use of history in his stories and novels, works in which the sense of history remains a powerful presence even in such novels as have their setting in the 1930s and 1940s.

Faulkner is not a special case. The novels of Robert Penn Warren and Andrew Lyttle show something of the same pattern. The present had been shaped by historic events, and man was only partially a free agent.

In the rest of the country the situation was markedly different. The serious novelist had already turned his attention to present affairs in which a stress on history gives way to an emphasis on sociology and politics. For example, in the 1930s we got the protest novel or else accounts of the individual's struggle against a smothering society that respected neither intelligence nor sensitivity. Some of Willa Cather's early work and nearly all of Sinclair Lewis's will illustrate.

Of course, historical novels are still written, but nowadays they do not often occupy the serious writer. In the popular novel the historical background is ordinarily used only for romance and swashbuckling adventure. The aim is frankly to provide the reader an escape from what many people feel to be a dull and quotidian society. Novels of this sort show a close resemblance to the costume romances that Hollywood poured out through the 1920s and 1930s as popular entertainment.

Such a superficial use of history, of course, is actually a denial of history. For in a history reduced to the picturesque and the picaresque, the past as actually lived becomes irrelevant to us as moderns: it offers an occasion for self-congratulation that we live in such advanced times. Or the past becomes a dream world, one that it may be amusing to wander through in our imaginations but not a place that can provide intellectual nourishment to people like ourselves.

During recent decades, the writer's attention has turned, even for Southern writers, from the past to the present. Walker Percy, for example, regularly sets his novels in the present day. If memories of the antebellum South and the Civil War obtrude themselves, the protagonist of the novel resolutely puts them aside. Thus in *The Last Gentleman* Will Barrett refers to "Lee's sad, useless victories"—sad because useless and useless because they could not stave off defeat in the war. Barrett does not fail to respond to the gallantry of his ancestors who fought for a lost cause, but in his scale of priorities the problems of the present are at the top.

For Percy, however, the most important problems are not merely present but eternal. They are philosophical and, more specifically, theological problems. In fact, so concerned is Percy with religion that his artistic problem will be how to keep his novels from becoming thesis-ridden. But if he has usually solved that problem, and I think that he has, it is in good part because he has such a sure grasp on the concrete detail of life and because he can render his characters credible. Thus, in spite of his repudiation of the stereotyped version of the Southern novel—a repudiation that he has made in interview after interview—he is nevertheless one of the most intensely regional of our present-day novelists.

I want to be more specific still: he has proved himself to be an acute social critic—a sensitive novelist of manners, whose range pretty well covers the social scene of his region. In this area he is, of course, not alone. Peter Taylor and Eudora Welty do this sort of thing admirably. Moreover, the novelist of manners—if we extend the term just a bit—is to be found throughout the country.

Consider, for example, our most recent Nobel laureate in literature, Saul Bellow. Bellow's novels have a wide range in social types and in atmosphere and tone. But it is fair to say that he has become a consummate novelist of manners. He is more fiercely scathing in some of his judgments than are most of his contemporaries. He indulges more fully in the absurd. But he clearly implies a moral center, and again like Percy or Welty or Taylor, say, he has his own special material, the well-to-do American Jew.

Both *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and *Humboldt's Gift*, Bellow's last two novels, contain satiric accounts of the New York intellectual, of the Public Relations man, of the handsome young woman on the make, and of less flamboyant members of the American middle-class.

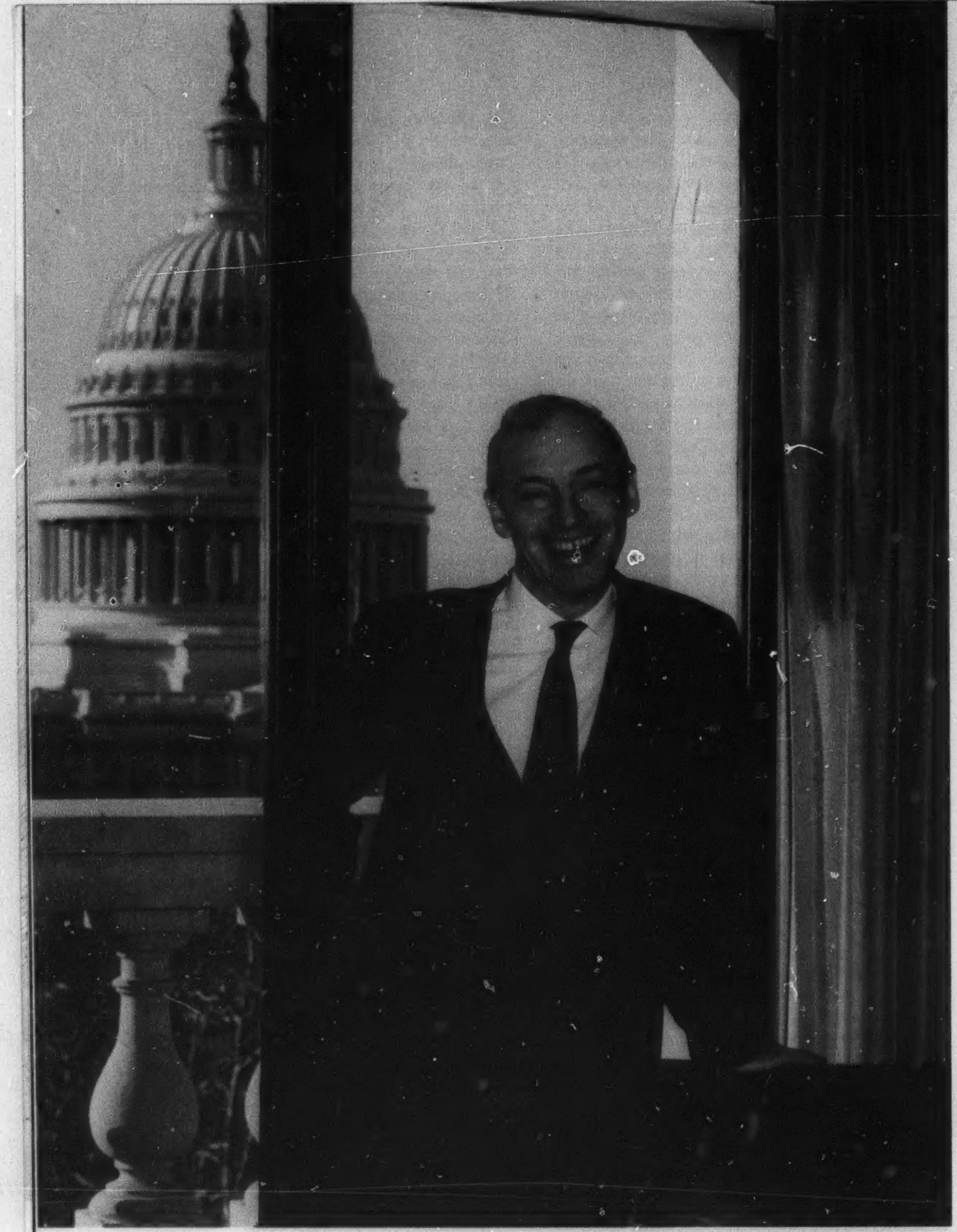
Walt Whitman's America, in Bellow's late novels, has got rich, corrupt, and a little zany. Even the members of the literary crowd are, for all their disdain of businessmen, also on the make, and very knowledgeable about money. One such character in *Humboldt's Gift*, Orlando Huggins by name, is described as "one of those radical bohemians who knew money," and the author goes on to comment, "In avant-garde New York everybody knew money."

I have already mentioned the element of the absurd in Bellow's last novels. Consider the following scene. Humboldt, the failed poet, finally goes quite off his rocker with jealously and "on Sixtieth Avenue, in front of Howard Johnson's," jumps on the young man whom he falsely suspects is his wife's lover. The young man is rescued by a group of lesbians, dressed up as longshoremen, who had just been having ice cream sodas together in the Howard Johnson's. They break up the fight and pin Humboldt's arms behind him. Then, "the women prisoners at the detention center on Greenwich Avenue [having been aroused by the noise of the fracas] begin shrieking from the open windows and unrolling toilet-paper streamers."

The excuse for these absurd juxtapositions and comic confrontations, if any justification is deemed necessary, is the comically improbable nature of American urban society—at least as Bellow sees it.

The mode, then, is satiric and comic, but not wholly so. Even the failed poet Humboldt is allowed his due of integrity, and the narrator Citrine is allowed, for all his folly, an ability to distinguish between Good and Bad, the spurious and the genuine.

The moral center of Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* is even more clearly set forth. Dr. Elya Gruner becomes, in the eyes of Artur Sammler, a quiet hero, and his death, the austerely noble death of a stoic, becomes a kind of high-water mark of fortitude in a world that has lost its standards and sunk into moral squalor. Mr. Sammler's own credentials for making such judgments are impressive. In his own lifetime he



has seen much that is good and much that is obscenely wicked. He has himself narrowly escaped death in the Nazi extermination camps.

At the beginning of the novel he observes that "You had to be a crank to insist on being right," and at the end of the book he tells Dr. Gruner's spoiled and utterly corrupt daughter that "New York makes one think about the collapse of civilization, about Sodom and Gomorrah, the end of the world." In Bellow's novels there is much that is amusing, much that has to do with fun and games, but some of Bellow's characters, including perhaps Bellow himself, take a very dim view of the present quality of our society.

The contemporary American scene is viewed by the distinguished Negro novelist Ralph Ellison from his own special perspective. (I use the term *Negro* rather than *black* because Mr. Ellison has said that he prefers that term.) His celebrated novel *Invisible Man* remains the best single piece of fiction done from the Negro's perspective. The specific form of *Invisible Man* is that of the Bildungsroman, the story of a youth's education and development into a man—a development not merely to the statutory age of adulthood but to a clear and unillusioned view of reality in mid-twentieth-century America. The most important knowledge of all gained by the narrator is the knowledge of how he appears to most of the members of the society around him. He is not seen as an individual human being; instead he is so hooded by a stereotype that his personhood becomes entirely unremarked. That is why he is truly an invisible man.

The mode of Ellison's book is that of a fictional autobiography, but the novel is not so personally centered that it leaves American history out of account or that it does not comment brilliantly and perceptively on the manners and behavior of society, white as well as black. Furthermore, though *Invisible Man* is an impassioned account of human suffering, it is much more than a protest novel designed to exhaust its impact with immediacy on one target. This novel seems to me quite as pertinent today as it was when it was first issued. The reasons for its permanence are easy to state: its basic issues are not topical but universal; it does argue for particular ideas, but its final concern is for universal truths. To cite only one example of the book's timelessness: Ellison gave us instances of "radical chic" decades before that term was invented.

Not the least significant feature of this impressive work is Ellison's techniques of narration and description. He manages to render his commentary on race relations in contemporary America through the behavior of his characters. To use Aristotle's terms, the "philosophy" which his book contains is embodied in the "history" that the book relates. The hero-narrator can comment on himself and his world as much as he likes, without ever seeming to be making a stump speech of it. Such a feat is

Saul Bellow at the Library of Congress, January 21, 1963. Information Office.

Ralph Ellison in the Whittall Pavilion of the Library of Congress, with (from left to right) Roy P. Basler, director of the Reference Department, Mrs. Ellison, and L. Quincy Mumford, then Librarian of Congress, January 6, 1964. Information Office.

obviously easier to describe than for many a novelist to perform.

John Updike is another brilliant commentator on the American social scene, though in much of his work the events recorded are outrageous and the juxtaposition of elements absurd. See, for example, the sex life of suburbia as described in Updike's novel *Couples*, or the literary life as described in *Bech*, or the heady mixture of the love of God and sexual love expressed in the confessions of a churchman and pastor in *A Month of Sundays*. All three of these works have an outlandish main character who seems to have come out of the theater of the absurd. Nevertheless, as critic after critic has pointed out, Updike has a serious moral interest that is reinforced by an informed interest in theology. What is the relation of the wit and comedy to Updike's underlying vein of seriousness? I confess that I do not always perceive it. About the wit, however, there can be no doubt. His novels bubble with it and are usually exuberantly written.

This observation applies to a great many of our serious novelists. Their fictions are thoughtfully constructed, and the writing is often superb: sentence by sentence they are written up to the hilt. Not for a long time—perhaps never before—has there been a literary phenomenon quite like ours. Yet, whether carefully thought-out constructions and scintillating writing are, in themselves, enough to produce great novels may be debatable, though I have no intention of debating it here.

What is beyond debate is that ours is an age of highly sophisticated craftsmanship. One finds such brilliant writing in many of our novelists. John Gardner, for instance, is only one of the many present-day writers who show it. One finds it even in some fiction writers who are dismissed as not serious, merely excellent entertainers. Yet a writer such as Peter DeVries is a joy to read, and his comic wit never becomes mere sparkling froth.

There has been, then, in our fiction a shift away from history and the great epic themes toward commentary on a particular society—commentary with overtones of satire. One can observe a shift more extreme still: a shift to a concern for the individual and for his relation to the culture. This movement takes at least two forms: the first is to treat history from the perspective of the individual; the second is to disregard history altogether.

Some years ago the late Allen Tate argued very persuasively that the epic was no longer possible for us. Why? Because we lacked a general community of values, shared values that could be expressed in the tale of some hero, some truly representative leader, a man whose story could sum up the strengths and weaknesses of a whole people. Thus, Tate argued that there was no possibility of an American *Iliad* or a *Beowulf*. MacLeish's *Conquistador*, Tate pointed out, was, in spite of its epic sweep and magnificent language, finally a lyrical poem, not at all an epic. This story, told ostensibly as an account of the conquest of Mexico and the breakdown of a total culture, amounted in fact to a personal lament for the old conquistador-narrator's loss of youth and his marvelous experience as a follower of Cortez, an experience now reduced to fading memories. So also, Hart Crane's *The Bridge*, in spite of his splendid passages of description, did not really constitute an account of how America served as a bridge between an old world and a new world and so carried in its very being an almost infinite promise. Crane's poem was also at core a lyric, centered upon the poet himself, on his personal longings and his frustrations.

I think that Tate had hit upon a great truth about American poetry. This personal and lyric tendency was already well established in the nineteenth century. Whitman attempted to portray the "self" of universal democratic man through portraits of *himself*. One remembers that in his "epical" work on America, *Leaves of Grass*, the central poem was significantly entitled "Song of Myself." A generation or so later, Eliot wisely made of his *Waste Land* not an epic proper that should express communal values, but a poem about the loss of those values. Moreover, the very structure of the poem was one of no apparent structure. The poem itself became "A heap of broken images, where the sun beats."

Likewise, Pound's unfinished *Cantos* is fragmentary, though many of the fragments are eloquent. It is, in spite of its review of man's historic cultures, a record of Pound's own physical wanderings through Europe as an expatriate and his spiritual wanderings through the corridors of history. In short, as most of us now see it, Pound's hundred and more Cantos form an intensely personal poem.

When we turn to the last thirty years, we may ask whether there has been any essential shift from this pattern. I think not. Our consciousness is still suffused with the sense of past history and of the fact of cultural crisis. These ideas are widely dispersed throughout the poetry of the present age. If we want to find such consciousness in its most intense form I think that we should look into the poetry of Robert Penn Warren and of Robert Lowell. I shall postpone for the time any comment on Warren. At the moment I want to consider Lowell. His later poetry—the poetry of his *Notebook: 1967 to 1968*—is filled with a commentary on various historical persons and events. His attempt to reduce them to meanings that he and we can comprehend is audacious. I believe, however, that such efforts to take history by storm are less successful than Lowell's

Robert Lowell at the Library of Congress, October 31, 1960. Information Office.

account of history when it is frankly mediated through personal experiences.

For example, his powerful "For the Union Dead" is indeed about our Civil War, but it derives its strength from the poet's sardonic view of contemporary America and particularly from his poem's being anchored to Boston, his birthplace. Lowell watches an underground parking garage being dug under Boston Common. The vibration is shaking a low-relief sculpture done long ago by Augustus St. Gaudens to commemorate the Colonel Shaw who died at Fort Wagner while leading his black infantrymen to the attack. After Lowell describes the scene portrayed by the sculptor he comments:

> Two months after marching through Boston
> half the regiment was dead;
> at the dedication
> William James could almost hear the bronze
> Negroes breathe.
>
> Their monument sticks like a fishbone
> In the city's throat,
> Its Colonel is as lean
> as a compass needle.

The poet implies that this city in which "giant finned cars nose forward like fish; / [in which] a savage servility / slides by on grease" is fully disoriented, having no regard for the direction to which Shaw's compass needle points.

Much of Lowell's poetry written about the time of "For the Union Dead" constitutes frank revelations of his early life, including his relation to his parents and his other relatives. The examples thus provided by Lowell, as we see now, looking backward, were a powerful impetus to what was soon to be known as "confessional poetry." It can scarcely be claimed that Lowell invented the confessional mode, for poets have been telling us about their inner lives from almost the beginning of time. Yet our recent decades have produced a spate of such poetry along with verse by poets who had little of interest to confess or whose confessions amount to little more than shrill and plaintive prose.

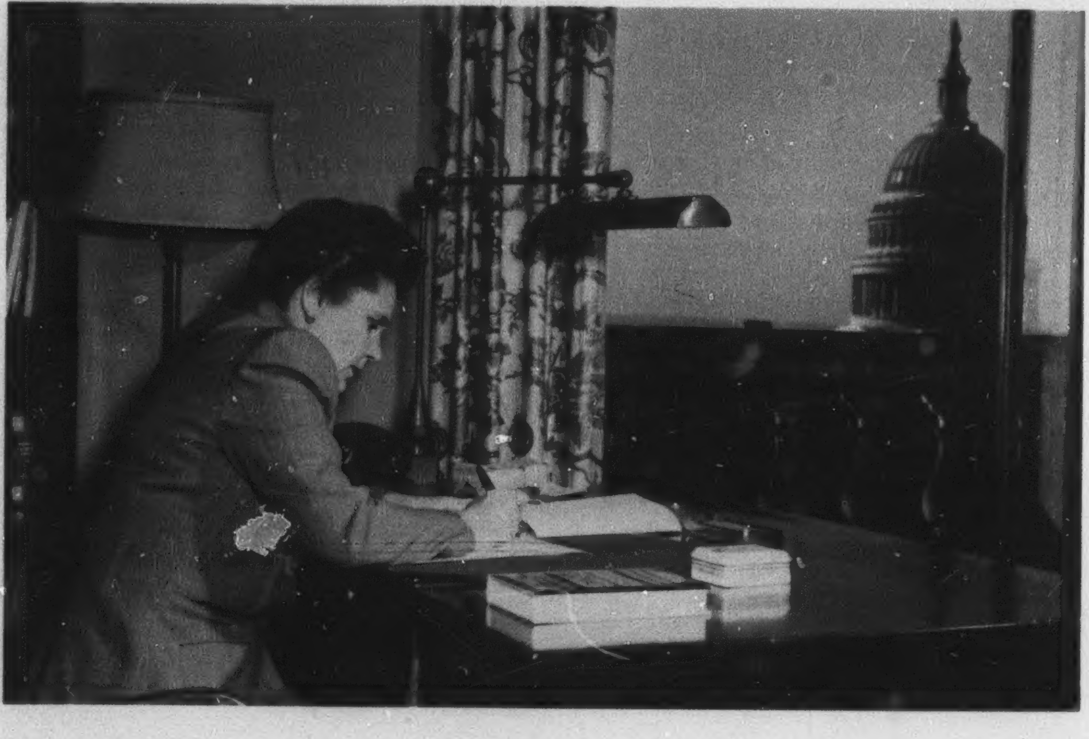
A further poetic mode that has become powerful in recent years is a poetry that is primarily concerned with the texture of sensory experience—the tang and savor of things, the weight and density and sensual quality of the data reported by the senses. In such poetry not only is history dismissed but statements of any kind. The poet is content if he can register the immediate impact of sensory experience.

This impulse was, of course, foreshadowed early in the century in the work of the Imagists. It was a special predilection of Marianne Moore, whose poems about birds and beasts and special landscapes became a pleasant feature of the first half of our twentieth century. Another powerful impetus to such "physical poetry," as the poet John Crowe Ransom was to call it, was provided by William Carlos Williams, with his often quoted dictum: "No ideas but in things," a notion that many of his own poems exemplify.

The tendency to write a poetry that stresses the concrete particularity of our world has been fed from many sources—as a revulsion from the poetry and doctrine of earlier masters like Eliot, as a rejection of all lingering traces of the metaphysical and the transcendental, as a final dismissal of nineteenth-century rhetoric, as a movement toward primitivism or toward non-Western philosophy. Anthropology, the religious rites of the American Indian, Zen Buddhism, and the mysticism of India have influenced it. One could illustrate such a conception of poetry from poets like Gary Snyder on the West Coast and Charles Olson on the East, and from literally dozens of American poets in between.

Eliot and Yeats believed that the poet could get at the transcendent only through particular images. The importance of the concrete and specific is firmly grounded in almost every twentieth-century conception of poetry. Yet the very dictum "no ideas but in things" implies that finally it is indeed an *idea* that the poet is to seek. Moreover, the very nature of language sees to it that any collocation of things tends to carry with it a symbolic aura, and once we have arrived at a symbolism, we are on the way to some kind of transcendence—we have literally passed beyond isolated and particular things. I think that a poetry without ideas is insufficient, though I have to agree that in literature we properly arrive at attitudes and ideas only through a presentation of concrete particulars.

"A Cold Spring" from Elizabeth Bishop's 1955 volume will furnish a good instance of what a poetry heavily tilted toward things can be. Even if this poem lacked its first line, in which the season is mentioned, the text itself would suggest the quality of spring—its typical landscape, its look and feel, its promise—even when it makes a chilly start. The poem is dedicated to a friend living in Maryland:



Elizabeth Bishop in the office of the Poetry Consultant, Library of Congress. Information Office.

A cold spring:
the violet was flawed on the lawn.
For two weeks or more the trees hesitated;
the little leaves waited,
carefully indicating their characteristics.
Finally a grave green dust
settled over your big and sunless hills.
One day, in a chill white blast of sunshine,
on the side of one a calf was born.
The mother stopped lowing
and took a long time eating the after-birth,
a wretched flag,
but the calf got up promptly
and seemed inclined to feel gay.

The birth of the calf tells us something about spring and other such beginnings—their frequent ungainliness, their sometimes earthy realism—for example, the placenta swinging like "a wretched flag" from the cow's moving jaws—yet nonetheless a flag of triumph and a portent of future joy. Here is the rest of the poem:

The next day
was much warmer.
Greenish-white dogwood infiltrated the wood,
each petal burned, apparently, by a
cigarette-butt;
and the blurred redbud stood
beside it, motionless, but almost more
like movement than any placeable color.
Four deer practised leaping over your fences.
The infant oak-leaves swung through the
sober oak.
Song-sparrows were wound up for the
summer,
and in the maple the complementary cardinal
cracked a whip, and the sleeper awoke,
stretching miles of green limbs from
the south.
In his cap the lilacs whitened,
then one day they fell like snow.
Now in the evening,
a new moon comes.
The hills grow softer. Tufts of long
grass show
where each cow-flop lies.
The bull-frogs are sounding,
slack strings plucked by heavy thumbs.
Beneath the light, against your white
front door,
the smallest moths, like Chinese fans,
flatten themselves, silver and silver-gilt
over pale yellow, orange, or gray.
Now, from the thick grass, the fireflies
begin to rise:
up, then down, then up again:
lit on the ascending flight,
drifting simultaneously to the same height,
—exactly like the bubbles in champagne.
—Later on they rise much higher.
And your shadowy pastures will be able
to offer
these particular glowing tributes
every evening now throughout the summer.

No one would want to deny the exquisite detail of the description. But we are getting much more than a heap of images piled up at random. We are learning something about our world and about the inner world of ourselves.

One could push the general point further still. Wallace Stevens, who has exerted so powerful an influence on the present generation of poets, valued the precise image as much as anybody. But he had a very real interest in philosophy, and one of his finest poems, a late poem in his own life, is entitled "To an Old Philosopher in Rome." It has to do with the last days of George Santayana, as they were spent in his nursing home at the Convent of the Little Blue Nuns in Rome. The nuns, the candlelight, the noises of the city's traffic outside, the books piled beside the old man's bed—these, all of them, are there in the poem, but Stevens makes them say something far beyond themselves. He celebrates Santayana as a kind of secular saint who has created out of his own unbelief in the Christian heaven a heaven which is nevertheless authentic and to which the old philosopher is an heir and which he is now on the point of entering.

Thus far I have said a good deal about schools and tendencies in modern poetry, and surely they are worth taking into account. Yet, when all is said and done the only distinction ultimately worth making is that between the poems that are authentic poems—whatever the school—and those that are not.

I am tempted to go on to say that most of the revolutions in poetry—not all, of course, but most—are really palace revolutions—mere seasonal alterations of the current slogans and catchwords and a changing of the guard of which masters are to be respected and imitated. In any case, the very best poems of any age are likely to incorporate a number of the current themes and pressing issues of the time.

Robert Penn Warren reads at the Library of Congress, December 5, 1955. Information Office.

Perhaps the best way to conclude my discussion of the last three decades is to bring forward such a poem. For this purpose I choose a poem from Robert Penn Warren's most recent volume, *Being Here*. I choose it because it is relatively brief, because it gathers up three of the themes that haunt so much of our current poetry—the themes of time, history, and personal identity—but most of all because I think it is a very fine poem in its own right.

The title of the poem is "Speleology," that is, the study of caves, and it tells of the author's discovery of a cave when he was a child of six and his attempt later, as a boy of twelve, to explore it. This time he comes armed with a flashlight. Once he is deep inside the cave he tells us:

I cut off the light. Knew darkness and depth
 and no Time.
Felt the cave-cricket crawl up an arm.
 Switched light on
To see the lone life there, the cave-cricket pale
As a ghost on my brown arm. I thought:
 They are blind.

Crept on. Heard, faintly below
A silken and whispering rustle. Like what?
 Like water—so swung
The light to one side. I had crawled out
A ledge under which, far down, far down,
 the water yet channeled
And sang to itself, and answered my high
 light with swollen
White bursts of bubble. Light out, unmoving,
 I lay,

Lulled as by song in a dream, knowing
I dared not move in a darkness so absolute.
I thought: *This is me*. Thought: *Me—who
 am I?* Felt
Heart beating as though to a pulse of
 darkness and earth, and thought
How it would be to be here forever, my heart,

In its beat, part of all. Part of all—

The poets have throughout history likened time to a river. Two of the great Romantic poets, for instance, compared it to an underground river. Wordsworth did so in a beautiful poem called "Yew Trees," and Coleridge in "Kubla Khan" writes of an enchanted garden where Alph, the sacred river, ran "Through caverns measureless to man, / Down to a sunless sea."

So it is in Warren's poem. The river he hears becomes the river of time flowing almost silently into the sea of oblivion which is here a sea of literal darkness as well as of death.

The boy's own heart seems to him the only thing alive in this night of absolute darkness, and his heart, the center of his life, pulses in time to the rush of the dark river that has carved out this cave.

But the flashlight suddenly slips out of his hand and with a scream he wakes from the reverie into which the river's song has lulled him.

But I woke with a scream. The flashlight,
It slipped, but I grabbed it. Had light—
And once more looked down the deep
  slicing and sluicing
Of limestone where water winked, bubbles
  like fish-eyes, a song like terror.

When the flashlight, burning once more, reveals the bubbles dancing on the rushing stream, Warren once again draws on his poetic heritage. Poets before him have seen a man's life as simply a bubble floating on the stream of time which bears all away. The bubble lives for only a moment as a separate entity and then winks out and becomes simply a part of the stream on the surface of which it had its brief existence.

With the recovery of the flashlight, the crisis is over, and presumably the boy had no great difficulty in finding his way out of the cave. But the experience evidently cut deep into his memory, and as the concluding stanza tells us, it has haunted him in later life.

Years later, past dreams, I have lain
In darkness and heard the depth of that
  unending song,
And hand laid to heart, have once again
  thought: *This is me.*
And thought: *Who am I?* And hand on
  heart, wondered
What would it be like to be, in the end,
  part of all.
And in darkness have even asked: *Is this all?*
  What is all?

This poem asks all the old, old questions that have renewed themselves with a special poignance in our secularized world. Who am I, I who was born, will die, and will subside into the world of matter, and yet am able to transcend it to the point of knowing as no other animal can know that I was once nothing and that I shall again be nothing as I sink back into general nature. Is my life in fact all that exists for me? What is the reality that encompasses me and yet which I can see beyond? The poem proffers no answers, nor perhaps can there be answers; yet to ask the questions in this fashion almost suffices.

It seems to me a magnificent lyric. If it does not gather up all our pressing themes, and it does not, it does put three intertwined ones with great authority. I wish for the sake of our epoch that I could say that it is a fair representative of our present literature. It is actually an especially fine example. But much of our poetry and of our fiction is good, very good.

Is it, however, as good as that of the first half of our century, which William Butler Yeats shortly before his death declared had produced more good poets than "any period of the same length since the early seventeenth century"? It is possible that Yeats exaggerated. In any case, I shall not claim that our *last* three decades constitute such a golden age as he suggests. But I shall not settle for anything less than an age of silver, and silver is a noble metal, not to be disdained. Moreover, our silver is of full weight, of a very high degree of fineness. The skill of our best craftsmen who work it is excellent, and at least we have a God's plenty of them.

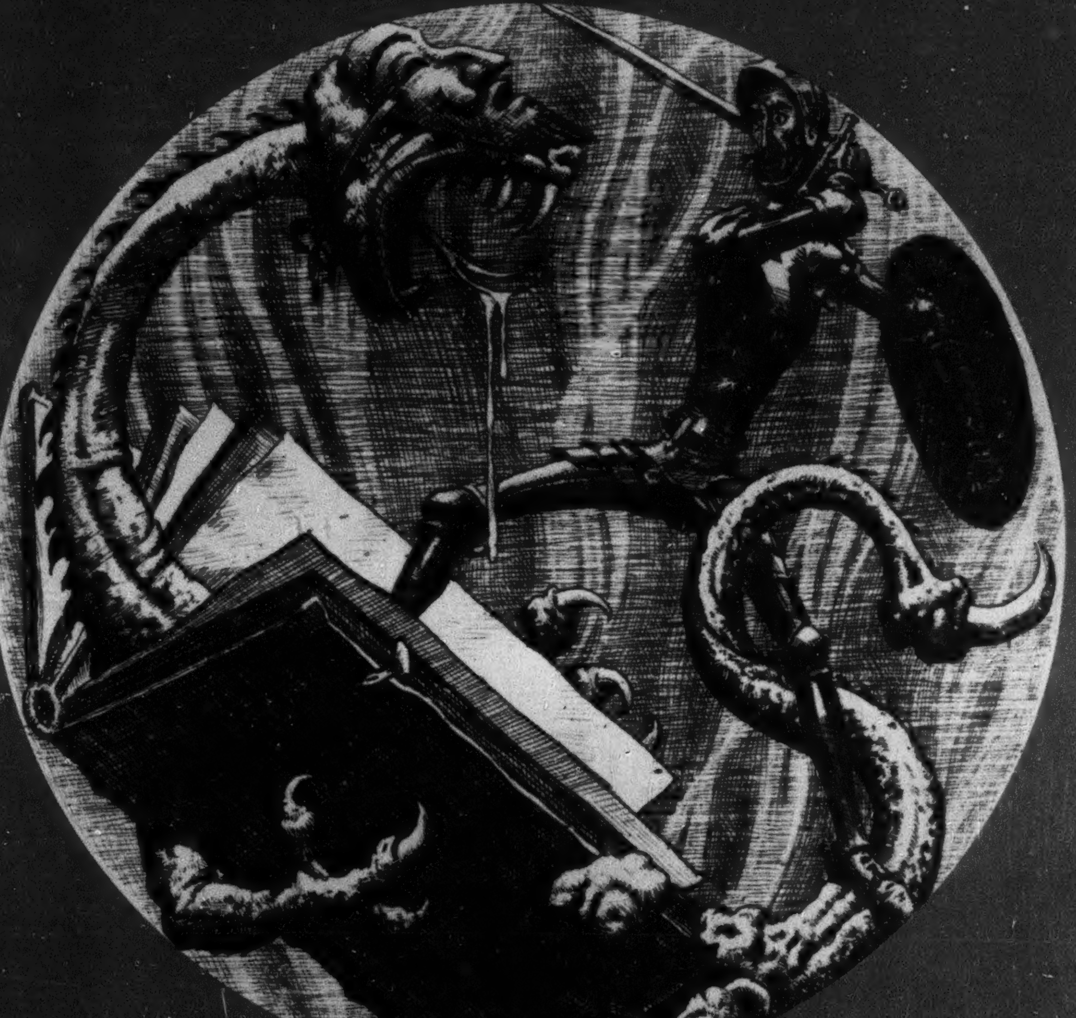
CLEANTH BROOKS, the distinguished American teacher and critic, is the author of many books, including *The Well Wrought Urn* (1947), *Understanding Poetry* (1938, with Robert Penn Warren), *Literary Criticism: A Short History* (1957, with W. K. Wimsatt) and *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (1963). Library of Congress fellow from 1951 until 1962, he is currently Gray professor of rhetoric emeritus at Yale University.

Professor Brooks presented this lecture at the Library of Congress on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary celebration of the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund.

Changing Views of the Man of La Mancha

Don Quijote in the Library of Congress

BY ALEXANDER COLEMAN



Don Quijote slaying a dragon.
A Teodoro Miciano illustration for *Don Quijote.*

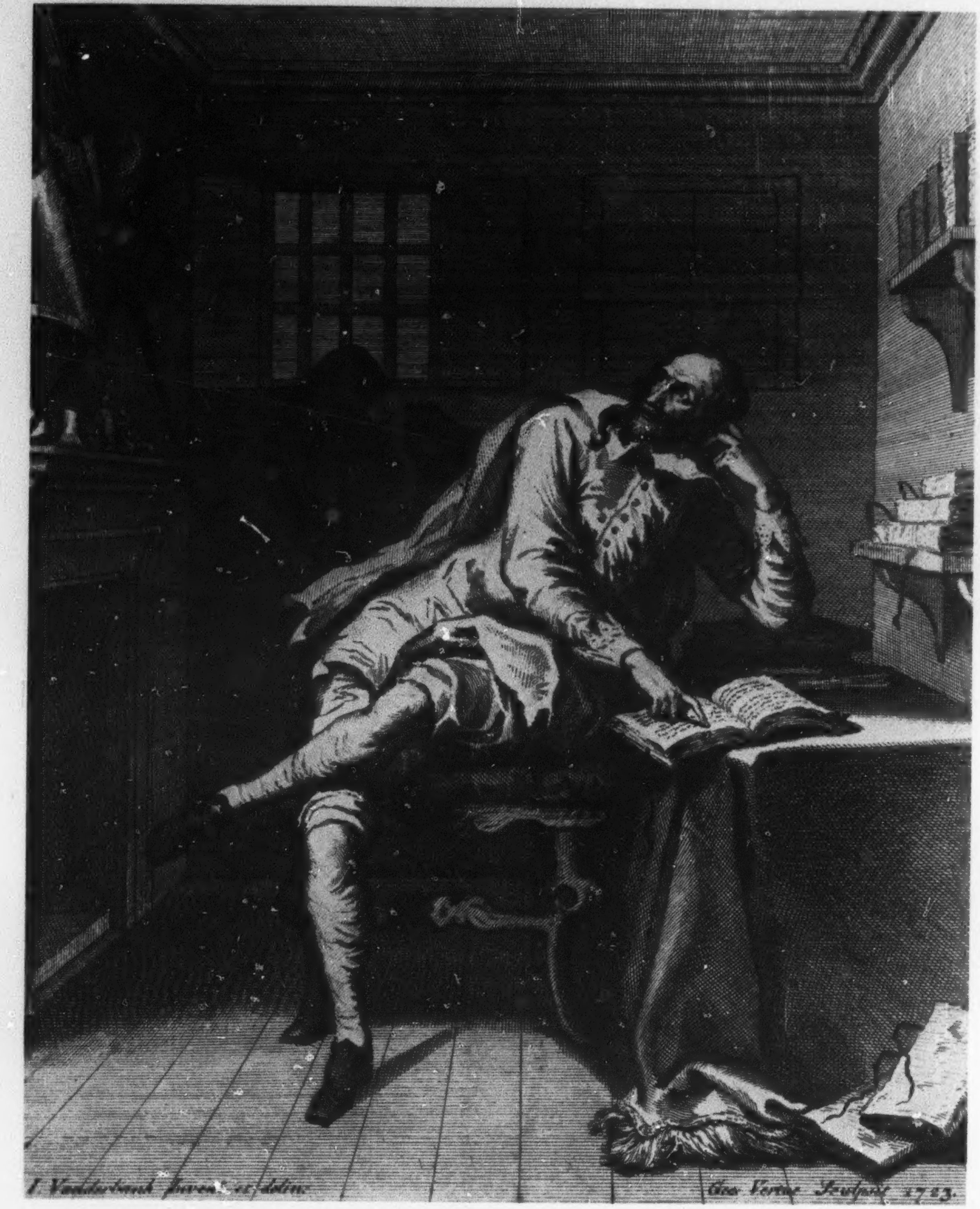
Each century of readers has created its particular interpretation of the book called *El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha*, one that was probably not at all imagined by Cervantes himself as he wrote it. This is one of the many wonders that the book conceals so effortlessly. For instance, during the eighteenth century in Europe, Cervantes exemplified the "prime wit of Spain, author of rare fancies and wittie inventions," which is one way of saying that during the Enlightenment the book was viewed as edifying entertainment, to be esteemed for its comic and serious satiric thrust. For those readers, it was a book full of "Quixotic" whimsy in conflict with just the opposite—bedrock experience, the kind that might be called "Sanchesque." No one wept for Don Quijote in the eighteenth century, nor was he generally seen to be melancholic or sad; he was laughed at, though. He was seen as a gentleman, a caballero, an exalted spirit of folly battling against earthly ills. In the nineteenth century, on the other hand, they wept copiously over the Don's defeats and misadventures. Such disparate writers as Schiller and Dostoyevsky saw little farce in the book. It was neither a merry tale nor a satire. As they read their version, the book took on tones of nobility, pathos, and the romantic tragedy of life that the sunny disposition of the previous century was not inclined to see or read into the work. In our day, Marxist and Existentialist versions of Don Quijote lurk about in our libraries. Further transfigurations surely await us in the future.

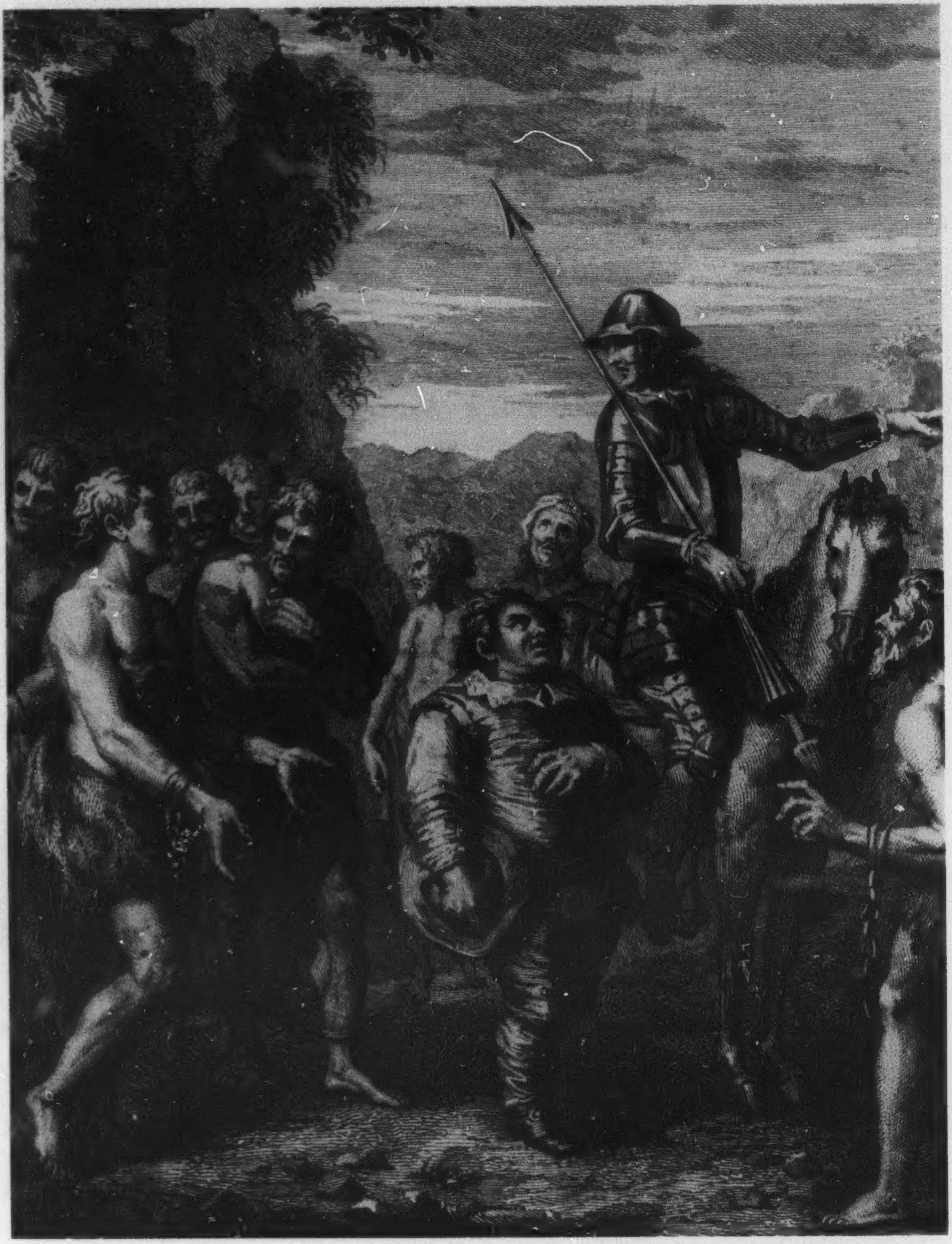
The same might be said for our changing visual image of Don Quijote and his faithful squire and servant Sancho Panza. How have artists and illustrators seen the immortal duo over the centuries? Cervantes certainly forced the prospective artist's hand by giving specific and detailed descriptions of their physical profiles. Not all authors have been so painstaking—there may exist thin or portly Fausts, emaciated or plump Hamlets, and Candides of thin, medium, or stocky build. But Don Quijote is irrevocably tall and thin, a bag of bones in fact, while Sancho is, to balance things out, short and fat. It has to be that way. Cervantes's text will allow for nothing else. Nineteenth-century German critics sensed that these opposing physiques and personalities expressed the inevitable dialectic in man's nature between the world of fantasy and the world of reality. Fortunately, chronology forbids us to think that Cervantes had Hegel in mind when writing his classic work.

So it would seem that philosophers have pored over the book and found in it what they had already discovered within themselves. They have used the book as a mirror, and there is nothing wrong with that. But graphic artists of all kinds—painters, sketchers, and engravers—have to be a bit more humble as they consider their image of Don Quijote and Sancho and illustrate the immortal text. Cervantes has circumscribed what can be done, but within these limits the artist's imagination is unfettered and free.

As for the fortunes and popularity of the book, it certainly has had its ups and downs, both inside and outside of Spain. Cervantes's masterpiece, like so many other works of the Spanish Golden Age, had little echo or response in rationalist eighteenth-century Spain, where literary life, such as it was, barely crept along under the stifling influence of the then reigning French cultural hegemony. In that epoch, Goya was the glorious exception in art, the genius who dramatized, by his own example, the poverty of the written word in Spain before the Napoleonic invasions. But Cervantes and his creations paid no mind to such inattention; they already had a vigorous life of their own. As

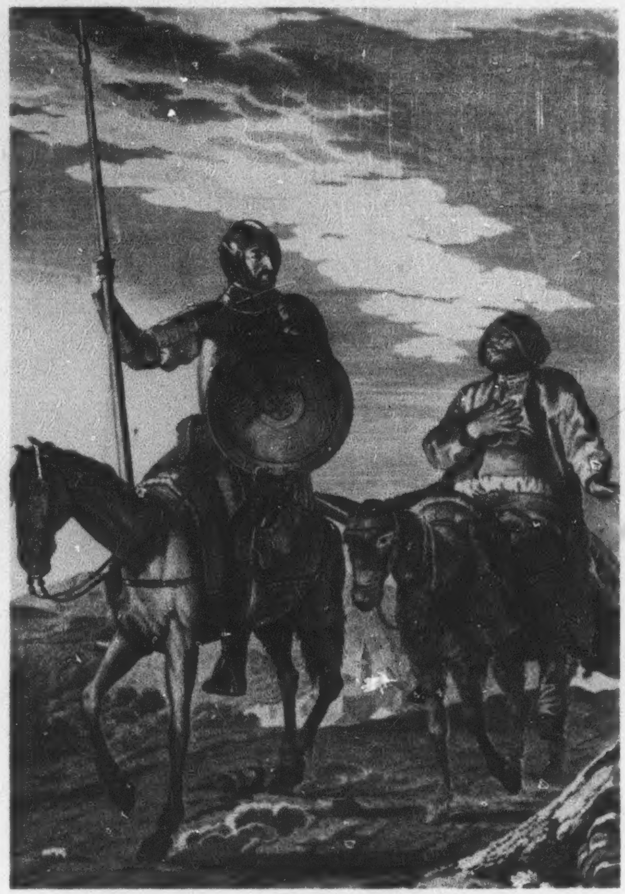
I. Vanderbank's portrait of a pensive but placid Don Quijote in his library. Reproduced from a 1738 English edition of *Don Quijote*, published in London by J. & R. Tonson. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.


I. Vanderbank Invent. et delin.
Geo. Vertue Sculpsit 1723.



experienced travelers on this earth, they quietly left the madre patria and found much more of a home in England during those days. Odd, but true.

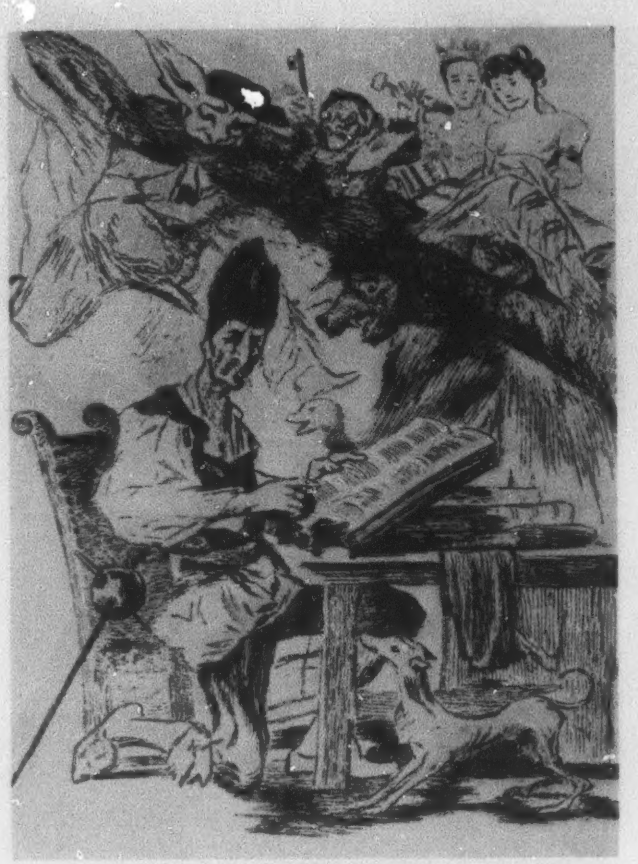
I could hardly imagine the work of Laurence Sterne, Tobias Smollett, or Henry Fielding without the benign presence of the work of Cervantes. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, as a matter of fact, was written "in the manner of Cervantes"; *Tom Jones* also. Even the most cursory glance at the Library of Congress's stupendous collection of rare editions, many in translation, of *El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha* (mostly gifts of Leonard Kebler) bears out this impression. Certainly, during the eighteenth century, Spain continued to publish a good number of editions of the work. The Spanish people read it and loved it, but the Francophile intellectuals and courtiers seemed somewhat embarrassed by it—so Spanish, you know, so *castizo*. During the same period in England (between 1700 and 1774, to be exact), six different translations were publisher; Tobias Smollett's rollicking translation alone accounted for no less than thirteen editions. Furthermore, the first completely illustrated version of the novel was published in London in 1738, with a rich set of engravings by I. Vanderbank. What is surprising about this enterprise is that this four-volume London edition was not of one of the above-mentioned translations; it was published in the original Spanish. A delectable treasure for bibliographies, it was underwritten and sponsored by Countess Montijo, wife of the then former Spanish ambassador to the Court of Saint James.



José del Castillo's particularly Spanish depiction of Don Quijote and Sancho. Reproduced from a 1780 Spanish edition of *Don Quijote*, published in Madrid by Don Joaquin Ibarra and La Real Academia Española. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

The numerous engravings by Vanderbank for this sumptuous edition exude a sense of placid contentment in the English manner, no matter how violent the imbroglio being depicted. Vanderbank's portrait of Don Quijote in his library is a good case in point. The vision is clearly of Quijote as a reader, but there is no sense that his study is crowded with innumerable books of chivalry, some good, some mediocre, and many bad. Vanderbank depicts Don Quijote pensively pausing from reading a book, one of just a few, and gazing into space, his elongated finger keeping his place in the text. The portrait vaguely recalls the image of a meditative Shakespeare, though here much thinner (of course) than the rather jowly bard on the frontispiece of the first folio. This Quijote-Shakespeare is not being driven mad at all by reading books of chivalry, or any other books for that matter. Vanderbank's Quijote is awaiting placid deistic inspiration from above and does not seem to be in-

Sancho, in ecstasy, listening to his master, by I. Vanderbank. Reproduced from a 1738 English edition of *Don Quijote*, published in London by J. & R. Tonson. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.



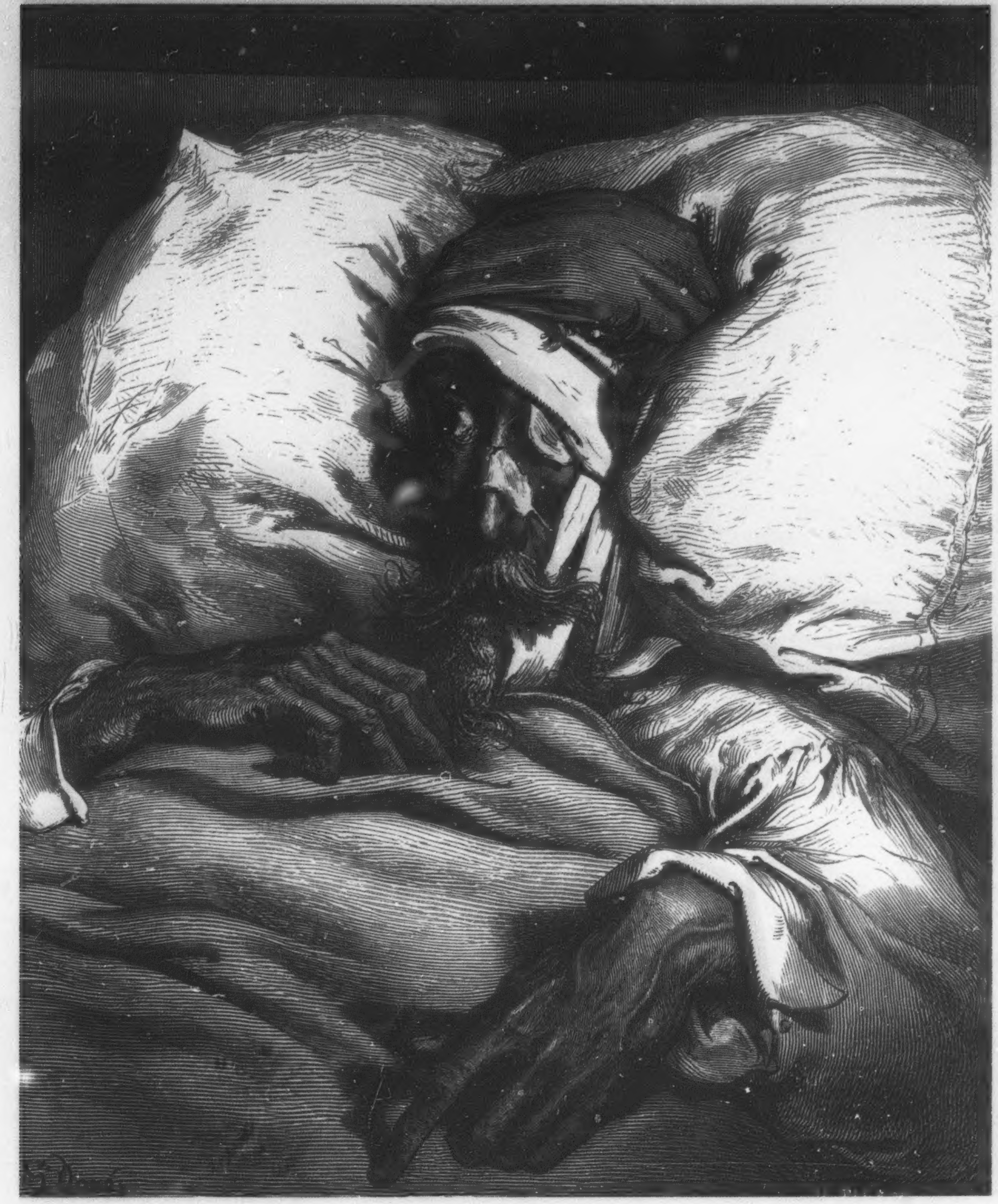
Francisco de Goya's interpretation of Don Quijote's derangement. Reproduced from Givanel Mas y Gaziel's *Historia Gráfica de Cervantes y del Quijote* (Madrid: Editorial Plus Ultra, 1946). Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

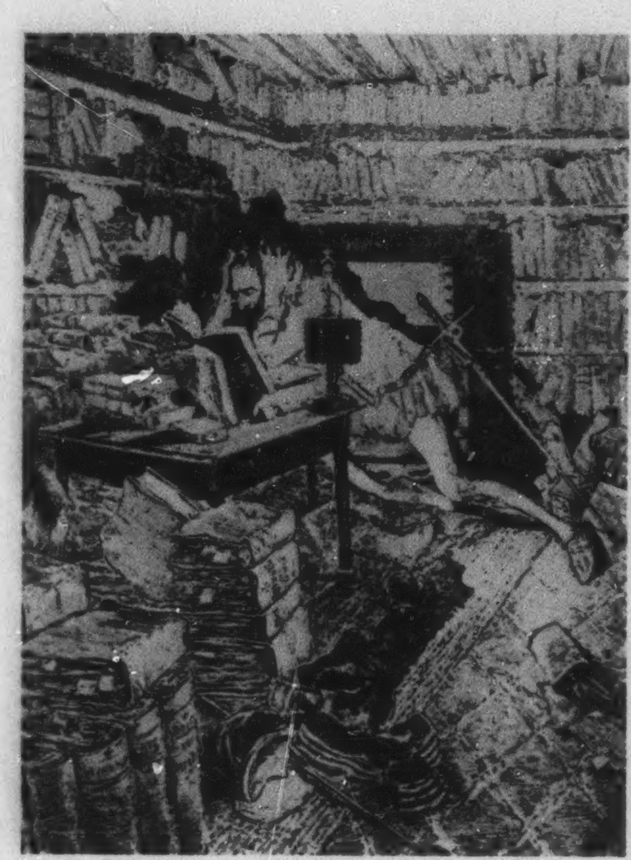
spired by the unreal adventures of an Amadis of Gaul or a Tirant lo Blanc, readings which sent Cervantes's hero out onto the dusty byways of Spain. As for Vanderbank's depiction of Don Quijote "freeing" the galley slaves, we see a measured, contemplative hero, looking on with humanistic concern at the slaves, while they themselves (looking distinctly Apollonian, by the way) entreat the sympathetic knight for their freedom. Sancho listens to his master, in ecstasy. We are very far from Castile and La Mancha. In all of Vanderbank's engravings, we witness scenes not from Spain but from the cultural atmosphere of Restoration England, where the physical violence and openly Quixotic interventions Cervantes gives us in his text are not visually endorsed; rather, all is reduced, and beautifully so, to a happy, bucolic colloquy among men of reason.

I can imagine how piqued many patriotic Spaniards must have been when they first saw those magnificent tomes from London. Spanish and English political and cultural relations have always been parlous, but for England to have been the first to produce such a superb edition in honor of Spain's most distinguished writer must have been too galling to imagine. The reaction was not long in coming, by Spanish time standards. In the year 1780, under the reign of Carlos III and forty-two years after the English edition, the Royal Spanish Academy finally produced its own four-volume edition of the novel, this time with engravings by various artists. The depiction by artist José del Castillo of Don Quijote and Sancho marks the first indigenous portrayal of the pair and, in many ways, it also marks the beginning of a particularly Spanish view of the hero and his squire. I would not say that the work of del Castillo is in any way remarkable from the iconographic point of view, but it certainly makes up for the academy's dawdling.

The Royal Spanish Academy did not attempt to coerce the artists into a single point of view, but there must have been something of a contest as to whose works were to be included in this monumental edition. As it happens, one of the losers in this competition was Francisco de Goya, an exacerbated conscience who was not about to forget a slight. In one of his *Caprichos*, Goya gives us his Don Quijote, done in vengeance against the academy. It is an apocalyptic version which, in one fell swoop, destroys the stately pretensions of the del Castillo or any other contemporary version. Goya's depiction is nothing less than stunning—it is an act of imaginative penetration into Don Quijote's derangement, a cohabitation with Cervantes's demons, a darkly comic vision. Don Quijote looks as if he had just stepped onto a high voltage wire. After all, books did electrify him, in a way!

Gustave Doré's portrait of the Don's elongated and heavily bandaged visage. Reproduced from an 1863 French edition of *Don Quijote*, published in Paris by Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.



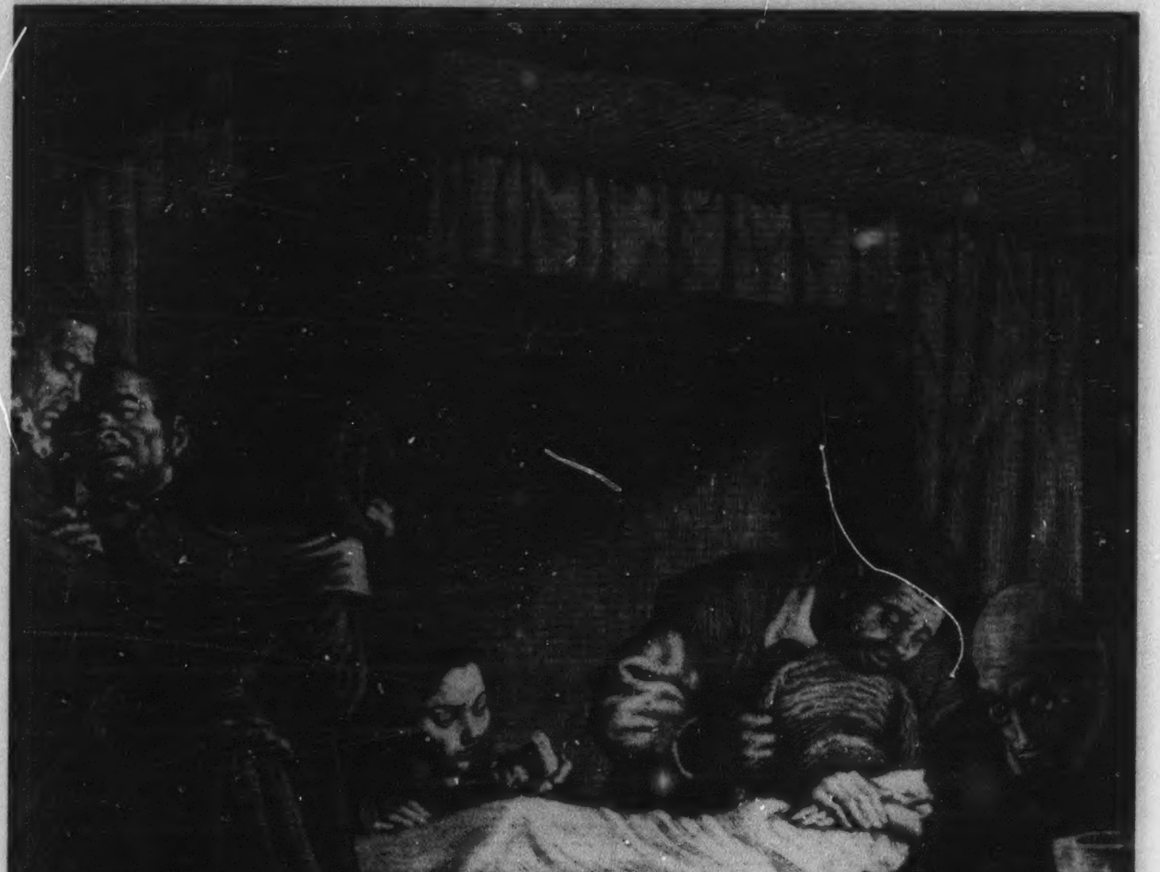


Daniel Urrabieta Vièrge's view of a frenzied Don Quijote in his library. Reproduced from Givanel Mas y Gaziel's *Historia Gráfica de Cervantes y del Quijote* (Madrid: Editorial Plus Ultra, 1946). Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

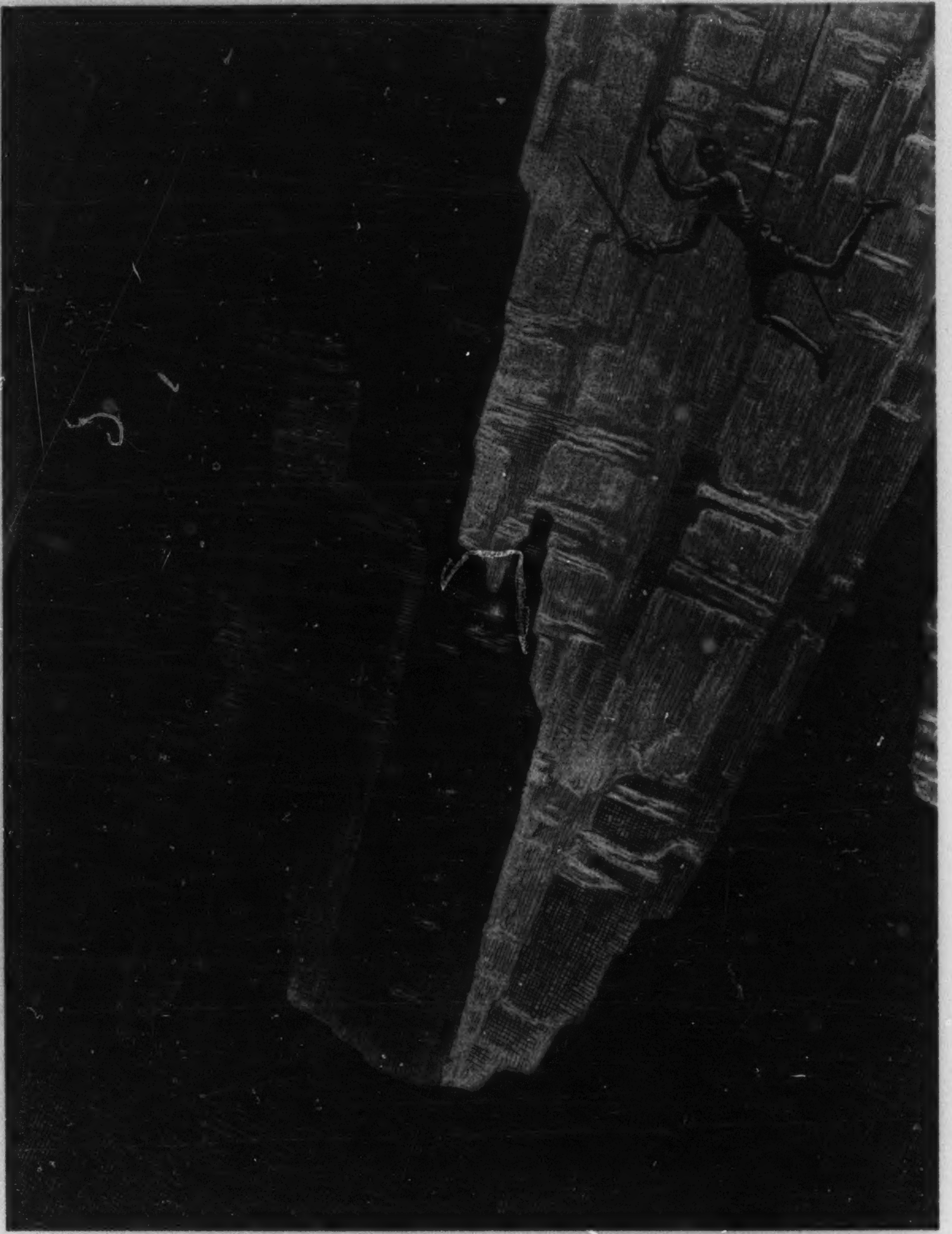
The portraits by Goya and del Castillo represent the polar opposites of Quixotic portraiture—the one an "official" version, done according to the reigning customs of decorous imaginative engraving, the other a trip into the darkest reaches of the soul. On many occasions, the Spanish poet Federico García Lorca used the term *duende* to qualify or disqualify a work of art. *Duende* is often translated into English as "hobgoblin" or "fairy," thereby giving the word a vaporous quality which Lorca did not intend. The work of an artist possessed by *duende* is the work of an imagination possessed by a demonic vision, carried to the farthest limits by its own penetration into a dark, primeval world. Goya has *duende;* del Castillo does not.

Since I am particularly interested in indigenous Hispanic portraiture of Don Quijote, I shall not tarry too long over the renowned series of drawings done by Gustave Doré—some 370 illustrations, of which 129 are full-page portraits or scenes. I suppose that he has created one of the most famous portraits of Don Quijote—a still eager and canny Don with elongated, heavily bandaged visage. Of all the innumerable images available to us, this one more than likely matches the contemporary reader's perception of the Don, such is the quality of humorous intensity and transcendence that Doré's artistry gives to the work of Cervantes. But may I be permitted to intrude with a lightly critical comment? Doré's art, as is the art of so many artists whose acquaintance with the Castilian and Manchegan landscape is based upon intense but relatively brief visits, is the work of a pictorial mind which relishes a kind of grandiose, heavily detailed, and heavily populated realism. But there is a peculiar quality to the Spanish landscape, one that becomes evident to those who finally penetrate the secret of its splendid emptiness and grandeur. That kind of physical presence of the Castilian landscape is also contained in Cervantes's book. Flaubert said it so well: "How one really does see those roads of Spain, without having them described at all by Cervantes!" It is this peculiar vacuity which is not available to easy description or simple accumulation of detail. If I get a sense of unease as I leaf through a book of Doré's Cervantes illustrations, it is because of their busy quality, their Alpine sublimity, their incessant piling up of detail, and their unwillingness to let empty space on the page contribute to the final effect. Empty space, after all, should be a positive thing, something that does not need to be filled in all the time, as Chinese and Japanese painters have demonstrated so convincingly over the centuries.

Among the many Spanish artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries (including Dalí and Picasso, of course) who have in some way approximated the eerie sense of space inhabited by Cervantes's Don Quijote and the innumerable characters in the novel, I would like to bring to the reader's and viewer's attention two artists who have not received the attention that they merit as illustrators of the novel. I am

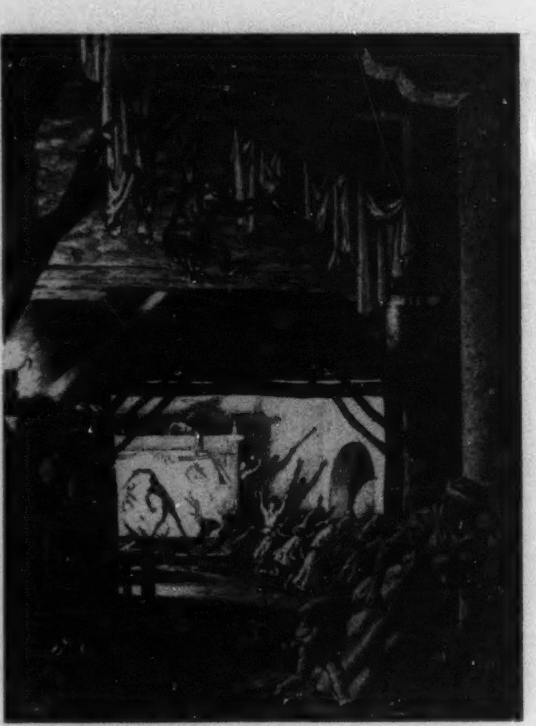


Teodoro Miciano's illustrations for *Don Quijote* Don Quijote dies

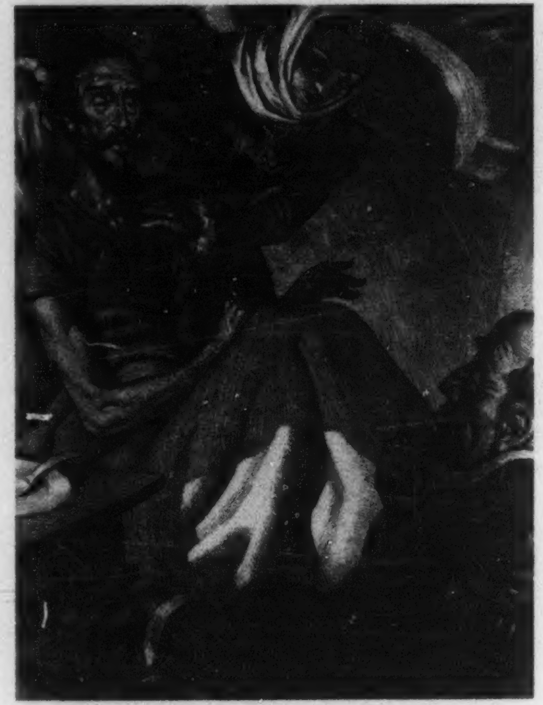


In the Cueva de Montesinos

speaking of Daniel Urrabieta Vièrge (1851–1904) and Teodoro Miciano (1903–1974). There are epic aspects to both these artists' lives. In spite of his French-sounding name, Urrabieta Vièrge was born in the town of Getafe (near Alcalá de Henares) of French-Basque parentage. His father was a distinguished illustrator, and both father and son were to spend much of their lives as expatriates in Paris. The son was paralyzed on his right side by a stroke when he was thirty-three and learned to paint and draw again with his left hand. He did the Quijote illustrations during this period, and his technique is remarkable for its art nouveau overtones, sensitive use of space, and fine choice of detail. Among all the illustrations that this distinguished artist gave us, I recommend above all others the incomparable portrait of Don Quijote in his library—an Iberian loco if there ever was one. The fine play of light and shadow, the frenetic, chaotic disorder of the tomes strewn throughout the room, the wavering, Van Gogh-like lines all combine to give us the portrait of a gentleman in the process of being deranged by books—a reader whose brains, as Cervantes tells us, simply got dried up ("se le secó el cerebro") by the hallucinatory impressions made upon him by print, that passive, silent hypnotist.

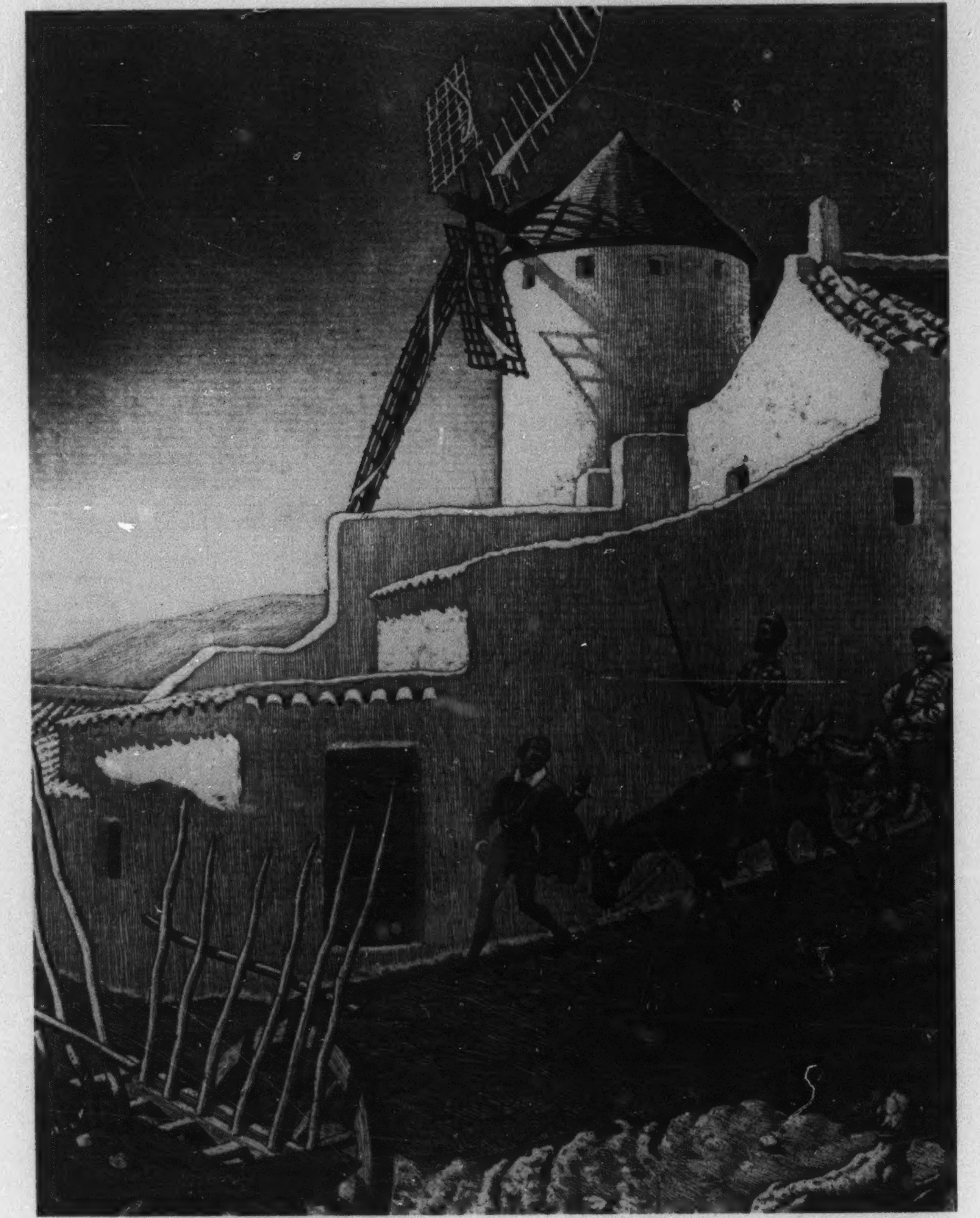


In the Retablo de Maese Pedro



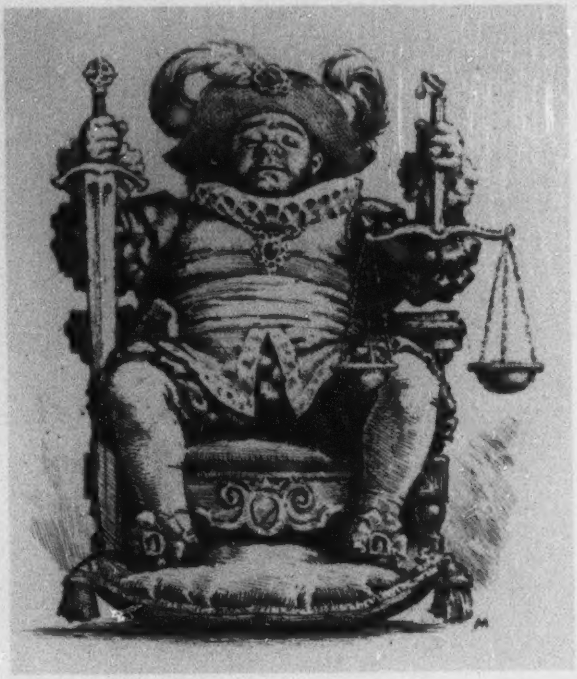
Don Quijote, sick and in bed

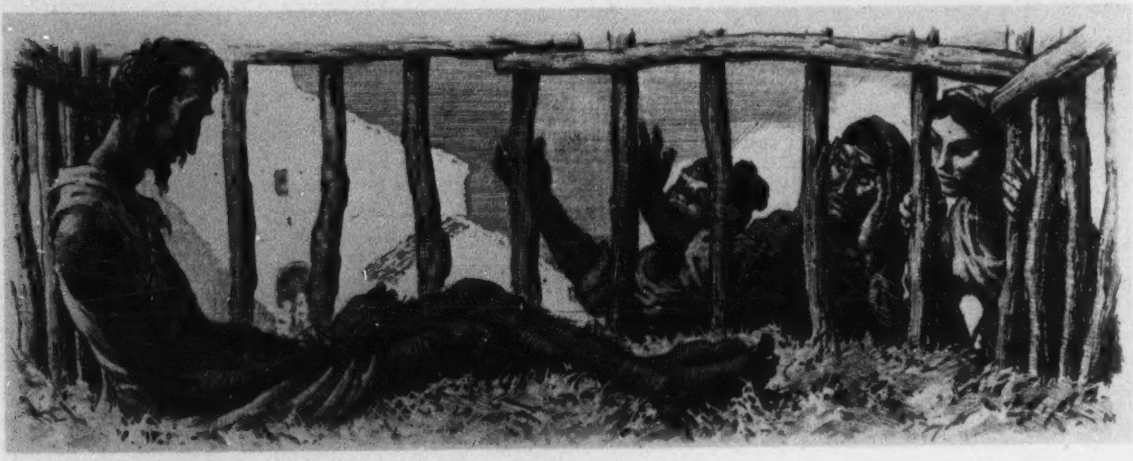
The relationship between the contemporary Spanish engraver and etcher Teodoro Miciano and the work of Cervantes is just as passionate and discerning as that of his predecessors, but since he is still unknown as one of the contemporary illustrators of the *Quijote*, let us take this time to examine his achievements. After searching for a word or two to describe what Miciano has done, I can think of only one phrase—"una quijotada." Often, this expression is used pejoratively in Spanish, but I am certainly not doing so now. A quijotada denotes any action which has at least a touch of the Quixotic about it, that is to say, an action which, at least in the beginning is so impractical, so apparently impossible to realize that only a Citizen Quijote of today would try to bring it about. Miciano had something of Quijote in him and he executed a long, patient, and laborious quijotada. Consider that over a period of two decades, with no governmental aid or other

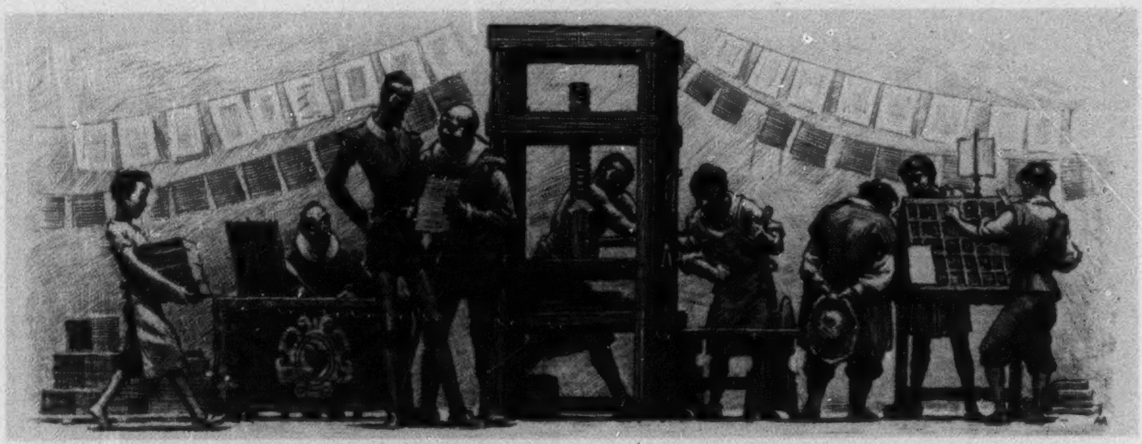


Don Quijote and Sancho among the windmills financial assistance, Miciano and a sponsoring group of three dedicated wine and sherry makers from his birthplace (Jerez de la Frontera) succeeded in publishing a complete, four-volume illustrated *Quijote*, the first bibliophile edition of the work ever published in Spain. The obstacles that loomed before Miciano when he and his Jerezian friends proposed the edition in 1947 were so apparently insurmountable that it might be instructive to enumerate them right now. Let us start with the problem of the paper to be used for this bibliophile edition. Anyone who opens this edition immediately notes that the paper is of a thickness and a texture unlike any available today, but quite similar to the paper used in great book manufacturing of the past. This paper took two years to fabricate, by hand, in the Casa Guarro of Barcelona. Two artisans were employed to produce this fine paper, using only linen rag as base. The type was commissioned from England; it was used only once for each page and it was then discarded. The printing was done on a hand screw press—the same kind used by all fine printers, past and present—which Miciano bought in Barcelona in 1943 for 3,000 pesetas (around 35 dollars).

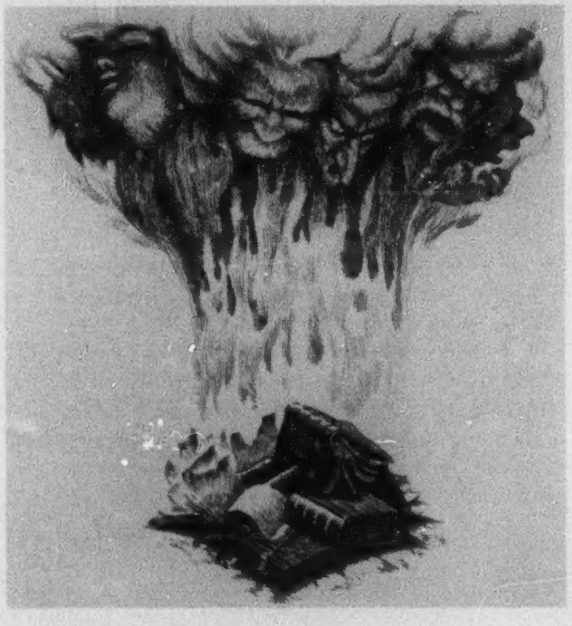
The project took twenty-one years to complete. It was begun in 1947 and finished in 1968. By that time, both of the sponsoring bibliophiles from Jerez de la Frontera, the brothers José María and Alfonso Jurado, had died, but their support was continued by their children. Miciano himself was the designer of the volumes and the printing technician, as well as the artist who produced 432 engravings—80 full-page portraits or scenes, 128 horizontal chapter headings, which give a synthetic view of the major action in the text about to be read, 125 square character portraits, which open the initial paragraph of each chapter, and 328 decorations or impressions at the end of chapters, which summarize the action as seen through the eyes of Don Quijote. Three hundred sets were


Sancho enthroned


Don Quijote caged



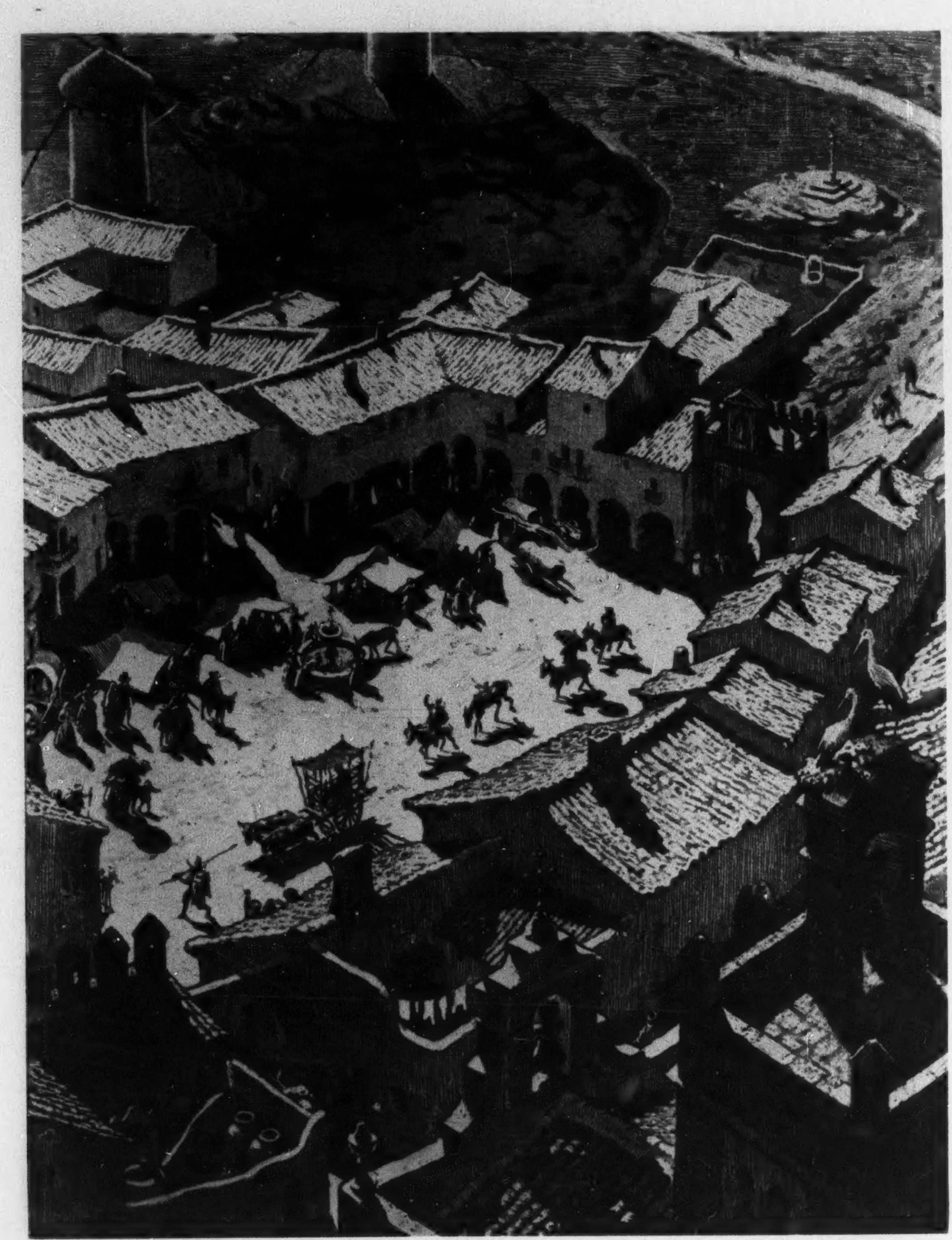
Don Quijote in a print shop



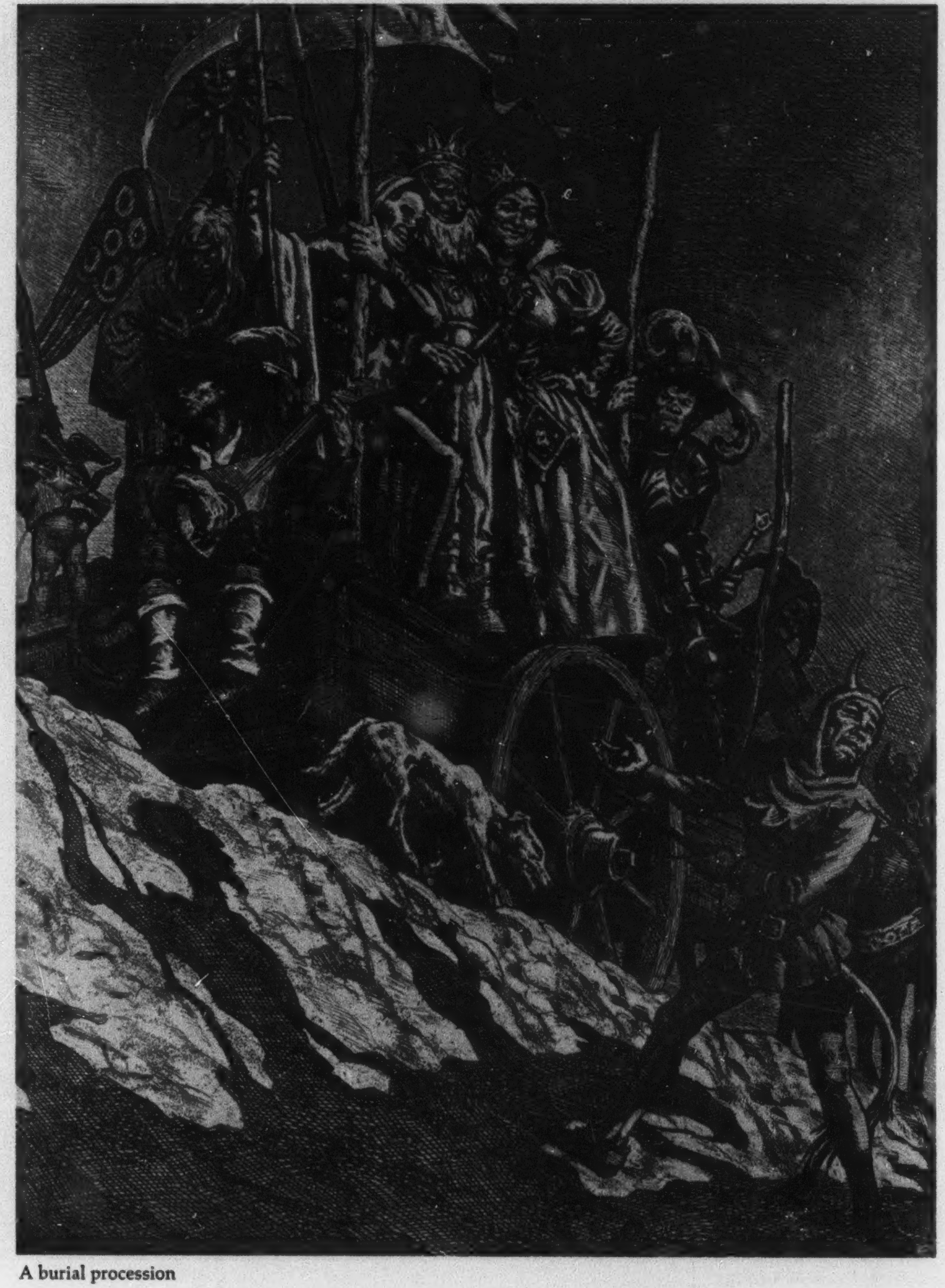
Don Quijote's burning library

printed on the Barcelona paper, plus ten on Dutch paper and ten on "Japanese Ancient Empire" paper. Each page is laid out in the style of the Gutenberg Bible—two columns of forty-four lines each. Fittingly enough, the printing was done in Barcelona, the city which has the longest and most selective tradition of fine bookmaking and bibliomania in Spain. As you may recall, Don Quijote visited a printshop in Barcelona toward the end of the novel. In that instance, the Don, somewhat irritated, quickly left the place after having spied a copy of the so-called false *Quijote,* the dreadful imitation by Avellaneda, not the true *Quijote* of Cervantes. Miciano's edition might now help alleviate Don Quijote's long-standing pique at that Barcelona printer who was so indiscreet as to leave a copy of the spurious *Quijote* lying around while the real Don Quijote was looking around, with gimlet eye.

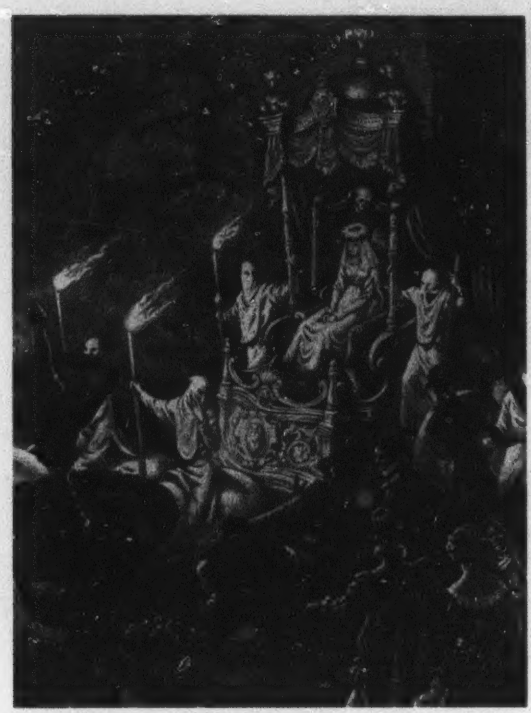
Teodoro Miciano was, by training, a professional engraver and distinguished teacher of many generations of graphic artists in Spain. He was also a valued contributor to the rich variety of Spanish philatelics; many of his engravings were published as stamps by the Fábrica de moneda y timbre, the Spanish printing house and mint combined. As an artist and a technician, Miciano was more at home with clearly carved realism than with fantastic, surrealistic flights. His engravings for the *Quijote* edition are in no way flamboyant or demonstrative; they do not call attention to themselves. In an interview, he made a surprising statement. He confessed that, from his point of view as an illustrator and "illuminator" of the text of Cervantes, he instinctively felt that the genius of Doré was too "imaginative" in nature to capture the peculiarities of the Iberian landscape. It is precisely in this area that Miciano triumphs. The limitless horizon of the Castilian meseta jumps out at us from the page. If Miciano has humble



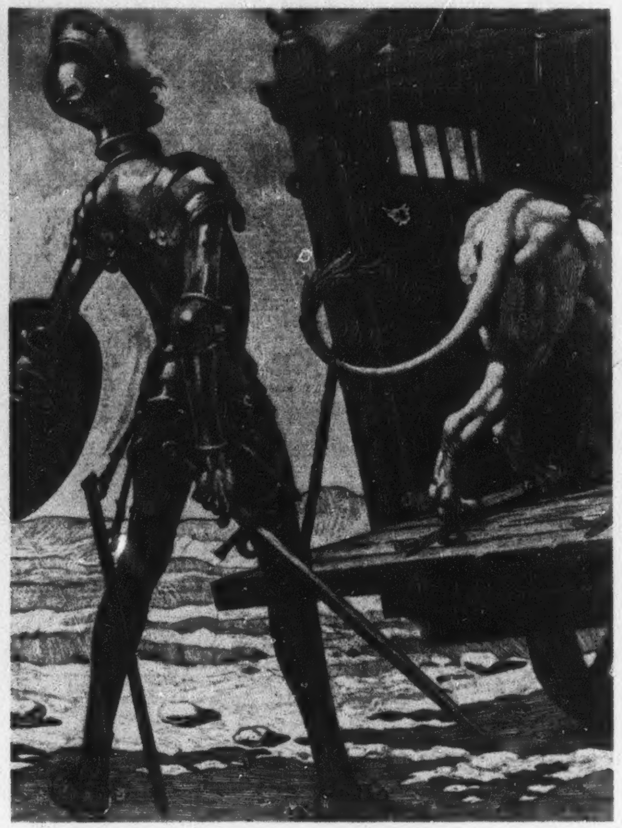
An aerial view of a village



A burial procession



Doña Dolorida



Don Quijote's adventure with the lions

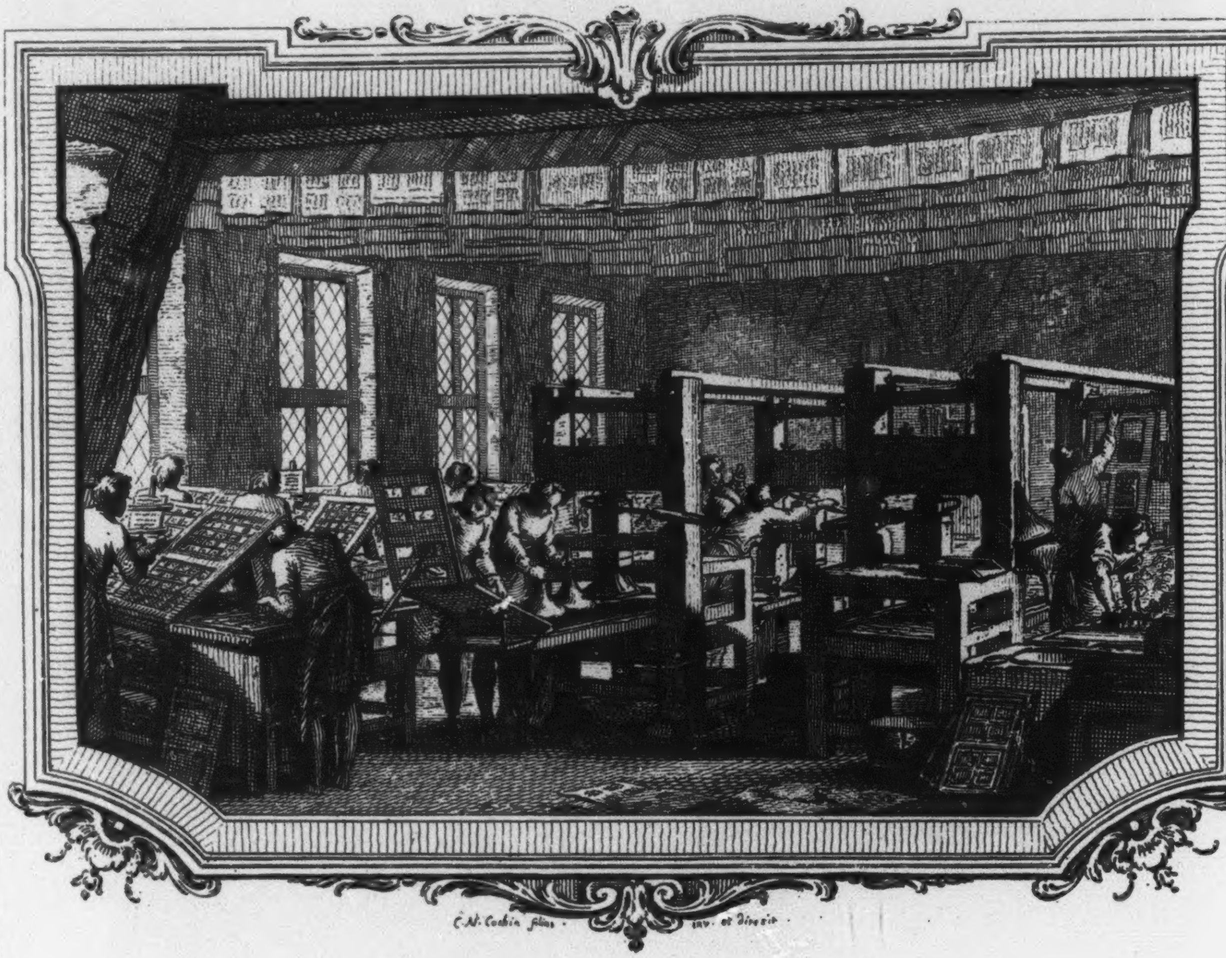
views toward the function of art in relation to text, we must conclude that above all he wished to serve the text and not overwhelm it. His thoughts about the figure of Don Quijote are also instructive. For him, Don Quijote is not to be described as a madman ("un loco"). For this artist, Don Quijote is something else; he is a visionary ("un exaltado"). The difference is essential for our understanding of the aesthetics governing the art of Miciano, and it is precisely on this point that many other illustrators have gone awry. Miciano's Quijote is not a mere tilter at windmills; he is a figure living in the illusionary and miragelike quality of the Cervantian text, where the words are in motion, like platforms moving under us at a circus show. Everything is shifting, the world is in constant flux, time is short, and the actors are on stage in this book. Don Quijote acts out most of his comic and exalted role on a limitless stage that is the stern, uncluttered geography of Spain. Miciano has visualized it; he has brought it to us in this edition with dramatic clarity. In this masterpiece of fine book manufacture and artistic intuition, Miciano's work strikes us as an essentially Iberian artifact—intense, bare, concentrated. Over the years, the English and the French have had a good go at it, and they have produced marvels, but it was about time that the book came back to Spain, and in such a splendid vehicle.

Teodoro Miciano died in 1974. After leafing through his four volumes here at the Library of Congress and reading about his patience and tenacity, I cannot help but imagine that he died a happy man.

Alexander Coleman is Professor of Spanish and Comparative Literature at New York University and a frequent writer of articles on contemporary Spanish, Portuguese, and Spanish-American literature. Dr. Coleman's books include *Other Voices: A Study of the Late Poetry of Luis Cernuda* (1967) and *Eça de Queirós and European Realism* (1980).

Work and Culture in an Eighteenth-Century Printing Shop

BY ROBERT DARNTON


C. N. Cochin filius · inv. et direxit ·

This article is an abridged version of an Engelhard Lecture on the Book presented by the author at the Library of Congress on March 25, 1981. Sponsored by the Center for the Book, the Engelhard lecture series was established by Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard in memory of her husband.

Old books tend to become antiques. Like china or Chippendale, they pass from auctions to collectors to treasure houses, and out of daily use. Of course the reader in search of an eighteenth-century volume can find one, but he usually has to venture into the strange world of rare book rooms. If he is a student in a university, he may be overcome with awe: here lies the inner sanctum of the campus, its ultimate repository of learning, its cultural core. If he is a researcher in a national library, he may be seized with fear and trembling. For here the book sits in state, surrounded by vaulted ceilings and paneled walls. To reach it, he must walk past guards, down halls, and into inner chambers, where he checks his briefcase, forswears ink, and lowers his voice until he is absorbed in the reverential silence that reigns over the room and at last The Book appears.

How different was the world in which that book came into being. Brawny, bawdy, rowdy, and crowded, it was the antithesis of today's rare book room. Benjamin Franklin stepped into that world two and a half centuries ago, when he entered Watt's printing house near Lincoln's Inn Fields in London as a nineteen-year-old journeyman. He was immediately struck by the stench of beer:

"My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom." When Franklin switched from the press to the composing room, the compositors demanded the payment of the traditional five shillings of "bien venu" before admitting him. Ben had already paid this entrance fee to the pressmen, so he refused. He was then assaulted by practical jokes, having "little pieces of private malice" practiced on him, his sorts mixed, and his matter broken. Eventually he caved in and paid up to the chapel, and soon he was reforming its code of conduct, commending the nutritional virtues of porridge over beer for breakfast. [1]

The early-modern printing shop was a world of its own, a world we have lost and cannot recapture simply by consulting the books that it produced. To get behind its books, we must go to the archives of printing houses, where we can observe the men at work and listen to the bosses talking about them.

The richest archives come from the Société typographique de Neuchâtel (STN), a Swiss firm that produced French books for readers everywhere in Europe during the last two decades of the eighteenth century. As the STN drew labor from printing centers in France, Switzerland, and the Rhineland, its directors developed a network of recruiting agents, who dispatched journeymen and discussed the labor

An eighteenth-century depiction of a printing shop. Compositors are setting type at left, in the most well-lit parts of the room nearest the windows. Workers are inking the type in the form on the press at center and to the right men work the presses and pull printed sheets.

Engraving by C. N. Cochin from C. Henault, *Nouvel Abrégé chronologique de l'histoire de France, 3d ed.* (Paris: Prault pere, Prault fils, Desaint & Saillant, 1749), p. 268.

market in a stream of letters, which reveal some basic assumptions about work and workers under the Old Regime.

The most revealing exchange of letters occurred in 1777, when the STN doubled the size of its shop in order to print the quarto edition of the *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and d'Alembert and when the boom in printing encyclopedias had strained resources throughout the industry. The workers took advantage of this temporary labor shortage by moving from job to job, whenever they could find better pay or working conditions: hence the theme of journeying, which recurs throughout the letters. The STN's greatest inducement in hiring workers was probably "le voyage," a sum of money which corresponded roughly to the amount a man would have made during the time it took him to walk to his new job. Workers preferred to spend ten or twelve hours on the road, with stops at country inns, to heaving at the bar of a press or bending over type cases for an equal amount of time. Their journeys became a kind of paid vacation and journeying a way of life, at least during the journeyman's early years.

Sometimes one can follow the men by the dates on letters. For example, on June 16, 1777, at the height of the *Encyclopédie* boom, a Parisian recruiter sent off six workers to Neuchâtel, promising that they would receive twenty-four livres in voyage upon their arrival. They reported to the STN exactly two weeks later, having averaged thirty-six kilometers a day. As they made about ten to fifteen livres a week, their travel money covered two weeks' wages—good compensation for a cross-country hike in the early summer.

But the STN refused to pay the voyage until the men had worked for at least one month. The recruiter had neglected to inform them of this proviso; and in case they refused to accept it he had kept their belongings ("hardes") as a kind of security deposit, which he later shipped to the STN. The men then had no choice but to set to work, composing and printing the *Encyclopédie*. Their names appeared regularly in the foreman's wage book for eight weeks, long enough for them to collect their voyage and their hardes—and then they disappeared.

Some of them turned up a few weeks later in Genevan shops, which were also printing the *Encyclopédie*. At least one went to the shop of Barthélemy de Félice, who was producing a rival, "Protestant" version of the *Encyclopédie* in Yverdon. One pressman, Gaillard, surfaced in Paris a year later, asking to be rehired by the STN. He repented for "all the faults he committed," according to a letter written for him by a Parisian leather merchant, and he was ready to set out for Switzerland once more—for the third time.[2]

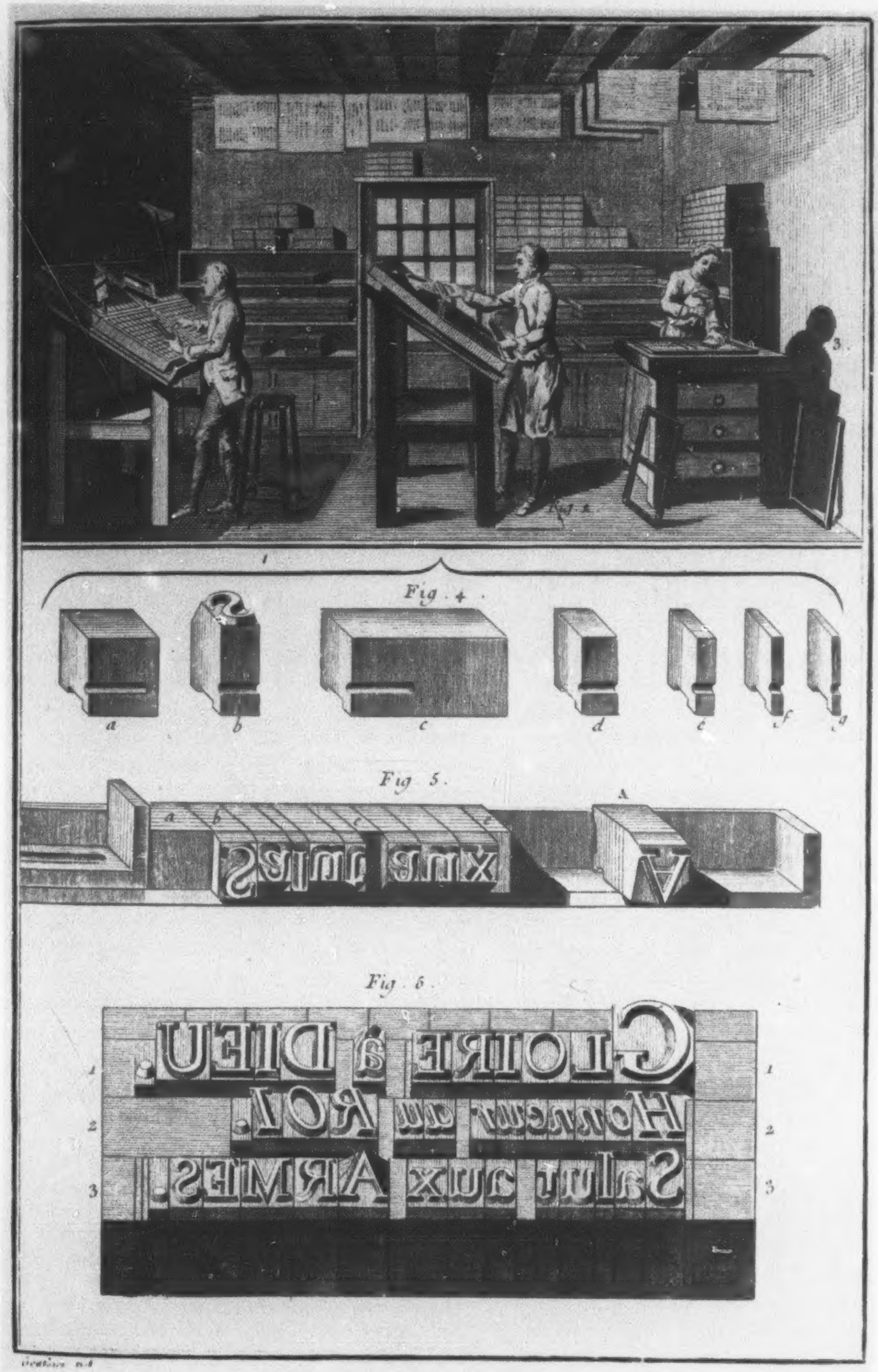
What were Gaillard's "faults"? His letter does not say, but the STN's correspondence shows that men often "deserted" after getting in trouble. Sometimes they ran off after piling up debts or collecting "salé," a small advance on the next week's wages. They rarely accumulated capital and were often tempted to leave one town in order to escape debts and to collect some voyage in another. As a result of these incidents, the employers' letters struck a note of basic mistrust whenever they referred to workers. Workers were unreliable. If they did not make off with their voyage or their salé, they would fail to show up because they were drunk. At worst they would act as spies, either for the French police or for rival publishers.[3]

Comments made by employers also suggest some unspoken premises about what moved workers. For example, the STN instructed an agent who was dispatching some workers from Lyons: "We promise to pay them, after arrival, twelve livres for their voyage, provided they

In the composing room, a compositor chooses type from the case for the composing stick in his left hand, his eye on the manuscript copy. A second compositor moves a justified line of type from the composing stick to the galley. At right a worker planes the type in an iron chase, tapping the letters with a mallet to guarantee an even surface for printing.

Various pieces of loose type include a letter S and six different size spaces. A composing stick has letters inserted in it and three justified lines of type include both roman and italic letters.

"Imprimerie en lettres, l'opération de la casse." Engraving from the *Encyclopédie* plate volumes, *Recueil de planches, sur les sciences, les arts libéraux, et les arts méchaniques, avec leur explication*, vol. 7 (Paris: Chez Briasson, Le Breton, 1769), "Imprimerie en caractères," plate 1.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GLOIRE à DIEU
Honneur au ROI.
Salut aux ARMES.

remain with us at least three months . . . and you may assure them that they will be satisfied with us and with this country, where good wine grows."[4] The assumption was that work was mixed up with wine—and that employment would be short.

In the course of the hiring and firing, the employers seemed to treat workers as things, They ordered them in batches, like paper and ink. As the STN explained to an agent in Lyons,

In the course of the hiring and firing, the employers seemed to treat workers as things. They ordered them in batches, like paper and ink. As the STN explained to an agent in Lyons,

"They should come assorted, that is, so many compositors, so many pressmen."[5] It sometimes rejected these "assortments," if the goods were shoddy, precisely as it did in its purchases of paper. Thus it reprimanded a recruiter in Lyons: "Two of those whom you have sent to us have arrived all right, but so sick that they could infect all the rest; so we haven't been able to hire them. No one in town wanted to give them lodging. They have therefore left again and took the route for Besançon, in order to turn themselves in at the "hôpital."[6] As the hôpital usually meant death for the disease-ridden poor, the STN must have known that it was probably sending those men on the last leg of their last tour de France—and it was no easy road across the Jura Mountains from Neuchâtel to Besançon.

Occasionally the incoming letters showed some sympathy for the men. For example, a master printer in Bern recommended an old compositor as follows: "He is a good worker, who worked quite a while in Neuchâtel some time ago, but I must tell you that his sight and his hearing are beginning to go and that his old age means that he no longer has the speed in composing of a robust young man. Still, as you will only be paying him piece rates, I beg you to keep him as long as you can; for he is reduced by his indigence to a pitiful state."[7]

The fact remains that the Bernois had fired him and that the Neuchâtelois refused to hire him. Indeed, the STN fired two-thirds of its workers as soon as it completed the *Encyclopédie*, despite the protests of one of the director's daughters, who wrote to him while he was on a business trip and she was tending the shop, "One can hardly turn out on the street, from one day to the next, people who have wives and children."[8] That objection had not occurred to the director, who brushed it off with a lecture about profitability.

But how did the workers themselves represent their condition? Despite the research of specialists like E. P. Thompson, Maurice Garden, and Rudolf Braun, historians have failed to make direct contact with eighteenth-century artisans. But printers were an unusually literate group. Some of them exchanged letters, some of which were intercepted by the masters and have survived in the papers of the STN.

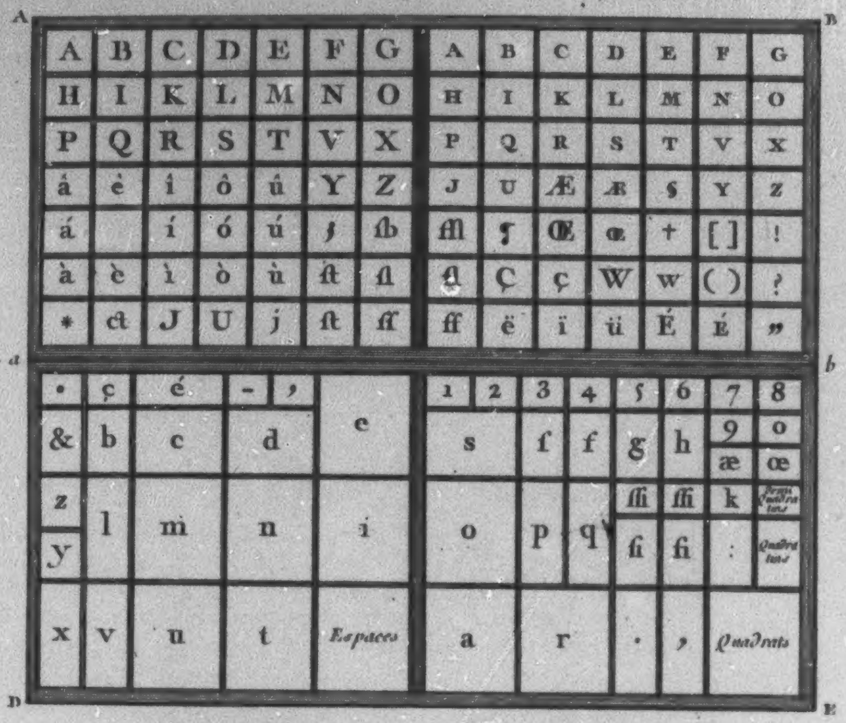
One of those precious specimens of worker-to-worker communication is a note by an Avignonese compositor called Offray to a Savoyard called Ducret, who was on the composing crew of the STN. Offray had recently quit the STN in order to join the shop of Bathélemy de Félice at Yverdon, where, he assured Ducret, conditions were much better. To be sure, employment with Félice had its disadvantages: the "professor," as the men called him, never lent his employees a penny, and the German workers did not get on well with the French. But life was cheaper and the shop better run than in Neuchâtel. And above all, there was plenty of work: "Work here is sufficient. . . . You will not need to worry about work."[9] The availability of work could be a source of worry, because the masters hired by the job. When they finished printing one book, they often fired the hands who had worked on it and then hired new ones when they were ready to begin another.

Thus Offray passed on reports about the availability of jobs in other shops in the area. Heubach of Lausanne needed a compositor and maybe even a foreman. There was room for at least two pressmen in Yverdon and also for three compositors, because three of Offray's

A case of roman letters arranged as they commonly were in Paris in the eighteenth century. Capitals and small capitals are at the top with unusual characters used least frequently. Lowercase roman and italic type is at the bottom of the case.

"Imprimerie, casse." Engraving from the *Encyclopédie* plate volumes, *Recueil de planches*, vol. 7, "Imprimerie en caractères," plate 3.

Fig. 1e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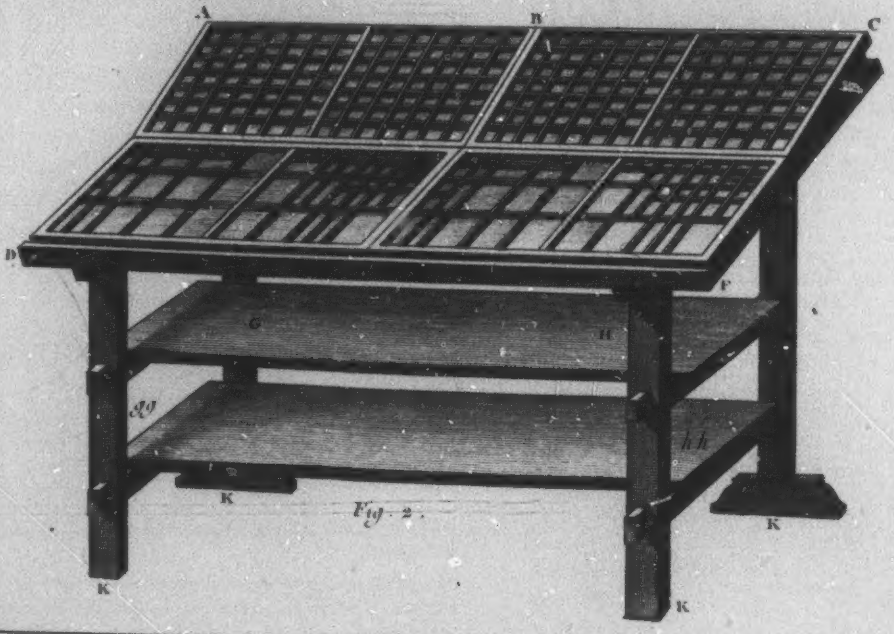
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Fig. 2.

Goussier Del

comrades were secretly planning to walk out on Felice the next Sunday. "It's not that there is any lack of work, but only because of the caprice of the workers—and me first of all—to change jobs all the time."

Finally, Offray sent news about mutual friends in other shops and sent his regards to his former mates in Neuchâtel: "I wrote to M. Gorin, and when I hear from him, as I hope I will, I'll let you know. Please say hello to M. Cloches, M. Borrel, M. Poncillon, M. Patin, M. Ango; and don't forget by old mate Gaillé. . . . My wife also sends her greeting to all these Messieurs. I had forgotten M. Lancy, whom I greet also, as well as Madame pot-au-lait." [10] The nicknames, the allusion to other exchanges of letters, and the sense of a shared network of friends all suggest that the workers had developed their own information system and exchanged letters of recommendation about their bosses—or "bourgeois" as they called them—just as the masters and recruiting agents exchanged letters about the workers. [11]

Workers and bourgeois did not live together in the familial coziness imagined by some historians of preindustrial Europe. They probably hated each other as much as they did in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. But they shared common assumptions about the relationships between them—that is, about the fundamental character of employment. They expected it to be erratic and irregular, possibly stormy and probably short, but nothing that would remotely resemble such modern phenomena as the forty-hour, nine-to-five work week, with time-and-a-half for overtime.

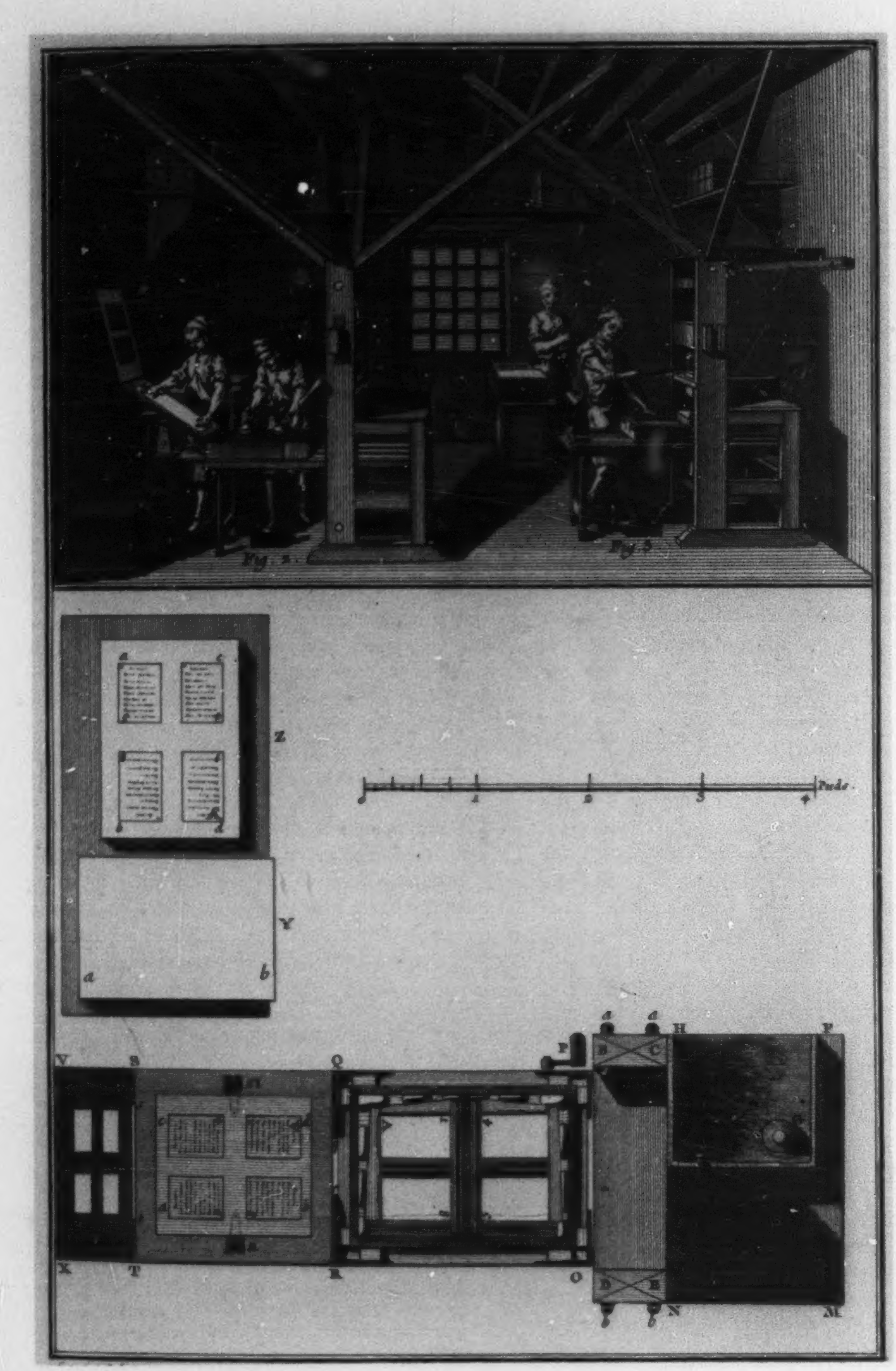
Such were the attitudes toward work among eighteenth-century printers and their masters, but what was work in and of itself? Its subjective reality may always elude historians, but it is possible to measure its productivity by analyzing the wage book kept by Barthélemy Spineux, the STN's shop foreman. Every Saturday evening, Spineux noted how much work each man had done during the preceding week and how much pay he had received for it. Spineux tallied the compositors' output according to the signatures on the bottom of the sheets they had composed and reckoned the output of pressmen by thousands of impressions. By counting the ens in the actual texts, one can use Spineux's record to calculate the number of motions made by each compositor each week as he transferred type from the case to the composing stick. One can also calculate the number of times each pressman pulled on the bar of his press. Unfortunately, these calculations involve some strenuous exercises in "analytic bibliography," but a bibliographical analysis of Spineux's wage book provides the first precise record of output and income among preindustrial workers.

Without wandering into complexities and presenting charts and graphs, I would like to go directly to the main conclusions that I have drawn from my statistics. [12] First, it is clear that the personnel changed at a tremendous pace. Almost half the work force was new every six months, and the shop as a whole was rarely the same from one week to the next, because the men came and went pêle-mêle, according to the irregular availability of jobs and their own "caprice," as Offray put it. It would be misleading to extract averages from such as erratic pattern, but it seems that the men fell into two main groups: transients, who usually stayed with the STN for less than six months, and regulars, who remained for a year or more. The regulars tended to be older, married men, although they included some youths. And in the case of compositors, they were identified with particular jobs. For example, one veteran, Bertho, handled most of the typesetting on the *Encyclopédie* for eighty-eight weeks and left the STN as soon as it had printed its last volume. Thus

The composing room communicates with the press room, shown above on the opposite page, through the door in the center of the rear wall. At left a worker lays a sheet of paper, from the reams stored on the high shelves around the walls, on the press. Next, the type is inked, and to the right a man operates the press, while another checks the inking of the sheets pulled and applies ink to the surfaces of two ink balls.

A bird's-eye view of the press shows the chase where the forms containing the type are secured for printing.

"Imprimerie, l'opération d'imprimer et plan de la presse." Engraving from the *Encyclopédie* plate volumes, *Recueil de planches*, vol. 7, "Imprimerie en caractères," plate 14.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the statistics bear out the emphasis on jobs—"ouvrage" or "labeur" in the printer's jargon—which shows up so strongly in the letters of the workers.

Secondly, by tracing the composition and presswork done by every man on every sheet for a period of five months in 1778, it is possible to see how the foreman coped with the irregular supply of labor. Pressmen worked downstream of compositors in the flow of work. So if several compositors quit the STN, a proportionate number of pressmen had to be fired. Thus in the week of October 10, three compositors left the STN, reducing the size of the composing crew, or "casse," from thirteen to ten workers, and the foreman cut the press crew, the work force at the "presse," from twenty to twelve while total output declined by half. A new job and a fresh infusion of compositors would reverse the process, as in the period from September 5 to 19, when the casse grew from nine to twelve workers and the presse from thirteen to eighteen while output doubled. The graph of manpower and productivity is extraordinarily jagged. It soars and plunges dramatically from week to week, suggesting that labor management was a balancing act, performed at a heavy cost, both economic and human.

Thirdly, it is possible to trace the output and income of individual workers, and here, too, the pattern shows enormous variety, both from worker to worker and in the behavior of the same worker from week to week. Typographers belonged to what is often called, rather misleadingly, the "labor aristocracy"—that is, they were skilled craftsmen who made twice as much money as common laborers. As long as their work held out, they could bring home about 100 Neuchâtel batz or 15 livres tournois a week—enough to support a family and a good deal more than the earnings of textile workers, masons, and carpenters in France. But they frequently earned far less than they were capable of earning not because the work gave out but because they chose to do less of it.

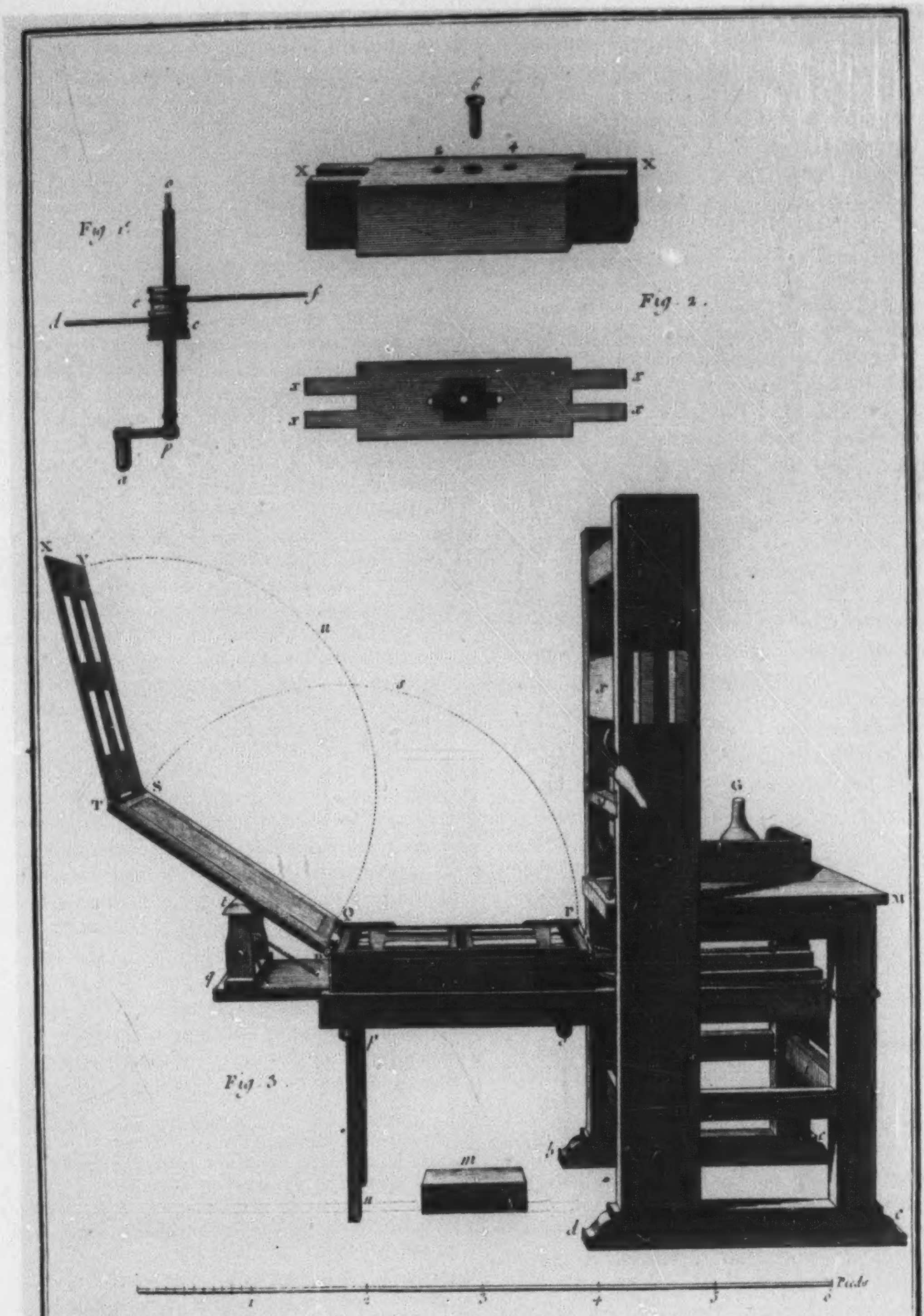
In the week of October 3, for example, the output of one compositor, Tef, dropped by half (from 92 to 46 batz), while that of another, Maley, increased by a third (from 70 to 105 batz). Each man had plenty of copy to set but preferred to work at his own pace, in erratic spurts. The irregularities were even more pronounced among the press crews. Chambrault and his companion earned 258 batz and ran off 18,000 impressions in the week of June 13; and in the next two weeks their output plummeted to 12,000 and then 7,000 impressions, while their combined income dropped to 172 and 101 batz.

Most crews worked well below their full capacity most of the time. Only rarely can the drops in their productivity be attributed to holidays or a decline in the supply of work. The men slowed down or stopped completely in order to enjoy "débauche," an old tradition in the printing trade, as is suggested by the following entry in the records of the Plantinian Press of Antwerp, dated June 11, 1564: "The said Michel went to the brothel and remained there Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; then on Thursday morning came back to sleep on a trunk in the room where he normally abode." [13] Although the papers of the STN do not provide such generous details about how the men spent their free time, they show that there was time and money to be spent. No matter how one works up the data in the wage book, one finds erratic patterns of labor—in its duration, rhythm, organization, productivity, and remuneration.

If one compares the statistical data with the attitudes expressed in the letters, the pattern begins to look significant. The two types of evidence complement one another, suggesting the basic character of work as it was experienced and understood by the workers themselves. But before jumping to conclusions, I would like to take account of a third variety of evidence, one which can be called "cultural" in the anthropological sense of the term. I mean information about the traditions, folkways, and lore of the printing craft. There is a great deal of it, scattered through sources like printers' manuals and memoirs, notably those of Franklin and

An upright screw hand press.

"Imprimerie; Presse vue par le côté du dehors." Engraving from the *Encyclopédie* plate volumes, *Recueil de planches*, vol. 7, "Imprimerie en caractères," plate 14.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Pieds

Restif de la Bretonne. The richest source of all, however, is the *Anecodotes typographiques* of Nicolas Contat, a Parisian compositor who described his rise from apprentice to foreman in a shop of the rue Saint-Séverin in the 1730s and 1740s. Contat's account of how workers were hired, managed, and paid conforms in dozens of details to the picture that emerges from the papers of the STN. But it also adds a new dimension to that picture, because it is full of information about the culture of the printing shop, especially about rituals, slang, and jokes.

Attributing his experience to a fictional lad named Jerome, Contat describes a great many ceremonies, mainly feast days like those of St. Martin and St. John the Evangelist. But he puts special emphasis on the rituals that marked an apprentice's progress through the shop. For example, when Jerome joined the work force, he underwent a rite called "la prise de tablier" or taking of the apron. He had to pay six livres (about three days' wages for a good journeyman) to the "chapelle" or shop organization; the journeymen also taxed themselves slightly ("la reconnaissance," their payments were called). The whole work force repaired to Le Panier Fleury, one of the bistros patronized by printers in the rue de la Huchette, where the journeymen, with glasses filled, gathered around Jerome and the foreman. The subforeman approached carrying the printer's apron, followed by two "ancients," one from each of the two "estates" of the shop—the casse and the presse. The foreman made a short speech and placed the apron over the boy, trying the strings behind him. Then the journeymen applauded, drank to his health, and he, too, recevied a glass and joined in the drinking. Everyone retired to a table, where a gargantuan feast was waiting for them. While cramming meat and bread into their mouths they talked, not "about theology or philosophy and still less of politics. Each one speaks of his job: one will talk to you about the casse, another the presse, this one of the tympan, another of the inkball leathers. They all speak at the same time, whether they can be heard or not." At last, early in the morning, they separate—sotted but ceremonial to the end: "Bonsoir, M. notre prote; bonsoir Messieurs les compositeurs; bonsoir Messieurs les imprimeurs; bonsoir Jérôme." The text then explains that Jerome will be called by his first name until his is received as a journeyman. [14]

That moment comes four years later, after a good deal of hazing and two intermediary ceremonies called "Admission à l'ouvrage" and "Admission à la Banque." The form is the same —a celebration over food and drink after taxing the initiate—but this time the manuscript gives us a précis of the speech directed at Jerome.

> The newcomer is indoctrinated. He is told never to betray his colleagues and to maintain the wage rate. If a worker doesn't accept a price [for a job] and leaves the shop, no one in the house should do the job for a smaller price. Those are the laws among the workers. Faithfulness and probity are recommended to him. Any worker who betrays the others, when something forbidden, called "marron" [chestnut] is being printed, must be expelled ignominiously from the shop. The workers [blacklist] him by circular letters sent around all the shops of Paris and the provinces. . . . Aside from that, anything is permitted: excessive drinking is considered a good quality, gallantry and debauchery as folies of youth, indebtedness as a sign of wit, irreligion as sincerity; it's a free and republican territory in which everything is permitted; live as you like but be an honnête homme, no hypocrisy.

In short, Jerome assimilates a clearly articulated ethos, which seems several light years away from the worldly asceticism of Max Weber and the work discipline of the modern factory. And at this point he receives a new name: he drops Jerome and becomes a "Monsieur"—that is he occupies a new "état" or social estate. He has gone through a rite of passage in the strict, anthropological sense of the term. [15]

Meanwhile, of course, he has learned a trade. Much of the narrative concerns the way an apprentice picks up the skills of setting type and imposing forms. It even contains a glossary

A chase packed with furniture—pieces of wood or metal that hold the type in place—shows the imposition of pages for the signatures A, B, and C at the top. Another shows imposition for signatures D, E, and F, below.

"Imprimerie, imposition de l'in-vingt-quatre 1e. et 2e. forme." Engraving from the *Encyclopédie* plate volumes, *Recueil de planches,* vol. 7, "Imprimerie en caractères," plate 11.

Fig. 1.

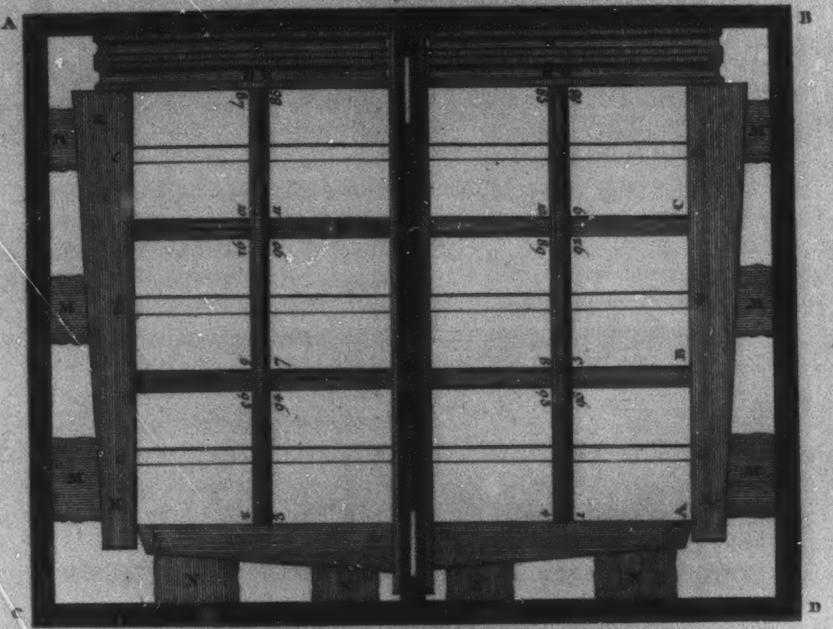
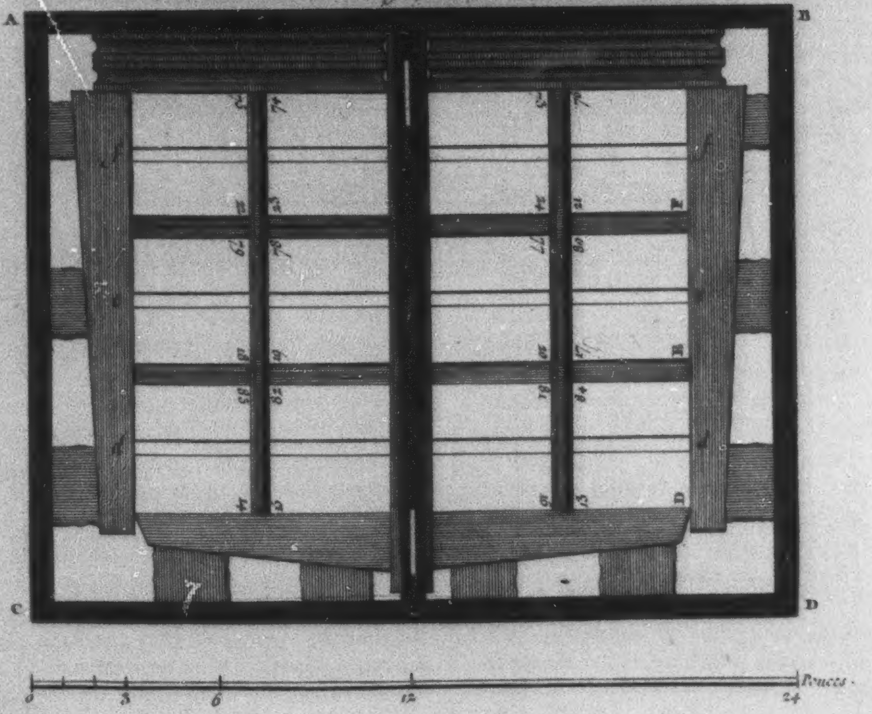


Fig. 2.


A
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0
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24
Pouces.

Goussier del.

to help the reader through the technicalities. The glossary gives an idea of the slang that constituted the language of the craft and suggests the atmoshere in which the work was done.

The workers also developed a special repertory of gestures and jokes. At their most elaborate, the jokes took the form of "copies," or burlesque skits designed to bring the house down in gales of laughter and rough music. The supreme copie during Jerome's years in the shop was staged by his fellow apprentice Léveillé, who had an unusual talent for mimicry. Forced to get up early and work late before retiring to a miserable room in the attic, the boys thought they were being treated like animals—worse, in fact, than the favorite animal of the household, a pet cat called "la grise," who ate choice morsels from the master's wife's plate. Early one morning, Léveillé decided he had had enough of this injustice. He crawled out on the roof near the master's bedroom window and began to howl and meow so loudly that he woke up the bourgeois and the bourgeoise. After a week of this treatment, the master commissioned the boys to get rid of the cats, and they gladly complied.

Gleefully the two apprentices organized a cat massacre. Armed with tools from the shop, they clubbed every cat they could find, beginning with la grise. They staged a mock execution, stationing guards, naming a confessor, and pronouncing the sentence. Then they stood back and roared with laughter as a burlesque hangman dispatched the cats on an improvised gallows. The master's wife arrived in the midst of the fun and thinking she had seen la grise dangling from the noose, let out a scream. There was little the master could do, aside from scolding the men for slacking off work, because he had provided the occasion for the slaughter in the first place. The scene ended with the bourgeois retreating before a fresh chorus of laughter, and then it passed into the lore of the shop. For months afterward, Léveillé reenacted the entire episode in a kind of vaudeville routine, a copie of a copie, which provided the shop with comic relief whenever work began to drag. After he finished his number, the workers would express their delight by running composing sticks over the type cases, banging hammers against chases, and bleating like goats. They had got the master's goat, had made him "prendre le chèvre." [10]

Of course jokes are not innocent, and this seems to be a case of especially meaningful joking. Léveillé's copie shows how intensely the workers hated the bourgeois and their alien way of life—a matter not just of wealth and power but of incompatible sensitivities. Pleasure in the coddling of pets was as foreign to the artisans as delight in cruelty to animals was to the masters. The ritual element in the cruelty warrants attention, because rituals abounded in the popular culture of the Old Regime, especially during periods of festivity like Mardi Gras, when the lower classes turned the world upside down in ceremonies that often ended with burlesque public executions. By condemning the cats, the journeymen printers symbolically put their masters on trial and vented their grievances in a mixture of street theater, carnival, and riotous witch-hunting.

The conclusions to be drawn from this material tend to be impressionistic, but I sense, first, a great emphasis on the specific and the concrete—the implements of work, conversation about the job at hand, a general concern with the here and now and the everyday world of familiar objects and immediate relations. The workers decked this world out with ceremonies and enlivened it with jokes, so work itself involved collective rituals, rites of passage and fun. There was no clear dividing line between work and play, or labor and what now passes for "leisure," a phenomenon that did not exist in the eighteenth century, when men mixed work and play indiscriminately throughout a twelve-, fourteen-, or sixteen-hour day.

At the same time, the jokes and slang emphasized the instability and irregularity of this kind of work—the violence, drunkeness, impoverishment, walking off and being laid off. Work was job-oriented and occurred by fits and starts rather than by regular employment in a single firm. The craft lore confirms the pattern of rapid turnover that one can see in the wage books and the emphasis on voyages that emerges from the masters' correspondence. As the men tramped from job to job, they identified not with a class or a community or a firm but with the craft itself. They thought of themselves as journeymen printers, not simply as workers. They spoke their own language, revered their own saint (at least in Catholic countries), patronized their own bistros, and followed their own tour de France. Fellow-traveling even extended to Sunday outings, when they would wander about country taverns together, sometimes divided according to "estate," the casse in one group and the presse in another, and brawling with rival groups of cobblers or masons. The printers defined themselves against other crafts—and also against their masters. If the highly developed lore and ethos of their craft prevented them from feeling solidarity with workers in general, it expressed a strong hostility to the bourgeois. The printing shop did not function as some kind of warm and happy extended family. It was an intense and explosive little world.

In order to reconstruct that world, I have attempted to measure work statistically, to uncover the attitudes toward it among the workers and their bosses, and to see how it became embodied in a craft culture. Those three elements fit together to reveal the meaning of work for the journeymen printers of eighteenth-century France and Switzerland. Other men in other crafts, and the great mass of unskilled laborers, probably understood their work differently, for the experience of working must have varied enormously. But if I could hazard one generalization from this very specific material, I would say that preindustrial work tended to be irregular and unstable, craft-specific and task-oriented, collective in its organization and individual in its pace—and that all these characteristics set it apart, as a general phenomenon, from work in the industrial era.

Thus in attempting to see behind the book, one can catch a glimpse of changes in a basic element of the human condition, work itself. The early modern book does not cease to seem precious when viewed in this light, but it looks different—less like an antique and more like a shard found on an ancient burial ground. By digging beneath it, one can explore an archaeological element in cultural history and an artisanal element in the history of communication through print.

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NOTES

I would like to thank Drew University for inviting me to try out a preliminary version of this paper and the Center for the Book in the Library of Congress for inviting me to give it as an Engelhard Lecture.

1. Benjamin Franklin, *Autobiography* (New York: H. Holt and Co., 1916), chap. 3.

2. Thomas to Société typographique de Neuchâtel (STN), July 19, 1778, papers of the STN, Bibliothèque de la Ville de Neuchâtel, Neuchâtel, Switzerland. Unless indicated otherwise, all references come from these archives, and the name of the correspondent of the STN corresponds to a dossier in the STN papers. On this episode in the recruiting campaign, see Pyre to STN, June 16, 1777, and STN to Pyre, July 1, 1777.

3. The ideal compositor, "assiduous" and "not at all dissolute," is described in Christ to STN, January 8, 1773.

4. STN to Vernange, May 24, 1777.

5. STN to Claudet, May 8, 1777.

6. STN to Vernange, June 26, 1777.

7. Pfaehler to STN, March 3, 1772.

8. Mme. Bertrand to Ostervald of the STN, February 12, 1780.

9. Offray to Ducret of the STN, December 1770, cited in Jacques Rychner, "A l'ombre des Lumières: coup d'oeil sur la main-d'oeuvre de quelques imprimeries du XVIIIème siècle," *Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century* 155 (1976): 1948-49. When Jacques Rychner completes his dissertation on the STN, it will be possible to follow the peregrinations of the journeyman printers in splendid detail.

10. Ibid.

11. Workers wanted to know where the pay was good, the work plentiful, the companions sympathetic, the wine cheap, and the foreman a soft touch. See, for example, Nicolas Contat *dit* Le Brun, *Anecdotes typographiques où l'on voit la description des coutumes, moeurs et usages singuliers des compagnons imprimeurs*, ed. Giles Barber (Oxford, 1980), part 2, chap. 2.

12. Some of these data appear in chapter 5 of my book *The Business of Enlightenment: A Publishing History of the "Encyclopédie," 1775-1800* (Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1979), but most of them remain unpublished.

13. Leon Voet, *The Golden Compasses*, 2 vols. (Amsterdam: Van Gendt, 1972), 2: 351.

14. Contat, *Anecdotes typographiques*, part 1, chap. 3.

15. Ibid., part 2, chap. 1.

16. Ibid., part 1, chap. 6.

"Stamping a Tiny Foot against God"

Some American Women Poets Writing between the Two Wars

BY MAXINE KUMIN

Hilda Doolittle, about 1923, by Man Ray.

In 1961, late on the calendar of appreciation, late in his own life, Theodore Roethke reviewed Louise Bogan's work in a highly favorable light. But he made the review an occasion for leveling his cannons at poetry by women in general, adding to the most frequent charges of lack of emotional and thematic range and lack of a sense of humor, these "aesthetic and moral shortcomings [I have abbreviated the list]: a concern with the mere surfaces of life . . . hiding from the real agonies of the spirit . . . running between the boudoir and the altar; stamping a tiny foot against God . . . caterwauling; writing the same poem about fifty times." [1]

For piquancy, not accuracy, I have chosen the most vivid of these calumnies as a seductive title to this talk. What size foot it is that stamps its outrage and frustration in a challenge of the Almighty, or what gender foot the shoe encases would seem irrelevant. One wonders also, in view of Roethke's prime subject matter—love, the family, mortality, existential dread—how we are to differentiate the male poet's concerns from the concerns of women poets. Surely, all that takes place between boudoir and altar constitutes a concern with more than mere surfaces of life—constitutes, in fact, all those prime concerns of Roethke's.

The time frame that I have chosen, somewhat arbitrarily, encompasses the twenties and thirties, an era in which such lively and idiosyncratic voices as Amy Lowell, Hilda Doolittle, Sara Teasdale, Edna Millay, Marianne Moore, Muriel Rukeyser, and Louise Bogan were being heard. For unlike Prufrock's maidens singing each to each, American women poets were even then attracting a broad audience. Indeed the diversity, sophistication, and verve of contemporary audiences for women's poetry have their roots in this fertile time. And may I say parenthetically that the audiences accorded this spring to the poets Adrienne Rich, Shirley Kaufman, Ruth Stone, Cynthia Macdonald, to cite a partial list, bear witness to this diversity and liveliness.

Amy Lowell by Florence Ayscough. Photograph courtesy of Houghton Library, Harvard University.

Roethke's gratuitous attack on women poets had its precursor in the earlier scuffle over the poems of Amy Lowell, one of the founders of the Imagist movement. Lowell, who came to poetry relatively late in life, published eight books between 1912 and 1922, and three more appeared in the years after she died in 1925. She claimed she was inspired to seek her place in modern poetry by reading the works of Hilda Doolittle, who first signed herself H. D. Imagiste. The chief achievement of this short-lived school was its reform of the language of poetry, its distillation of common vernacular speech patterns and exact, specific description into tightly compressed lines. The three original dicta of the Imagist movement were: "1. Direct treatment of the 'thing,' whether subjective or objective. . . . 2. To use absolutely no word that will not contribute to the presentation. . . . 3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome."[2]

As the Imagist movement gathered strength, Ezra Pound, its chief proponent, attacked Amy Lowell's free verse, labeling it Amygism. At a dinner presided over and paid for by Lowell, Pound left the table and returned wearing an old-fashioned tin washtub on his head like a helmet. Horace Gregory reports that "There was considerable talk and much laughter; the dinner was one at which all seemed cheerful, yet . . . the wearing of a bathtub as headgear could be interpreted as having several meanings . . . too much drink, Bohemianism, disrespect for the hostess—but all signs pointed toward a further coolness between Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound."[3] Later, T. S. Eliot concurred in Pound's denigration of her, assaulting Lowell in tones of appropriate hauteur, with the epithet of "demon saleswoman."[4]

The importance of this small quarrel, not so much between opposing poetic factions as between opposing sensibilities, was that it called attention to her diction, and the Victorian models of, say, Swinburne and Tennyson were thereafter considerably reduced in stature. Young poets were encouraged by the examples of the Imagists to experiment. Amy Lowell, witty, aggressive, eccentric, and rich, was one of the first American poets to attach herself to the new wave.

Her poems stand up to scrutiny rather better than I had been led, by the critics, to expect. They are witty and direct. In her long discursive poem, "The Sisters," addressed to Sappho, Emily Dickinson, and Elizabeth Browning, Amy Lowell employs a new, easy colloquial diction. The line is traditional, however, prevailingly iambic pentameter. She begins:

> Taking us by and large, we're a queer lot
> We women who write poetry. And when you
>   think
> How few of us there've been, it's queerer
>   still.
> I wonder what it is that makes us do it,
> Singles us out to scribble down, man-wise,
> The fragments of ourselves. Why are we
> Already mother-creatures, double-bearing,
> With matrices in body and in brain?

Lowell goes on to stamp her foot—surely not a tiny one for she was a very large woman—first at Victorianism, then at God's instrument, the Church:

> . . . Whose fault? Why let us say,
> To be consistent, Queen Victoria's.
> But really, not to over-rate the queen,
> I feel obliged to mention Martin Luther,
> And behind him the long line of Church
>   Fathers
> Who draped their prurience like a dirty cloth
> About the naked majesty of God.[5]

Further, it is amusing to turn to Lowell's book *A Critical Fable*, published in 1922, bearing in mind that in 1848 her illustrious ancestor, James Russell Lowell, published a book titled *Fable for Critics*. Amy Lowell's poem consists in a dialogue between the poet, whom she calls "The Poker of Fun," who defends Whitman, Poe, and Dickinson as America's best poets, and James Russell, who responds [and please note the skillful echoing of James Russell's jiggly anapests in Amy's lines]:

> ["] For the men, I'll admit there is room for
>   dispute;
> But the choice of Miss Dickinson I must
>   refute."
> Then seeing me shrug, he observed, "I am
>   human,
> And hardly can bear to allow that a woman
> Is ever quite equal to man in the arts;
> The two sexes cannot be ranked
>   counterparts."
> "My dear Sir," I exclaimed, "if you'd not
>   been afraid
> Of Margaret Fuller's success, you'd have
>   stayed
> Your hand in her case and more justly
>   have rated her."
> Here he murmured morosely, "My God,
>   how I hated her!
> But have you no woman whom you must
>   hate too?
> I shall think all the better of you if you do,
> And of them, I may add." I assured him,
>   "A few.
> But I scarcely think man feels the same
>   contradictory
> Desire to love them and shear them of
>   victory?"
> "You think wrong, my young friend," he
>   declared with a frown,

Sara Teasdale by E. O. Hoppé, London.

"Man will always love woman and always pull down
What she does." "Well, of course, if you will hug the cynical,
It is quite your affair, but there is the pinnacle.
She's welcome to climb like man if she wishes."
"And fall with a crash like a trayful of dishes,"
He answered at once . . .[6]

Amy Lowell is being reread by scholars today; gradually she is being accorded her rightful place in the canon. I confess that in my undergraduate days at Radcliffe I never encountered anything by her except for the widely quoted poem "Patterns," with its then-shocking finale: "Christ! What are patterns for?" Such contemporary anthologists as Emily Stipes Watts and Cora Kaplan are repairing this gap.[7, 8]

American poetry in general flourished in the new little magazines of the post-World War I epoch. In Chicago the *Little Review,* founded in the teens by Margaret Anderson, was by 1917 firmly tucked under the wing of Ezra Pound, who dictated its policy from abroad. Chicago also had *Poetry Magazine,* edited by the famous Harriet Monroe, whose autobiography, *A Poet's Life,* still makes interesting reading.[9] And Lloyd Kreymborg in New York City undertook briefly a magazine called *Others,* around which a new group of experimentalists clustered. These included Mina Loy and Marianne Moore.

Moore's first book was published by Egoist Press in London in 1921. In her work the philosophic moralist and the naturalist come together. With her habit of close attention, with the precision of the miniaturist, with the bedazzling colors of her detail there evolved a highly eclectic style, a syllabic line, a prosy speech pattern, and an extreme reliance on quoted material not merely to illuminate the poem but as an integral part of its intention. I was interested to learn that Moore and Hilda Doolittle had been classmates at Bryn Mawr and became friends for life; there is no discernible similarity between their voices. Strong emotion has no place in Moore's work. She does not observe or comment closely on personal relationships but directs the force of her attention to, as the Imagists would have had it, "the thing itself." It has been suggested that Moore's popularity in critical circles—she won a National Book Award, the Bollingen Prize, and a Pulitzer—was due at least in part to the fact that nowhere in her work does she dwell on intrinsically female themes. For she was a woman out of a Henry James novel: naive, eccentric, socially conservative, witty, surprising, and dry. Her poems contain, as one critic puts it, "the zest of the lemon without the juice." [10] Hilton Kramer, reviewing the new *Complete Poems* published this year by Viking, decries the revisions Moore made in her lifetime, reducing, for example, her *ars poetica* poem from forty lines down to thirty and cutting out the wonderful imaginary toads in real gardens.[11] But beyond the poetry stands the reputation she acquired, through media hype, as "the very archetype of the quaint literary spinster." She may, Kramer avers, "very well have been the last spinster type created by the communications industry before the women's movement radically altered the terms of media mythmaking." [12] And it is amusing to remember her as the lady in the black tricornered hat, the lady posing for *Life* magazine at the zoo, the lady consulting with the Ford Motor Company management over a name for their new car and the farcical outcome of that search for a suitably fleet animal name, all her notions rejected when the decision was taken to call the monster an Edsel. We can remember fondly her enthusiasm for baseball, her paeans of praise for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Some of us can also remember—and how many aeons ago it now seems!—that however androgynous her poems, Marianne Moore herself, upon receiving the Poetry Society of America's Gold Medal in 1953, received also what Mary Ellmann calls "a short heavy rain of sexual references"[13] with Robert Lowell's encomium "she is the best woman poet in English" neatly shaved by Langston Hughes, who added, "I consider her the most famous Negro woman poet in America."[14]

T. S. Eliot, one of the all-male jury who appraised Moore's work in a collection of critical essays published in 1969, condescended to her thusly: "And there is one final and 'magnificent' compliment: Miss Moore's poetry is as 'Feminine' as Christina Rossetti's [Eliot cites no evidence to substantiate this startling remark]. One never forgets that it is written by a woman; but with both one never thinks of this particularly as anything but a positive virtue."[15] Eliot's statement rather particularly suggests its counterpoint: in other unexceptional contexts, poetry written by women is to be denigrated.

Little critical attention has been paid to Moore's long poem on marriage, published in 1923, nor is it to be found in most anthologies.[16] Possibly the critics did not know what to make of it. In the foreword to *A Marianne Moore Reader* the poet herself offers this disclaimer: "The thing (I would hardly call it a poem) is no philosophic precipitate; nor does it veil anything personal in the way of triumphs, entrapments, or dangerous colloquies. It is a little anthology of statements that took my fancy."[17] The poem begins:

> This institution,
> perhaps one should say enterprise
> out of respect for which
> one says one need not change one's mind
> about a thing one has believed in,
> requiring public promises
> of one's intention
> to fulfill a private obligation:
> I wonder what Adam and Eve
> think of it by this time. . . .[18]

Moore's posture is that of the satirist, stamping a tiny foot against the Creator of the Garden of Eden and deftly codifying the ritual that moves men and women from altar to boudoir. "Psychology," she says, "which explains everything / explains nothing, / and we are still in doubt." What a rich poem this is, and how fluidly and elusively it moves, out of mockery into a kind of longing, not quite erotic but entirely sensual. The stasis of the married relationship elicits this image: "the heart rising / in its estate of peace / as a boat rises / with the rising of the water." Adam is exonerated in the fall from grace, which is characterized as that "shed snakeskin in the history of politeness / not to be returned to again." But the woman's adulation of her partner comes in for its share of mockery: "the O thou / to whom from whom / without whom nothing," Adam, who is given so many sententious lines to speak that we are embarrassed for him, "experiences a solemn joy / in seeing that he has become an idol." Back and forth the poem weaves its intricate ironies, putting forth the male pomposities, the female frivolities, and vice versa, all in the service of delineating marriage, marriage, which is seen as a hippopotamus, "nose and mouth combined / in one magnificent hopper."[19]

It is curious that H.D. is usually singled out as the true Imagist of the Imagist movement when surely Marianne Moore, at least in the poems published in *The Dial* and those of the succeeding two decades, seems the more adamantly antiromantic, the more determinedly antipoetic of the two. She is the shining example Pound could have pointed to, the poet who kept her work free of what he called "emotional slither" by focusing directly on the observed "thing."

H. D.—Hilda Doolittle, whom Pound befriended when she was fifteen, he sixteen—is a poet of longings. She longs for the classical grace and artistic harmony of ancient Greece, she longs for proof of her immortal soul, she longs for the spectacles of wildness in nature and for the ecstasy of love. An expatriate from the year 1911 on, she lived in England, and later, like Thomas Mann, in Switzerland. The account of her two years as Freud's analysand in 1933-34 seems today quite charming and naive. Despite her separation from Richard Aldington,

Marianne Moore in the Whittall Pavilion of the Library of Congress, October 21, 1963, before reading her poems. Information Office.

whom she married in 1913 and left in 1919 after their child was born, despite her ongoing intimate arrangement from that time forward with Winifred Ellerman, the analysis centered mostly on H. D.'s yearnings to discover her immortal soul and be assured of the life beyond. All the while the bearded Father insisted that her notion of a life after death was the last and greatest fantasy, a gigantic wish-fulfillment. H. D. seems quite innocently to have hoped that because Freud recognized mythic patterns in dreams, he would teach her to, as she put it, "recognize messages about immortality in the hieroglyphic of the unconscious."[20] A similar tunnel vision pervades the poems themselves. Their range is narrow, their intellectual concepts limited. But the lines are lucid, vivid, exact. Control is the watchword. The poet has pruned ruthlessly in an effort to make it new, small, and perfect. And so we have the season's first pear, "the honey-seeking, golden-banded, / the yellow swarm" before which the I of the poem falls, "crying: / you have flayed us / with your blossoms, / spare us the beauty / of fruit-trees." And this tenacity, from "The Walls Do Not Fall":

In me (the worm) clearly
is no righteousness, but this —

persistence; I escaped spider-snare,
bird-claw, scavenger bird-beak,

clung to a grass-blade,
the back of a leaf

when storm-wind
tore it from its stem. . . .

. . . I profit
by every calamity;

I eat my way out of it:
gorged on vine-leaf and mulberry,

parasite, I find nourishment:
when you cry in disgust,

a worm on the leaf,
a worm in the dust,

a worm on the ear-of-wheat,
I am yet unrepentant,

for I know how the Lord God
is about to manifest, when I,

the industrious worm,
spin my own shroud.[21]

H. D. does not excerpt well, but a rereading of the *Selected Poems* will reward the traveler there with a nostalgic overview of the Greek myth. Later, the poems constructed on the mythic cornerstone grow increasingly Christian as H. D. pursued her desperate search for immortality, following her "bee-line / straight to the horde and plunder, / the treasure, the store-room" of resurrection.[22] (Let us hope that she gazes fondly at us from her secure place in the Beyond she so fervently sought.)

From our observation post in the middle of 1981, the foregoing poets' lack of connection with the events of the real world spinning around them seems almost incredible. Few contemporary poets, whether they are poet-philosophers, lyricists, balladeers, or painterly abstractionists, seem so readily able to divorce themselves from geopolitical concerns, from scientific concepts, from at least some slantwise acknowledgment of what used to be called, in sixth-grade civics classes, "current events." It is true that the onset of World War II wrung from Marianne Moore some anguished outcries, notably "What Are Years?" and "In Distrust of Merits." But it is not until we encounter the spirited polemics of Edna St. Vincent Millay that we find in this period between the wars an

Edna St. Vincent Millay by Arnold Genthe. Prints and Photographs Division.

expression, not necessarily of social conscience, but of social consciousness. In this earlier period of Amy Lowell, H. D., and Marianne Moore, we find innovation in form and style, we find the aura of the French *cénacle*. With the lyrical voices of Sara Teasdale, Elinor Wylie, and in many instances, the early Millay, we submerge in a kind of lyrical implosion, a world in which the private and the ironic insight becomes a kind of shared stoicism.

Sara Teasdale was a protégée of Amy Lowell's. They shared as common bond a passionate attachment to Eleanora Duse, to whom Teasdale addressed several sonnets. Horace Gregory describes Teasdale in the following passage: "She was as slender as Amy Lowell was stout—a thin, plain-featured woman with attractive grey eyes glinting behind pince-nez. Her manner was shy, her voice low-pitched and musical, her hair the color of dimly lighted gold." [23] Although Teasdale permitted—even promoted—rumors regarding her relationship with Vachel Lindsay, in truth she was chastely and safely married to, again, in Gregory's words, "a heavily built, kindly, well-to-do proprietor of a shoe store in St. Louis, who remained in awe of her wit and her poetic gifts—while she remained as outwardly virginal as a 19th-century nymph carved out of marble." [24]

Teasdale's lyrics outgrew their early romanticism while never losing the lyric line and the lucid image. Louise Bogan had high praise for the posthumous volume *Strange Victory*, which appeared in 1933; "it shows classic depth and balance," she wrote.[25] We can find a little poem in memory of Vachel Lindsay there, which does indeed demonstrate that classic balance. It is at the same time a cry from the heart of the living poet, a cry for immortality. Here is Teasdale, stamping a tiny foot, for Lindsay and, I suspect, for herself:

"Deep in the ages," you said, "deep in the
ages,"
And, "To live in mankind is far more than to
live in a name."
You are deep in the ages, now, deep in the
ages,
You whom the world could not break, nor the
years tame.

Fly out, fly on, eagle that is not forgotten,
Fly straight to the innermost light, you who
loved sun in your eyes,
Free of the fret, free of the weight of living,
Bravest among the brave, gayest among the
wise.[26]

Teasdale, of all the lyrical poets writing in this era between the wars, seems to me most deeply rooted in the nineteenth-century cult of the domestication of death. Her poems are suffused with the weight of premonition; death hovers always just in the wings. Precursors of her "moi," the plaintive, fading poet, can be found in the little Evas and little Nells and dying Beth Marches of the last century. In them, dying becomes a stylized convention. Death is somehow to be acquiesced to in a spirit of selfishness. As Ann Douglas suggests, "The tombstone is the sacred emblem in the cult of the overlooked." [27]
Thus we have Teasdale quatrains like:

Oh to relinquish, with no more of sound
Than the bent bough's when the bright apples
fall;
Oh to let go, without a cry or call
That can be heard by any above ground. . . .[28]

or:

Moon, worn thin to the width of a quill,
In the dawn clouds flying,
How good to go, light into light, and still
Giving light, dying.[29]

Sara Teasdale's reputation was soon eclipsed by a more outspoken and dramatic voice in the person of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Admittedly, Millay's flamboyances received encouragement during the Flapper twenties, a period of general discontent with the conventions. The interesting thing about her work is that the style is Keatsian and correct, the lyrics display classic ornamentation. But the feminism, the liberal idealism, the new sexual freedom, at its best unselfconscious, at its worst marred by sentimentalism and bathos, come through untrammeled. To come of age poetically at a time when women had just won the right to vote was to enter with a brash swagger the new world where, theoretically at least, women might control their own destinies. Early on, Millay took up cosmic themes. From rustic beginnings in a small coastal Maine town, she hurled herself into the life of Greenwich Village, there encountering such notables as Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, John Reed, Paul Robeson, Eugene O'Neill, and Djuna Barnes. She traveled in Europe just after World War I, championed radical causes with the enthusiasm of a Byron, acquired a number of lovers, and never, either in her life or in her art, quite lost the glow of her romantic irony, her gallantry under stress.

She wrote drama as well as poetry. Her best-known play, *Aria da Capo*, a parable about jealousy and war, was performed at Provincetown. In it, two shepherds act out, brief scene by scene, the channeling of human depravity into murder. Their episodes are enclosed in a supposed play rehearsal conducted by the harlequins Pierrot and Columbine. When they object to playing a banquet scene with corpses on stage, claiming that the audience will not stay for it, Millay, speaking through the role of Stage Manager, declares:

> What makes you think so? —
> Pull down the tablecloth
> On the other side, and hide them from the
> house,
> And play the farce. The audience will forget.[30]

When, in 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti's appeals were overturned and their execution was ordered, Millay wrote the poem "Justice Denied in Massachusetts"; it was printed in the *New York Times* only hours before the sentence was carried out. Its tone is bitter, its unrhymed lines of uneven length convey the emotional turmoil the poet experienced during the struggle to save these two lives:

> Let us abandon our gardens and go home
> And sit in the sitting-room.
> Shall the larkspur blossom or the corn grow
> under this cloud?
> Sour to the fruitful seed
> Is the cold earth under this cloud,
> Fostering quack and weed, we have marched
> upon but cannot conquer;
> We have bent the blades of our hoes against
> the stalks of them.[31]

On the whole, Millay's poems stand up very well, the sonnets, perhaps, best of all. More than a dozen are Petrarchan and many of these are constructed on only four rhyming words. Many of us who came to Millay's sonnets in our adolescence and committed several of them to memory are easily caught up again in the breathless passionate imagery of the seasons, of love's unrequital, of the poet's vivid sense of mortality. Louise Bogan commented: "A certain hampering nihilism, as well as a close attachment to literary fashion . . . prevented [Millay] from breaking through to impressive maturity; but even her later work is filled with distinguished fragments. . . . Many of her sonnets are in the great tradition."[32] I will resist the impulse to quote from "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare" or "What lips my lips have kissed" or "O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!" or even "Read History, so learn your place in Time."

During her very productive writing life, Millay grew increasingly objective and philosophical. The personal reflective style metamorphoses —or is harried by events—into declarative polemic. In "Apostrophe To Man" (on reflecting that the world is ready to go to war again), she denounces all human depravity and self-destructive impulse, crying:

> Detestable race, continue to expunge yourself,
> die out.
> Breed faster, crowd, encroach, sing hymns,
> build bombing airplanes;
> Make speeches, unveil statues, issue bonds,
> parade;
> Convert again into explosives the bewildered
> ammonia and the distracted cellulose. . . .[33]

And again, the sonnet sequence she calls "Epitaph for the Race of Man" conjures up a picture of an earth from which man has eliminated himself—prophetic poetry, written well before the nuclear arms race.[34]

In an interview she gave in December of 1934, Millay speaks of her disillusionment: "I am disgusted with the hollow talk of disarmament. . . . We put wreaths on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, who's pretty damn well known by now as the symbol of the next war."[35] Reading her words in 1981 side by side with the daily news gives me an acute sense of déjà vu.

Millay was a public poet all her life, giving readings of her work on the radio and from a variety of podiums. She hurled herself into political events, made memorable sonnets of her anguish over the Spanish Civil War, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Munich pact, and in 1940 published an entire collection of propaganda poems titled *Make Bright the Arrows.*

It is astonishing how rapidly her writing career went into eclipse after World War II, and how little note has been taken, until quite recently, of the weight and importance of Edna St. Vincent Millay. But that fall from grace lies outside the purview of this paper. Within it, however, this anecdote: In 1937, when New York University conferred an honorary degree on Millay, she discovered that she was not invited to attend the stag dinner that preceded the ceremony of the hood. Too late to reject the degree—or too mannerly, one wonders—she wrote a scathing protest, stating "I hope I may be the last woman so honored to be required to swallow from the very cup of honor the gall of humiliation."[36]

Curious, how poets go in and out of fashion. Both Muriel Rukeyser and Louise Bogan (the last two poets I will consider), writing from opposite poles, seemed consigned to the occasional graduate thesis, and the only sporadic anthologizing, until recently. The reissue of *Blue Estuaries* by Ecco Press in 1977 and the even more recent publication of an autobiography of sorts (*Journey Around My Room,* Viking Press, 1980), as well as the Bogan letters have restored this astonishing poet—and former Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress—to her place in the canon. The case of Rukeyser is less clear, but here, too, only a scant year after her untimely death, the balance begins to be redressed. Last year, Louisiana University Press brought out an enormous critical text, *The Poetic Vision of Muriel Rukeyser,* edited by Louise Kertesz, with a more-than-testy introduction by Kenneth Rexroth. McGraw-Hill has recently published the *Collected Poems* of Muriel Rukeyser. And yet how ironic to link these two poets today, given the vendetta that sprang up between them. Bogan, a poetry editor for *The New Yorker,* found several opportunities to snipe at Rukeyser in that magazine's sacred pages. Bogan (I am quoting Rexroth) "was herself a militant feminist and 'free woman,' and much of her poetry is either a celebration of her womanhood or intensely, but cryptically erotic. In fact, she could be called a lesser and greatly more cooked Muriel Rukeyser. She never reviewed Muriel's books [Rexroth is in error here—she did], but as each came out she took the opportunity to insert a few catty remarks in her column. Most extraordinary is the accusation that Muriel's poetry was devoid of human affection and sexual passion."[37]

But how account for the all but unremitting neglect of Rukeyser as poet and thinker throughout a period of intensely productive work, 1935 to 1945? Two suggestions: The first is raised by Virginia R. Terris, who postulates that Rukeyser, a poet of social protest, is badly received in an era when poetry is primarily concerned with form.[38] The second is put forth by M. L. Rosenthal in his Ph.D. dissertation (New York University, 1949) when he notes the off-putting effects in Rukeyser's method of "a new kind of directness, a refusal to admit that what is true of life is not also true of art."[39] Bogan's distaste for Rukeyser's work is at least partially based on her general impatience with women poets as a genre. We might call it the Phyllis Schlafly or Queen Bee phenomenon, a competitiveness that afflicts either gender, and leads to the taking of unflattering, indeed, unworthy stances. Thus we have Bogan, on the occasion of her review of Rukeyser's *Beast in View* (1944), fulminating in much the same way that we saw Roethke fulminating in his earlier review of Bogan. Both wage war against a kind of superficiality of feeling they attribute to women poets: "The sentiment of a given period is nowhere so well distilled as in the contemporary verse . . . by women either as a serious literary exercise or merely to get something off their minds. The fashionable attitude, the decorative emotion, the sweeping empty enthusiasm, the sigh that is not yet a tear come through in the works of female versifiers so vividly that we are at once carried off into a 'period' mood of one kind or another."[40] It is tempting to overstep the time frame of this paper just for a moment to point out another exquisite irony in the growing list. In 1951, when she singled out Adrienne Rich to praise for displaying a becoming modesty of scope and allegiance to form, Bogan used the occasion to define the chief asset of women's poetry. This she called "female lyricism": she identifies it as a style which concerns itself with minute particulars. Against it she thrusts Rukeyser's work, "deflated Whitmanian rhetoric. . . . Rukeyser, the one woman poet of her generation to put on sibyl's robes, nowadays truly threadbare."[41]

Rukeyser, the woman Whitman, abraded Bogan's sensibilities. As Kertesz points out, "She didn't fit into critics' notions of what poetry should be, what poetry by a woman should be. In addition, her politics often offended."[42]

Bogan herself wrote spare and unsentimental lyrics in the manner of Ben Jonson. Her subject matter was clearly the inner state of her being but she ruled it as severely as the conservative teachers ruled the classes at Girls' Latin High School in Boston, where she was educated. An analysis she made of Leonie Adams's subject matter might just as fairly be applied to her own: "She expresses a few major themes, of which the entrapment of the spirit in the flesh and the shadow cast by eternity upon time are two."[43]

And indeed it would be hard to adduce from the poems what political events or kinds of social ferment surrounded Bogan's life. No allusions to Marxist thought, to fascism, the New Deal, munitions plants or unemployment hint of the intellectual and emotional climate. But several of the most frequently anthologized and quoted poems by Bogan relate directly to women's roles. "Women have no wilderness in them," she writes, in a rueful and sly little poem about the inappropriateness of female responses: "They stiffen when they should bend," she says, and again, "Their love is an eager meaninglessness / too tense, or too lax," and concluding almost à la Dorothy Parker: "As like as not, when they take life over their door-sills / they should let it go by."[44]

In a much later poem than the one which taxes women with lacking wilderness, Bogan lets down her guard to a considerable degree, giving us this intimate picture of a setting she came to know all too well. Notice how long the unrhymed lines are, how the prosy end-stopping conveys a kind of contained desolation:

EVENING IN THE SANITARIUM

The free evening fades, outside the windows fastened with decorative iron grilles.
The lamps are lighted; the shades drawn; the nurses are watching a little.
It is the hour of the complicated knitting on the safe bone needles; of the games of anagrams and bridge;
The deadly game of chess; the book held up like a mask.
The period of the wildest weeping, the fiercest delusion, is over.
The women rest their tired half-healed hearts; they are almost well.
Some of them will stay almost well always: the blunt-faced woman whose thinking dissolved
Under academic discipline; the manic-depressive girl
Now levelling off; one paranoiac afflicted with jealousy.
Another with persecution. Some alleviation has been possible.
O fortunate bride, who never again will become elated after childbirth!
O lucky older wife, who has been cured of feeling unwanted!
To the suburban railway station you will return, return,
To meet forever Jim home on the 5:35.
You will be again as normal and selfish and heartless as anybody else.
There is life left: the piano says it with its octave smile.
The soft carpets pad the thump and splinter of the suicide to be.
Everything will be splendid: the grandmother will not drink habitually.
The fruit salad will bloom on the plate like a bouquet
And the garden produce the blue-ribbon aquilegia.
The cats will be glad; the fathers feel justified; the mothers relieved.
The sons and husbands will no longer need to pay the bills.
Childhoods will be put away, the obscene nightmare abated.
At the ends of the corridors the baths are running.
Mrs. C. again feels the shadow of the obsessive idea.
Miss R. looks at the mantel-piece, which must mean something.[45]

It is important, I think, to take note here of Bogan's trivializing of other women's lives. These women will go home from the rest cure to the bondage of housewifery, to the return, return of the 5:35, to the domestic chores of fruit salad and garden club; to cats. She has

Muriel Rukeyser. Photograph by Lida Moser.

quite tidily kept herself outside the poem, except that we know she has been there, the observer for whom, perhaps, "some alleviation has been possible."

Cora Kaplan comments: "Perhaps the failure of energy and confidence caused her breakdowns. This pattern, common enough in writers of either sex, had a particular application in women writers of Bogan's generation. They bore the strain of living unrooted, emotionally complicated lives in a milieu which, even when not directly oppressive, was hardly encouraging to women on their own." [46]

There is far more to be thought and said on this subject; it is a complicated issue, this sniping against women writers by women writers (or indeed by men against men). Somehow we are programmed, if not inured, to expect the grapeshot that is almost routinely fired across the genders by one side or the other.

But the antithesis of these petty hostilities is to be found in the work of Rukeyser, whose very large-heartedness and optimism and insistence on the people, yes! caused her to be denigrated, overlooked, and snubbed by a generation of literary critics. Although invariably grouped with the proletarian poets of the thirties, Rukeyser is perhaps more aptly to be seen in the transcendental tradition of Emerson and Thoreau. There is a kind of oversoul shining behind the declarative lines, say, of "Ritual of Blessing" from the first book, which won the Yale Younger Poets Award in 1935:

Thy kingdom come.
We have blessed the fields with speech.
There are alp-passes in the travelled mind
(they have stood in the quiet air, making
signs on the sky
to bless the cities of the shining plain).
The climate of the mind is the warmth of a
shrine
and the air torn with incense. *World without
end.*
How can we bless this place: by the sweet
horns,
the vaulted words, the pastoral lovers in the
waist-deep grass,
remembrances linking back, hands raised like
strict flames pointing . . .
. . . hands together in the fields, the born and
unborn children,
and the wish for new blessing and the given
blessing blend,
a glory clear in the man-tracks, in the blind
seeking for warmth in the climates of the
mind.[47]
World without end.

In technological advancement Rukeyser saw infinite possibility for amelioration, for progress around the world, again a notion not far removed from the meliorists of the late nineteenth century. Science and technology fascinated her. She authored two controversial biographies of physical scientists, one of Willard Gibbs, the father of thermodynamics, and the other of Thomas Hariot, the sixteenth-century man of many parts. Indeed, some fascinating material awaits the research scholar who wishes to investigate the hostility with which the poet who treads on sacred scientific ground is greeted. At the same time, Rukeyser wrote out of her own historical perspective a body of poems which explores the shocking events of this century, and does so without blinking the shame and degradation of humankind by humankind. *Theory of Flight* was followed in 1938 by *U.S. 1*, a collection that Josephine Miles remembers vividly—it blew her over, she says.[48] *A Turning Wind* in 1939 continued to explore the harrowing period in which it was written, a time of waiting for war to begin. Rukeyser addresses elegies to the new refugees and to the children among them. The language grows more difficult, more elliptical, but the lyricism remains implicit within it, as in these lines from the title poem:

> . . . the glare ice,
> the glow of tracklights,
> the lights winding themselves into a single
> beacon,
> big whooping riders of night, a wind that
> whirls
> all of our motives into a single stroke,
> shows us a country
> of which the birds know mountains that we
> have not dreamed
> climbing those unsuspected slopes they fade.
> Butte and pavilion
> vanish into a larger scape, mourning vaults
> all those hills
> rising on ranges
> that stand gigantic on the roots of the
> world. . . .[49]

Wake Island, in 1942, a collection that actually falls just outside our proposed time frame, might well be compared with Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Make Bright the Arrows.* Like Millay's, it is propaganda poetry; indeed, it was first published as a pamphlet selling for fifty cents. In it, Rukeyser, linking the struggle in Spain with the war in the Pacific, connects all antifascist struggles into a whole. Alas, here is Bogan, rapier at the ready, writing in *The New Yorker:* "She has sincerely taken as her thesis that the stand on Wake was a fight for freedom throughout the world. But how damply she represents this conviction! With what rhetorical hollowness and limpness! . . . The poetry of this war will be written in the field and . . . it will sound far more simple and moving than anything Miss Rukeyser has produced in this volume."[50] And among a great many other slurs, it is saddening to record Randall Jarrell's statement about Rukeyser in *Poetry and the Age:* "One feels about most of her poems as one feels about the girl on last year's calendar."[51]

Styles in poetry change. The essentially inward-turning poetry, say, of Karl Shapiro, whose war poems are perhaps most directly antithetical to Rukeyser's, is in eclipse. Marianne Moore is not vigorously pursued in contemporary American literature survey courses in 1981. Today, the abstract, difficult, painterly poems of John Ashbery are much in vogue. Compared to Ashbery, vintage Rukeyser is so easy as to appear simplistic. Whether or not we concur in her desire to offer the unborn a vision, a blueprint for the future, we can respect her sense of life's possibilities, her fiery commitment to the poem as polemic.

Louise Bogan. Photograph by Marvin Bolotsky.

The poetry of Louise Bogan weathers well. Divorced from world event, predicated on the eternal lyrical themes, it cannot fail to touch us with its well-worn imagery. Teasdale is here, and Millay, and H. D.—and the ghosts of A. E. Housman and Theodore Roethke as well, and behind them, centuries of traditional lament for our mortal souls.

> Listen but once to the words written out by
> my hand
> In the long line fit only for giving ease
> To the tiresome heart. I say: Not again shall
> we stand
> Under green trees.
>
> How we stood, in the early season, but at
> the end of day,
> In the yes of new light, but at the twice-lit
> hour,
> Seeing at one time the shade deepened all
> one way
> And the breaking flower;
>
> Hearing at one time the sound of the
> night-fall's reach
> And that checked breath bound to the mouth
> and caught

Back to the mouth, closing its mocking
speech:
Remind me not.
Soon to dark's mid-most pitch the divided
light
Ran. The balance fell, and we were not there.
It was early season; it was the verge of night;
It was our land;
It was evening air.[52]

Bogan titles this "Short Summary." In sum, it *is* our land, our season, our language, our agonies of the spirit, our feet severally stamping against God. Bogan speaks of the balance between light and dark, seeing and not-seeing. The metaphor effortlessly extends to living and dying and perhaps I may strain it one notch further. Wherever the balance falls, poets—women and men—are there.

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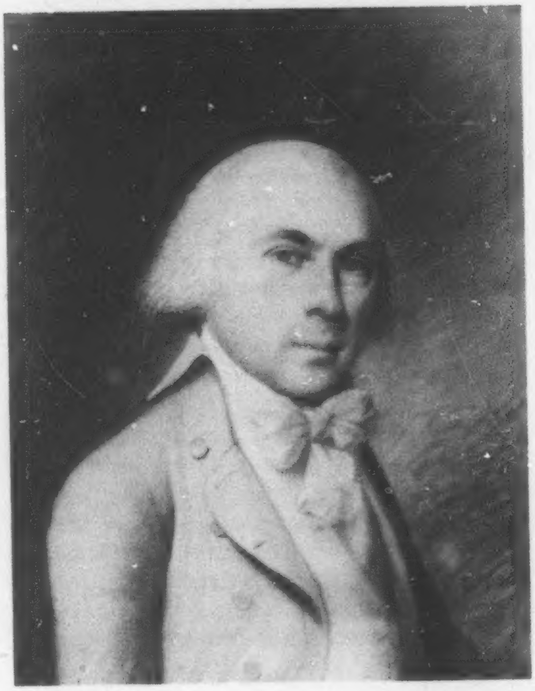

James Madison about 1796, in a pastel on paper rendering by James Sharples. One of the many images from *James Madison and the Search for Nationhood.*

James Madison and the Search for Nationhood

1981. 192 p. (SN 030-000-133-8) $18. By Robert A. Rutland, editor in chief, *The James Madison Papers,* University of Virginia. Illustration captions by Conover Hunt Jones and Kym S. Rice, guest curators for the inaugural exhibition in the James Madison Memorial Building of the Library of Congress.

Thomas Jefferson once called his Virginia friend and long-time political colleague James Madison "the greatest man in the world." If this was true, Madison must be one of our least-known great men and, as John F. Kennedy said in 1962, "one of our most underrated presidents." In naming its third building for James Madison, and by bringing together there an exhibition of Madison-related materials from all over the country, the Library of Congress seeks to celebrate an intellectual president who was keenly interested in establishing a congressional library. Robert Rutland traces Madison's political career from the plantation childhood in Orange County, Virginia, to the White House, telling of the quiet influence Madison exerted over his colleagues at the Virginia Convention—and later at the Constitutional Convention—and of the learning that lay behind Madison's persuasive powers. Illustrations include many portraits of Madison, as well as of his contemporaries, and three portfolio sections include painting, cartoons, newspaper notices, letters, maps, and engravings that provide a visual portrait of Madison's world.

The Canon Law Collection of the Library of Congress: A General Bibliography with Selective Annotations

1981. 210 p. (SN 030-000-00123-1) $10. Compiled by Darío C. Ferreira-Ibarra, Hispanic Law Division.

The Canon Law Collection in the Law Library of the Library of Congress contains some twenty-eight hundred volumes that include treatises written by the most renowned canonists over the last seven centuries as well as other documents of great worth and historical significance. This guide lists the holdings according to subject. The first three sections cover three early editions of the Code of Canon Law, the code's historical foundations, and the *Decisiones* of the Roman Rota, or the Church's jurisprudence. The remaining sections correspond exactly to the divisions of the Code of Canon Law and cover such subjects as persons, things, procedural law, and crimes and penalties. Comprehensive author and subject indexes are also provided.

Folklife and the Library of Congress: A Survey of Resources

1981. 42 p.

Free from the American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. This brief guide to the folklife resources available in various divisions of the Library of Congress is designed to acquaint folklife researchers with the wide range of collections and services that will be of interest to them and to suggest the best way of using these resources.

Letters of Delegates to Congress, 1774-1789.

1981. 745 p. (S/N 030-000-00119-2) $17.
Edited by Paul H. Smith with the assistance of
Gerard W. Gawalt, Rosemary Fry Plakas, and
Eugene R. Sheridan.

The eighth volume of primary source materials that document the thoughts and activities of state delegates to the early Congresses opens with John Adams's diary entry for Friday, September 19, 1777, when he was awakened at 3 A.M. and told that the British would probably take Philadelphia before morning and that members of Congress were leaving the city to meet in Lancaster: "Mr. Merchant and myself arose, sent for our Horses, and, after collecting our Things, rode off after the others."

The volume closes at the end of January 1778, when the delegates are meeting in York, Pennsylvania, where they ratified the Articles of Confederation on November 15, 1777.

Scholars, students, and others interested in the revolutionary era can continue to find here the official and personal correspondence, notes of debate, speeches, committee reports, and diary entries gathered from hundreds of different repositories that, together with critical annotations, tell the story of the early workings of the Congress. Bibliographical references, a complete subject index, a chronology of Congress, and illustrations are also provided.

Maps and Charts of North America and the West Indies, 1750-1789: A Guide to the Collections in the Library of Congress.

1981. 495 p. (SN/ 030-004-00020-5) $17.
Compiled by John R. Sellers and Patricia Molen
Van Ee, American Revolution Bicentennial Office.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, as Great Britain and France faced the prospect of war over their territorial claims in the New World, British and French military engineers and surveyors produced many excellent maps and charts of the war zones. After the Treaty of Paris in 1763 and with the invention of several new measuring instruments, the need continued and the accuracy of maps and charts improved. The American Revolution established a new demand, although many of the maps created to supply it were produced hastily. The collection of maps from this period at the Library of Congress represents a variety of styles and types, and they are listed here with descriptive annotations. There are maps of land and sea battles, reconnaissance maps, maps showing cantonments, lines of march, and lines of fire, public information maps, and plans of forts and fortifications. Some are commemorative maps approaching works of art and beautifully colored, and others are offhand sketches. This guide to a beautiful and remarkable collection will be of special interest to map specialists and historians. There are thirty illustrations.

Wallace Stevens: The Poetry of Earth

1981. 15 p. Free from the Manuscript Division.

By A. Walton Litz, professor of English, Princeton University. In a lecture delivered at the Library of Congress, under the auspices of the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund, Professor Litz argues that Wallace Stevens was "a poet in the native grain, a poet of one time and one place" who very much "cleaved to the 'real,' the particulars of physical life."

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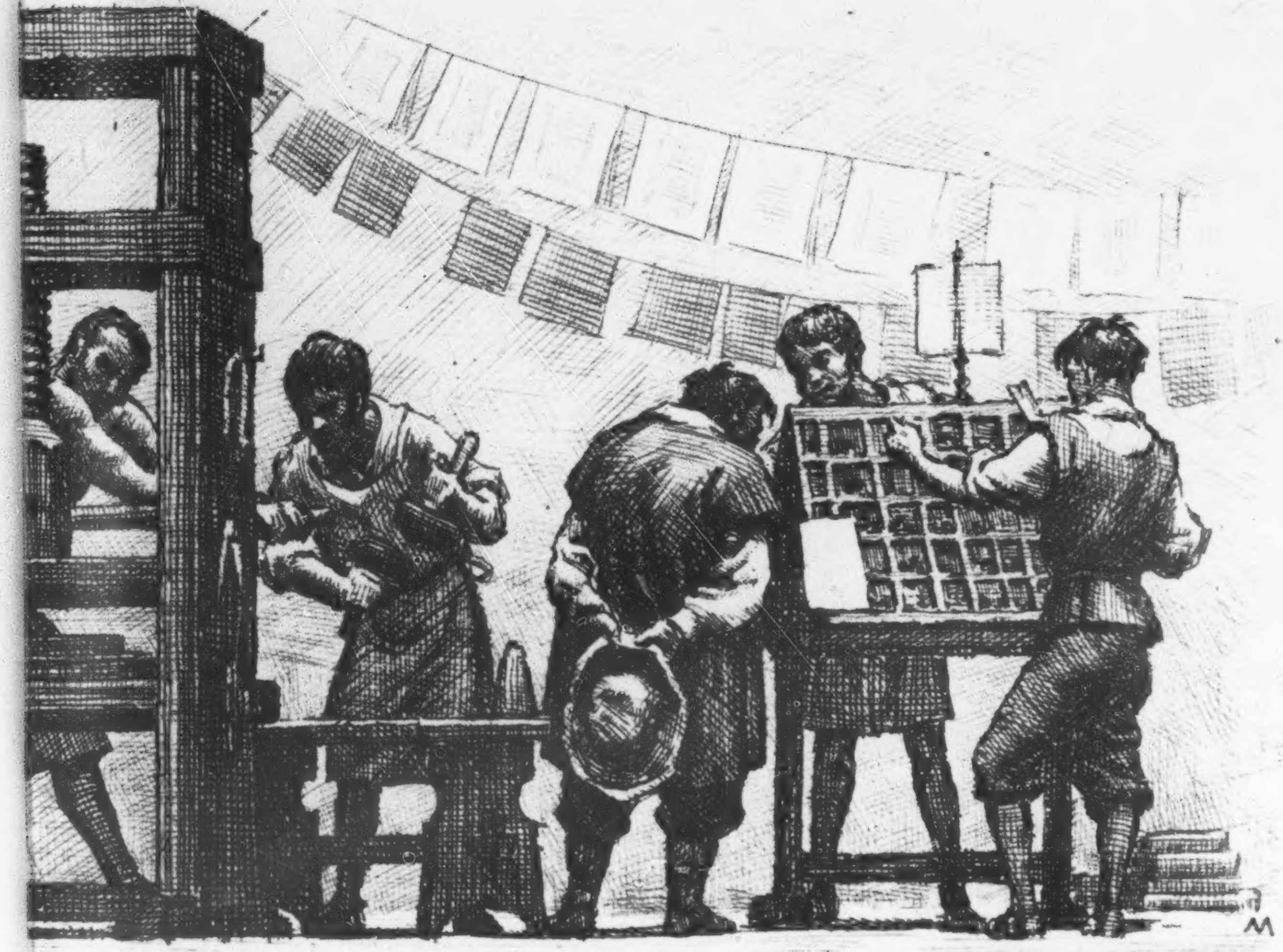
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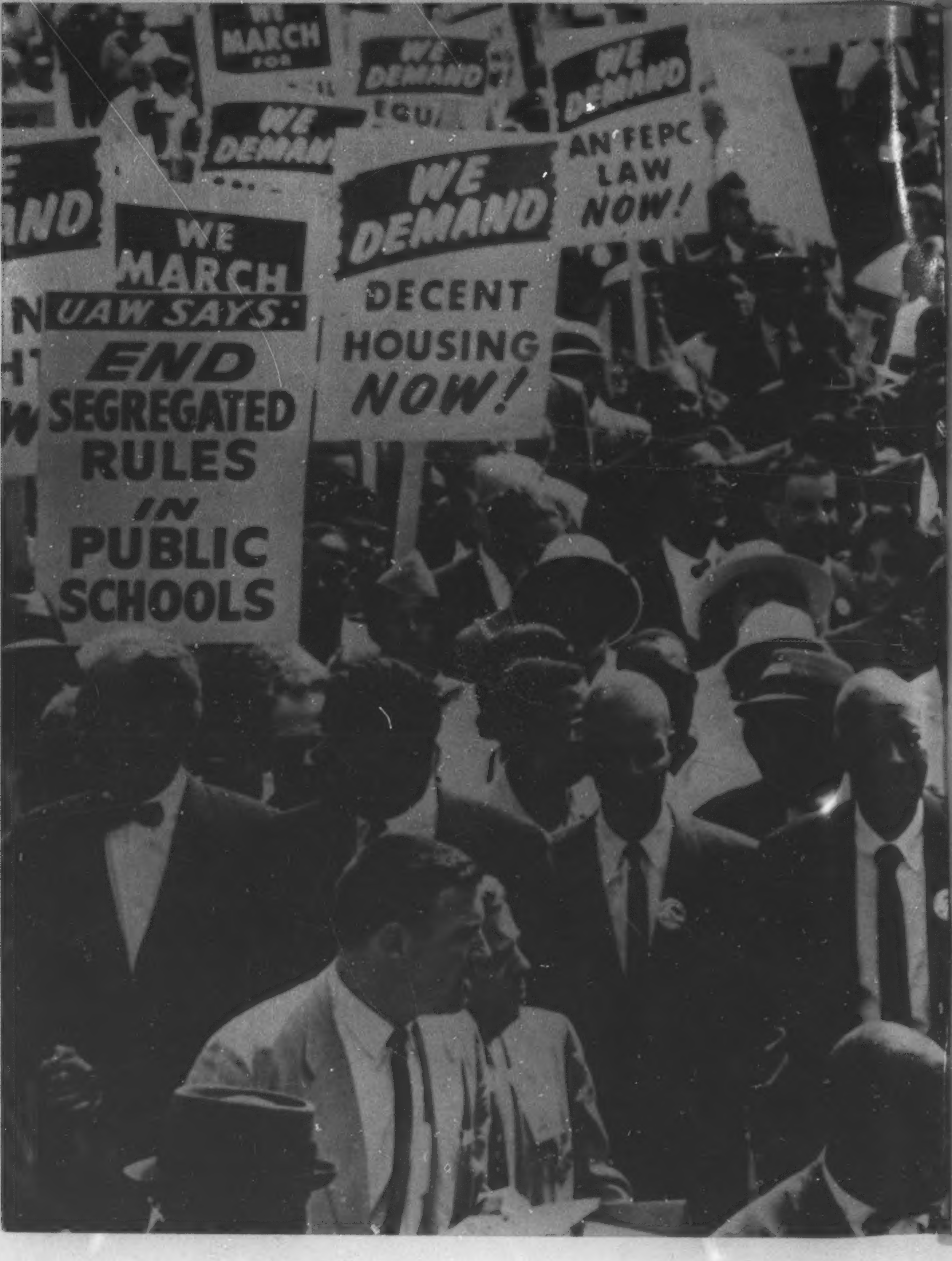
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The Quarterly Journal of the LIBRARY of CONGRESS

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Cover:
Opera singer Geraldine Farrar, photographed in Paris in 1909. Charles Jahant Collection, Music Division, Library of Congress.

Inside cover:
Civil rights leaders demonstrate in Washington to promote passage of a bill forbidding discrimination in public accommodations and employment, August 28, 1963.

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Roy Wilkins's long career of service to the NAACP and the cause of civil rights was marked by diplomacy and quiet persistence.

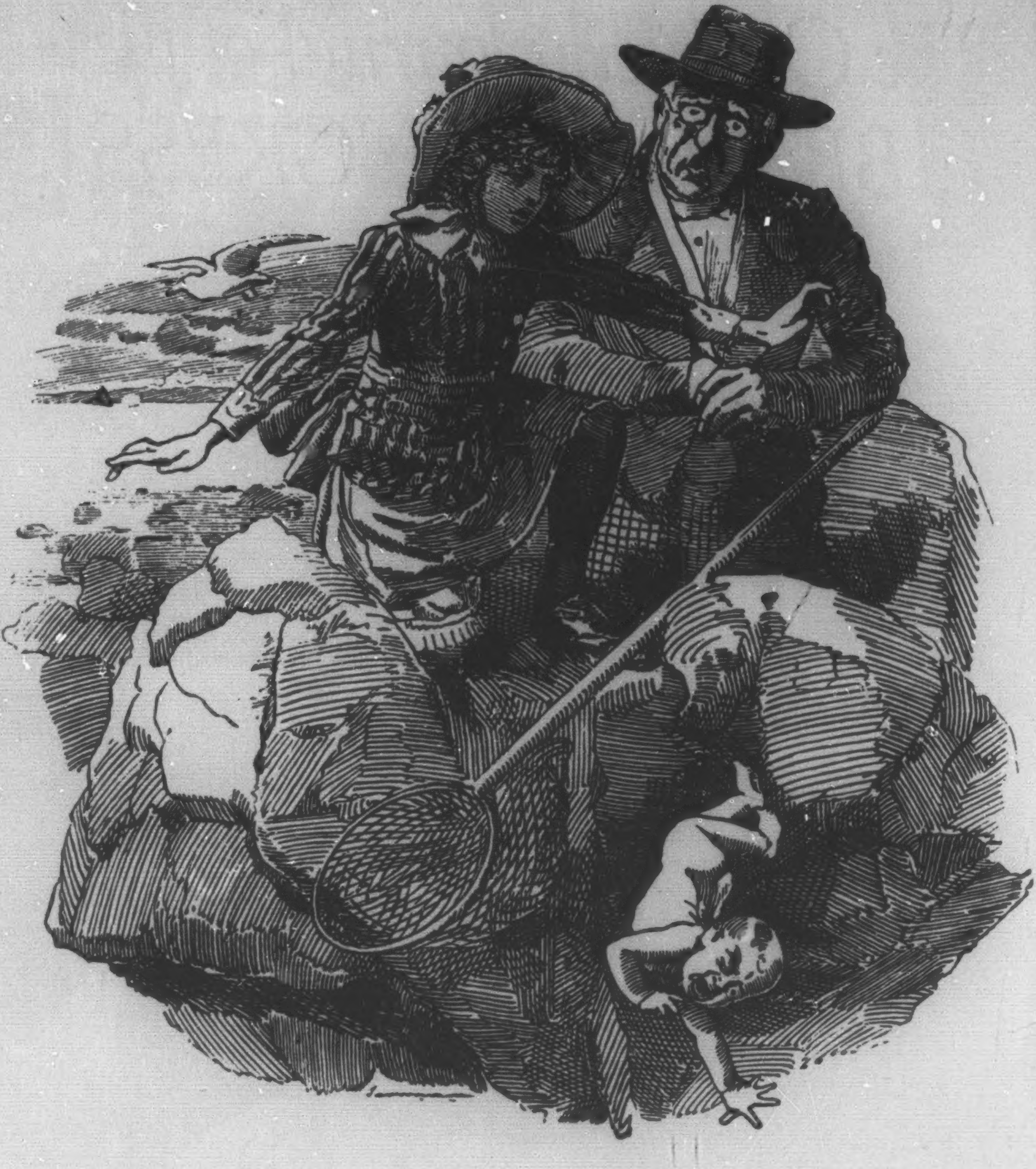


Illustration by Linley Sambourne from *The Water-Babies* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1901).

Editor's Note

The poet, according to Charles Lamb, can be identified as one who "dreams being awake" and yet "is not possessed by his subject but . . . has dominion over it." For Lionel Trilling this means that "the poet is in command of his fantasy, while it is exactly the mark of the neurotic that he is possessed by his fantasy." Not entirely by coincidence, command of fantasy appears as a recurrent theme in this issue of the *Quarterly Journal*.

Natalie Babbitt, for example, reminds us that classic fantasy is not universally delightful when she identifies one of the oldest of her dozen opinions as being simply that Charles Kingsley's *Water-Babies* is "a silly book." Some eight years after *Westward Ho!*, Kingsley invented the Water-Baby to amuse (and probably mystify) his youngest son, then four years old, and, according to his daughter Rose, wrote the book at a rate of one chapter per hour. The pace, however, was not so furious as to preclude administration of cruel and unusual punishment to such skeptics as Professor Ptthmllnsprts, who rejected fantasy simply because he could not command it and consequently became so possessed by his reality that seeing was no longer believing, at least when it came to Water-Babies.

Mary Ison presents a portfolio of Jessie Willcox Smith's illustrations for the 1916 edition of *The Water-Babies*. The Smith drawings, originals of which are in the Library's Prints and Photographs Division, tempt one to conclude that in this case the artist was in somewhat better command of fantasy than the author.

Michael Patrick Hearn retraces his steps along the sometimes tortuous but ultimately rewarding gray marble road that led to the discoveries revealed in *The Annotated Wizard of Oz*. The journey reflects not only an admirable scholarly persistence but also a command of the kind of fantasy that separates the wizards from the humbugs.

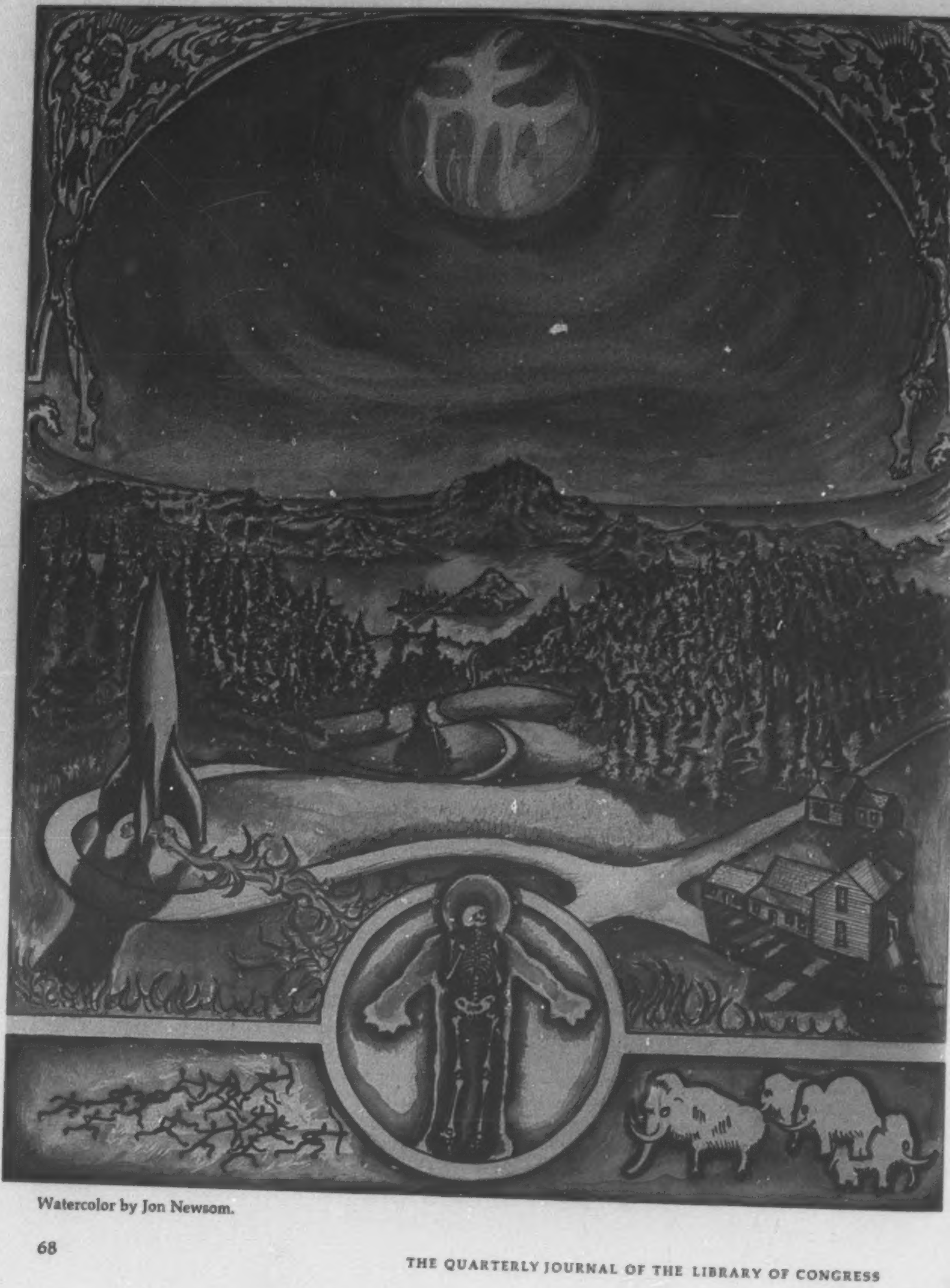
Ray Bradbury, a master craftsman in the fantastic trades, contributes a poem that defines the origins of his science fictions. Jon Newsom, whom most *QJ* readers will remember as the author of recent articles on composer David Raksin, the American brass band movement, and music for animated films, rather than for his portrayal of William Billings, returns with an even more specifically fantastic accompaniment to Ray Bradbury's poem.

Charles Jahant, who recently donated his collection of photographs of opera singers to the Library of Congress, traces the beginnings of that collection to his childhood years and presents a number [illegible] classic examples from it. In the world of opera, of course, fantasy is not merely a necessity but an obsession.

Sylvia Lyons Render brings together a pictorial tribute to the late Roy Wilkins, whose persistent and unyielding struggle for racial justice spanned half a century and created realities out of concepts that many had feared (and some had hoped) would remain forever fantasies.

The reader who finds fantasy appealing can derive particular poetic pleasure from closer encounters with the sources of fantasy—in the Library of Congress or in any library anywhere. Those inclined toward overextension of metaphor might even envision the library as the ultimate temple of fantasy, with all distinctions between fiction and nonfiction having been obliterated through the assumption of completion inherent in the act of printing. But they would be missing the point, which is simply that for the imaginative a library, like a fantasy, is its own reward.

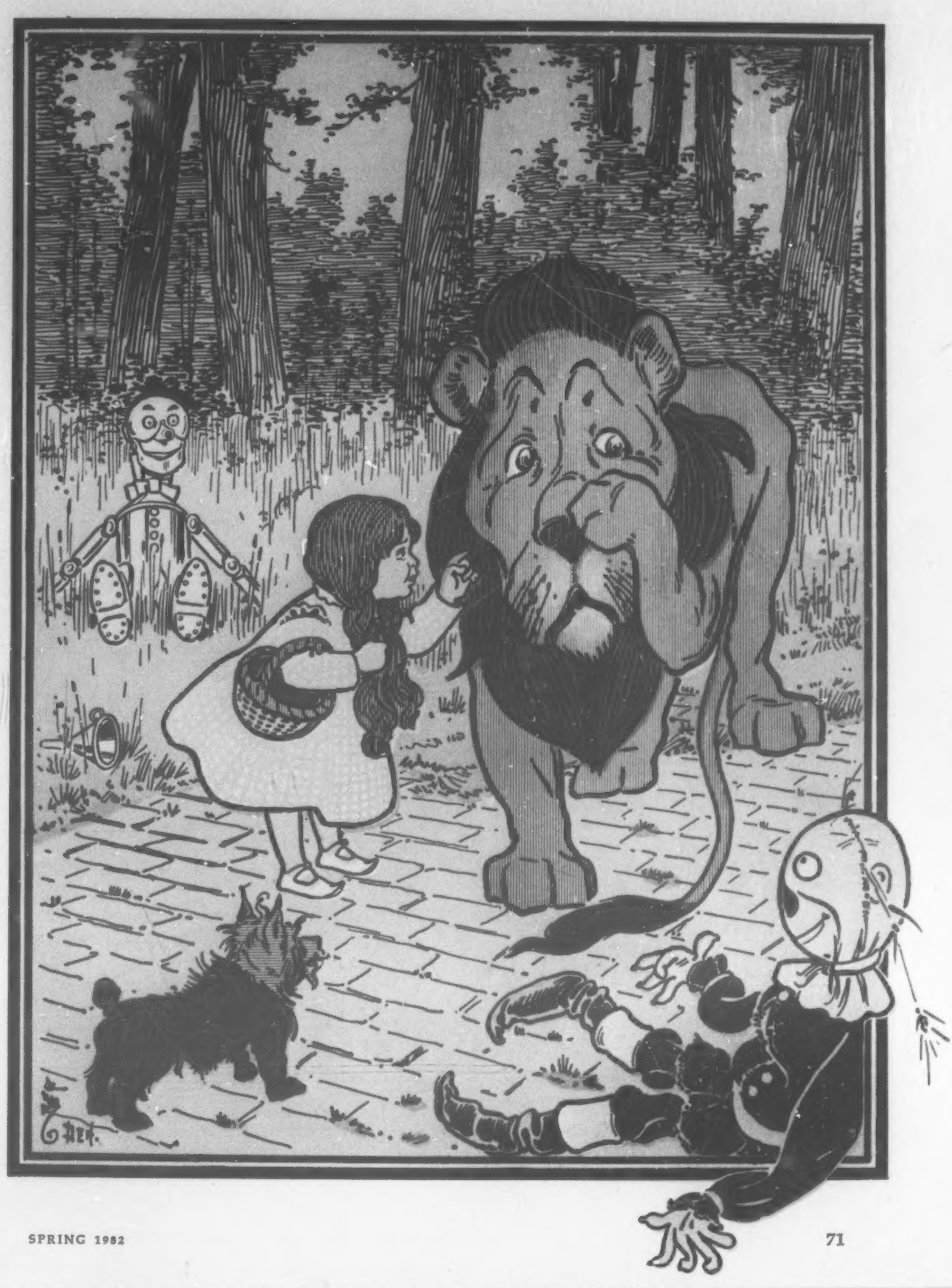
FM



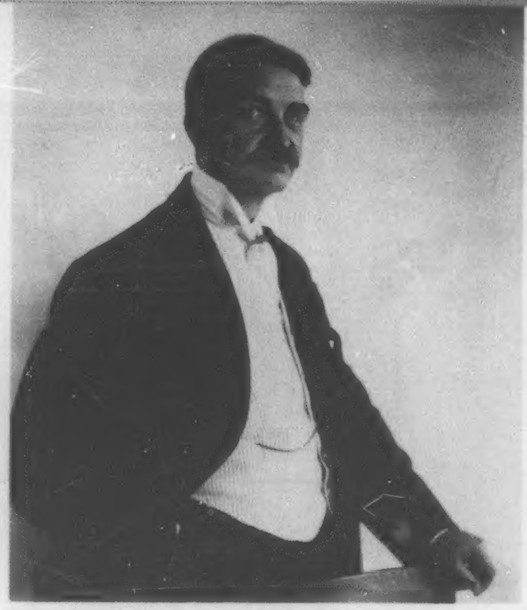
Watercolor by Jon Newsom.

Ray Bradbury, the author of hundreds of stories, articles, books, plays, and scripts, has provided us with a poem which he says "explains the genesis of my S-F stories!" He is currently working on an opera titled *Leviathan 99*, based on the Moby Dick mythology, but dramatized in outer space. His musical *Dandelion Wine* is playing in Los Angeles, and his screenplay of his own novel *Something Wicked This Way Comes* has just been filmed, starring Jason Robards, Jr., and directed by Jack Clayton.

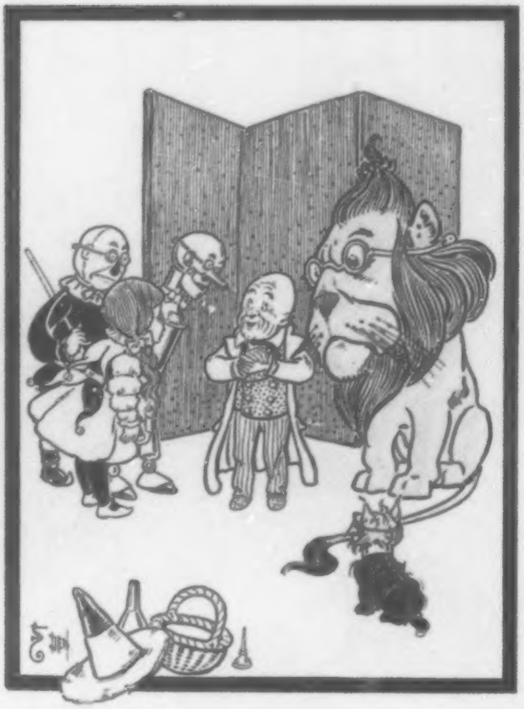
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Illustration by W. W. Denslow from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Courtesy of Michael Patrick Hearn.



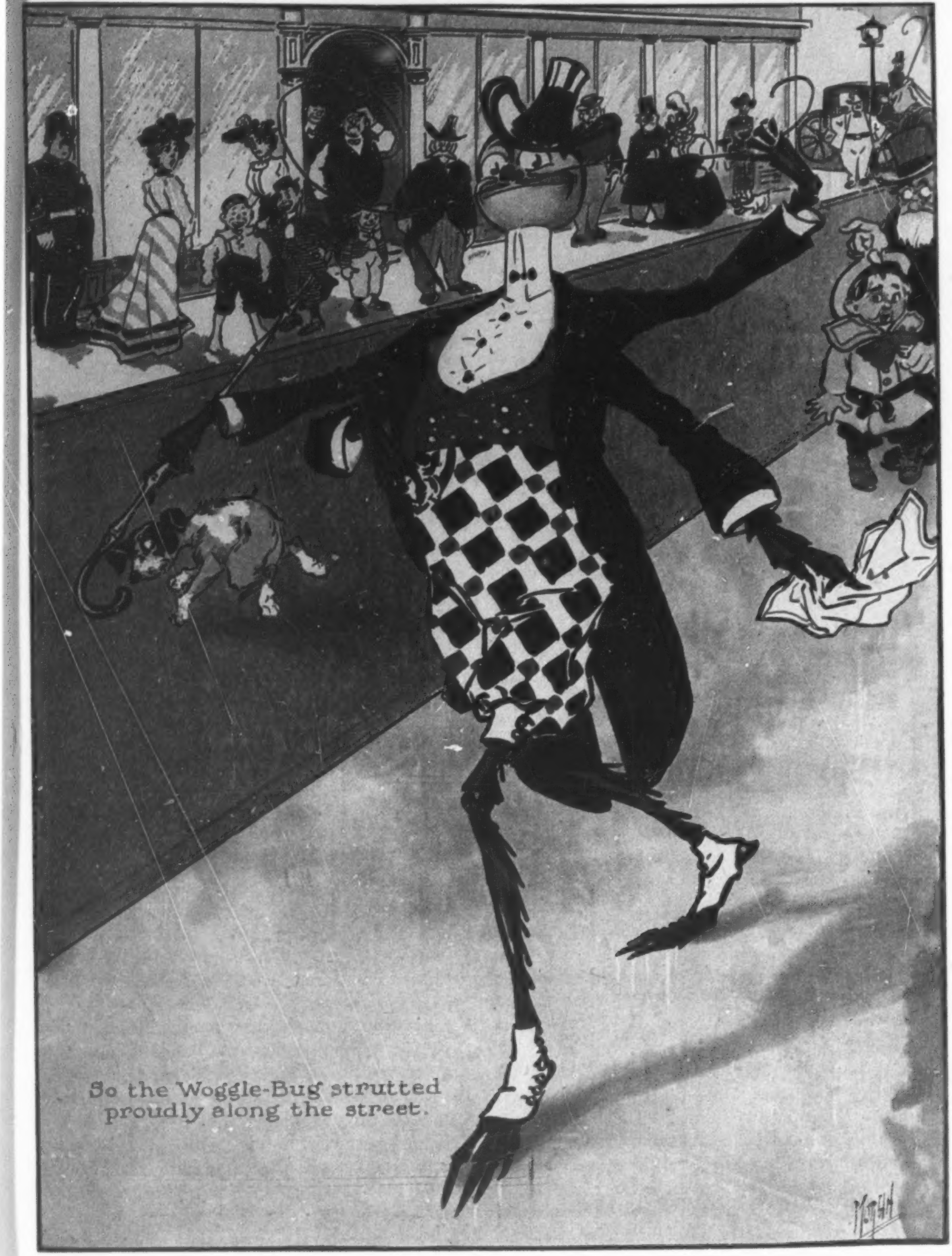
the work according to his personal vision, no matter how irrelevant it might be to the author's intent. I, however, was as suspicious of these current critical movements as I had been of Freudian, Marxist, and other previously fashionable ideological approaches to literature.

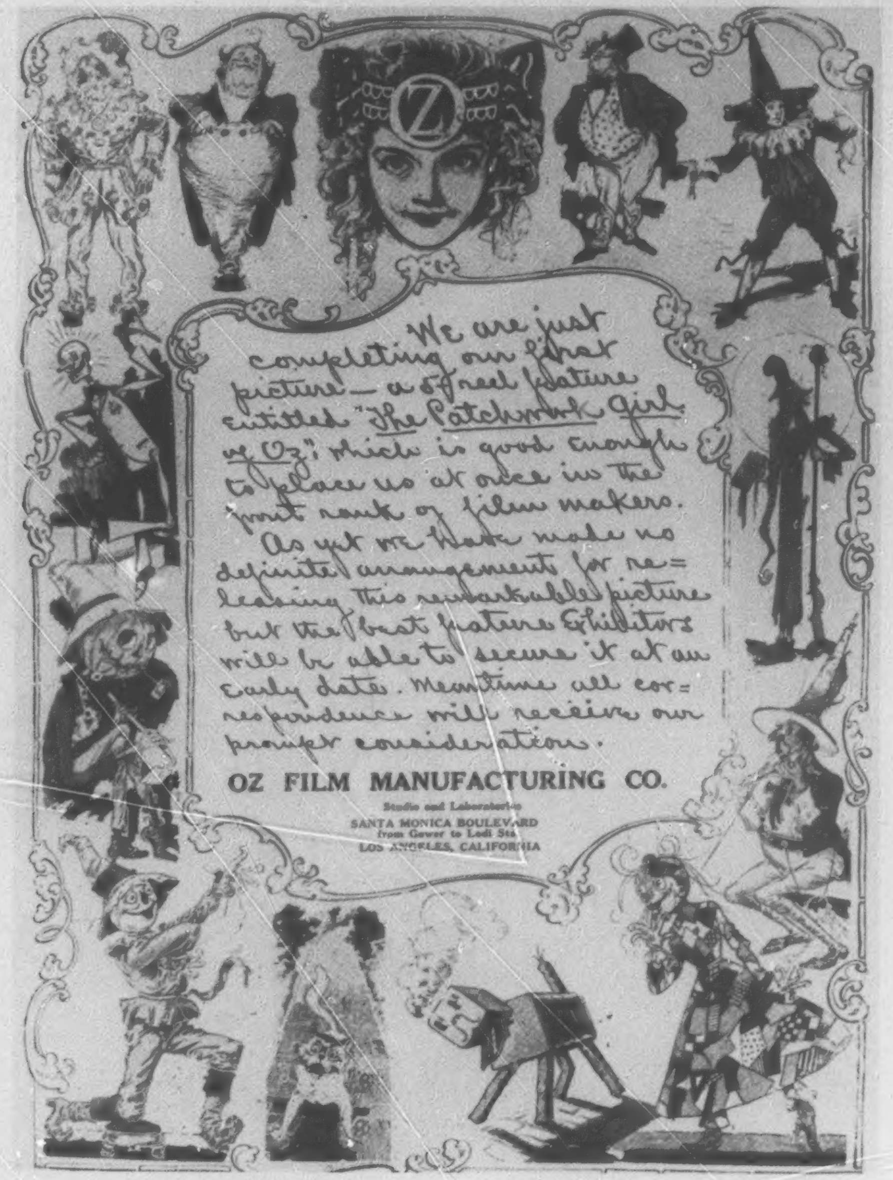

L. Frank Baum. Photograph by Dana Hull, Chicago, 1908. Prints and Photographs Division.

What I wanted *The Annotated Wizard of Oz* to be was not just another interpretation of the famous (and controversial) children's book but rather a study of the whole phenomenon of Oz. L. Frank Baum had an inexhaustible imagination and an unlimited faith in new forms of art and entertainment. Remembered primarily for his books for boys and girls, Baum made significant contributions to several of America's lively arts. Unfortunately he was more of a Colonel Sellers than a John D. Rockefeller, and more than once his investment in some wild idea led to bankruptcy. One of his most eccentric schemes was *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz,* for whose publication Baum and his illustrator, W. W. Denslow, paid the printing costs. Baum believed that American children needed "a modernized fairy tale, in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heart-aches and nightmares are left out." To make his unorthodox fairy tale even more alluring, Baum had Denslow fill its pages with countless two-color textual illustrations and twenty-four full-page color plates. Surely *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* was the most ambitiously conceived, the most lavishly illustrated American children's book of its day; and for once, Baum produced an immediate and enduring success. *The Wizard of Oz* is now an American classic, and one reason for its survival is that Baum early found novel ways to keep the land of Oz and its odd characters before the public. Not only was *The Wizard of Oz* the first of a long and successful series of Oz books, but it also inspired a long-running musical extravaganza, an early Sunday comic page, and a series of silent motion pictures which Baum both wrote and helped to produce. So, for me to treat Baum and Oz properly, it was necessary to consider


"Exactly so! I am a humbug." Illustration by W. W. Denslow from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.* Courtesy of Michael Patrick Hearn.

"So the Woggle-Bug strutted proudly along the street." Illustration by Ike Morgan from *The Woggle-Bug Book* by L. Frank Baum, published in 1905. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.


So the Woggle-Bug strutted proudly along the street.



We are just completing our first picture — a 5 reel feature entitled "The Patchwork Girl of Oz", which is good enough to place us at once in the front rank of film makers.

As yet we have made no definite arrangements for releasing this remarkable picture but the best feature Exhibitors will be able to secure it at an early date. Meantime all correspondence will receive our prompt consideration.

OZ FILM MANUFACTURING CO.

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SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD
from Gower to Lodi Sts.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

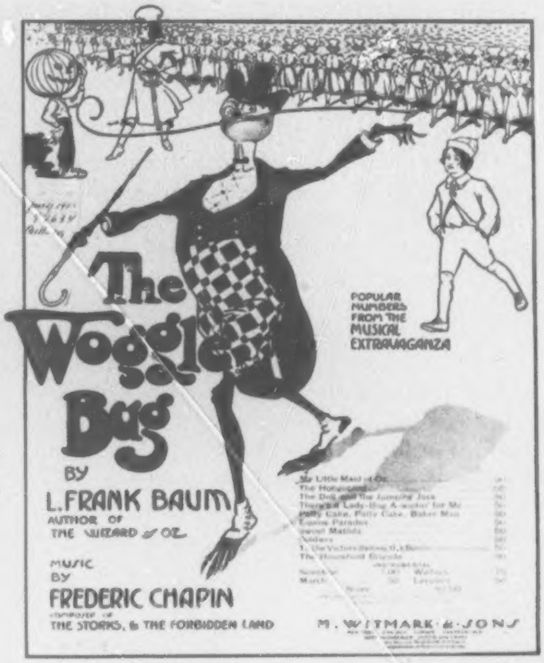
Advertisement for *The Patchwork Girl of Oz*, featuring drawings by John R. Neill. The notice in the middle was written by L. Frank Baum. From *Moving Picture World*, vol. 21, July–September 1914, page 377. Motion Picture, Broadcasting, and Recorded Sound Division.

not only his books but also all the other various forms his tales of Oz sometimes took.

Baum was an extraordinarily productive writer. In addition to his fourteen Oz stories, he churned out about sixty other books (not all of them for children), as well as many newspaper and magazine stories and poems, plays, songs, and film scripts between the publication of *The Wizard of Oz* in 1900 and his death in 1919. Having amassed from the age of nine a respectable collection of this material, I was now determined at least to see everything written by L. Frank Baum, both published and unpublished. In my naiveté, I did not know where I might fall on something in his other work pertinent to *The Wizard of Oz*. My preliminary research was made easier by Russell P. MacFall's excellent Baum biography *To Please A Child* and by the *Baum Bugle*, a semischolarly journal devoted to the life and work of those associated with the Oz books and published since 1957 by The International Wizard of Oz Club, Inc. The editors of the *Baum Bugle* were most generous in providing much rare and unpublished material and in suggesting leads for further research. And soon I learned that Baum was even more prolific than I had suspected, for in my searches I stumbled upon much previously unrecorded work.

I arrived at the Library of Congress in awe of its vast holdings and with the belief that I would find here everything I needed for my book. I was at first disappointed to learn that when researching juvenile literature one rarely finds the obvious at the Library of Congress. Apparently the children's collections have suffered from past borrowings, since many of the library's copies of important juvenile literature are no longer on the shelves. Fortunately, someone had the foresight to pull together an excellent special collection of children's books in the Rare Book Room. It was here that I found *The Woggle-Bug Book* (1905), which while not one of Baum's best efforts, is certainly one of the rarest. Unfortunately, the Rare Book Room contained no first editions of the Oz books—not even of *The Wizard of Oz.*

However, the problem of *The Wizard of Oz* was clarified by correspondence in the elusive "Red Letter File" of the Copyright Office. When Bobbs-Merrill applied for copyright of the reissue of Baum's book as *The New Wizard of Oz* in 1903, the office replied that neither Baum nor his publisher George M. Hill had bothered to deposit two copies of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* when it was published in 1900, and so technically it had never been legally copyrighted. Bobbs-Merrill immediately sent a copy of the corrected Hill edition, and it is this book which is in the Rare Book Room. Sadly, no one in this division thought of removing from the general collections copies of the later Oz books which had been deposited for copyright. However, this neglect is not surprising. In the 1920s when Anne Carroll Moore banned the Oz books from the Children's Reading Room of the New York Public Library, librarians across the country followed this censorship of Baum's work. It is only recently that *The Wizard of Oz* and its sequels have been universally recognized as classics of juvenile literature.



Sheet music cover for "The Woggle Bug," by L. Frank Baum. Music by Frederick Chapin. Music Division.

What I could not find at the Library of Congress, I discovered in several university special collections of L. Frank Baum materials—those accrued by C. Beecher Hogan at Yale, by Roland Baughman at Columbia, and by Russell P. MacFall at Syracuse. The New York Public Library also provided several important archives such as the Henry Goldsmith collection of original drawings by W. W. Denslow for *The Wizard of Oz* in the Prints Room and the publicity scrapbooks kept by the road manager of the 1902 *Wizard of Oz* musical in the Theatre Collection at Lincoln Center. Other items which I lacked in my own collection were kindly loaned to me by Martin Gardner or by Justin G. Schiller. My searches led also to several unlikely sources such as the Arents Tobacco Collection of the New York Public Library, which houses important Baum letters and the copy of *The Wizard of Oz* the author gave his mother. Although the curator of the Berg Collection told me to go and wash my hands, I was always treated courteously, despite my age. I later learned that undergraduates are forbidden to use most special collections; but fortunately I had always written beforehand about the book I was researching, so I was never denied admittance. The curators were always generous with their time and help and frequently provided uncataloged material generally not available to the public.

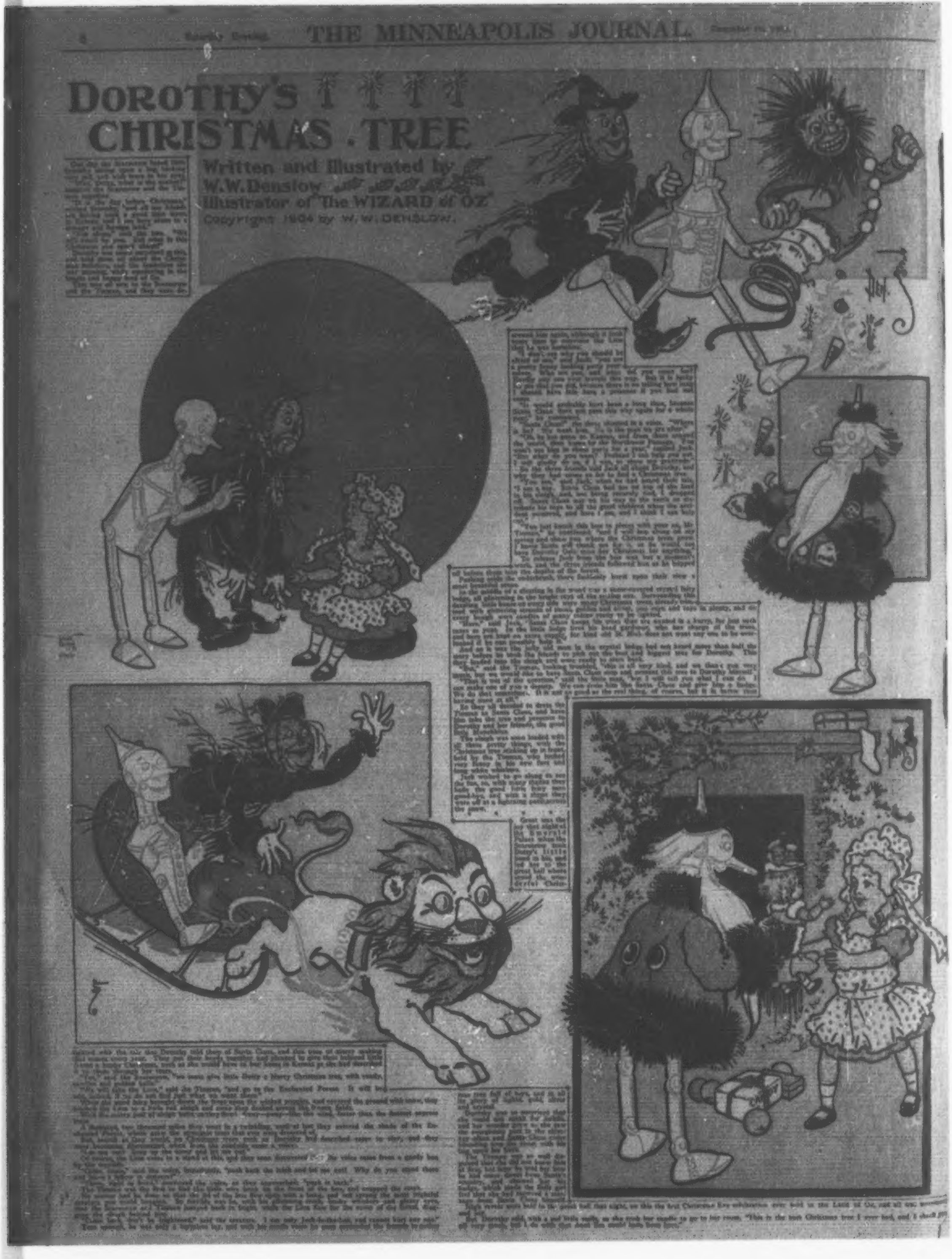
Although I traveled up and down the East Coast in search of Oz, the center of my studies remained Washington, D.C. The Library of Congress proved to be invaluable for checking leads from other collections. For example, a letter from Jack Snow in the Butler Library at Columbia University mentioned that Baum had once written for *The Philosopher,* and fortunately the Library of Congress still had a complete run of this obscure literary journal. Here I found in the December 1897 issue an uncharacteristic tale of the supernatural—"A Shadow Cast Before"—a previously unrecorded work and one of Baum's earliest known short stories.

I got into the habit of checking under "Baum" and "Denslow" in every special collection I visited; for example, while working in the Hogan Archive at Yale I found a cache of letters from Denslow to Alfred Stieglitz in the manuscript collection, and before this discovery I had no idea that the illustrator of *The Wizard of Oz* knew the famous photographer. Likewise, I consulted every appropriate division and every relevant file at the Library of Congress. Others (notably Dick Martin and Alla T. Ford when preparing *The Musical Fantasies of L. Frank Baum*) had researched these collections in Washington, but no one before me had explored *every* possibility. My persistence proved profitable: In the Prints and Photographs Division, I found several fine unpublished portraits of Baum; in the file of copyrights of musical compositions, I discovered the title of a previously unknown Baum play, "King Jonah XIII"; and in the assignment file, I located contracts for such projects as Baum's 1905 musical *The Woggle-Bug* and the Baum family's negotiations with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Walt Disney on motion pictures based on the Oz books. I now knew that when researching at the Library of Congress and the Copyright Office I must follow what the *Village Voice* used to advise: "Expect the unexpected."

At one time, copyright for a play required the deposit of two copies of the script at the Copyright Office. Although many of these manuscripts were disposed of long ago, the Copyright Office fortunately still had that of *The Woggle Bug,* Baum's musical based on his second Oz book, *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904). This discovery led me to the Library's Music Division to check the score of *The Woggle Bug,* with lyrics by Baum and music by Frederic Chapin. By error, I looked in the composer catalog under Baum rather than Chapin and discovered a previously unrecorded song, "Down Among the Marshes: The Alligator Song," with words and music both by Baum. This piece proved to be from the unproduced *Prince Silverwings,* a play Baum had written with Mrs. Carter Harrison in 1903; evidence for this conclusion came from the printed synopsis of the musical in the MacFall Collection at Syracuse University and from a letter in the Butler Library from Baum to Isadore Witmark, who published the song. I eventually did secure the score for *The Woggle Bug* in the Music Division, but even this request revealed the unexpected: The file contained, besides the twelve pieces of sheet music for the 1905 play, two earlier songs composed by Chapin, one of which had words by Arthur Gillepsie and which, with only slight variation, was interpolated into *The Woggle Bug* and credited to L. Frank Baum.

Having had such success with Baum's theatrical work, I went to the Motion Picture Section with the faint hope that it might contain some information on the Oz Film Manufacturing Company, which Baum founded in 1914 and which failed the following year. I was delighted and certainly surprised to learn that the collection contained prints of two of the long-forgotten Oz films, *His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz* (released as *The New Wizard of Oz*) and *The Magic Cloak of Oz.* It is a miracle that anything produced by this failed film company

"Dorothy's Christmas Tree," from the comic pages of the *Minneapolis Journal,* December 10, 1904. Courtesy of Michael Patrick Hearn.



THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

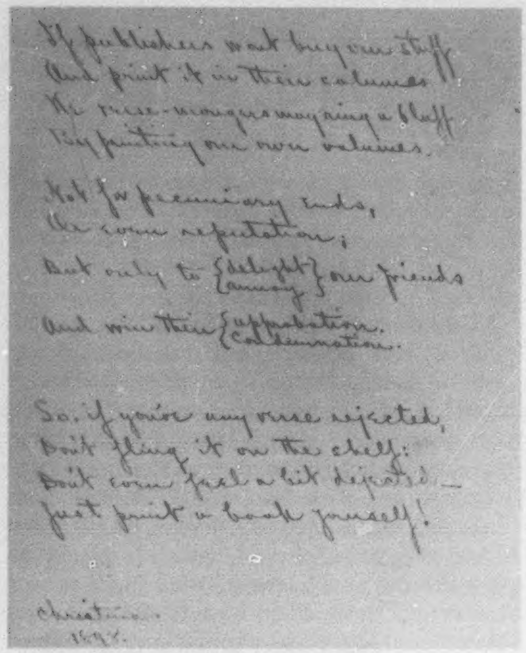
Written and Illustrated by
W. W. Denslow
Illustrator of "The WIZARD of OZ"
Copyright 1904 by W. W. DENSLOW.

should have survived; so little was known about the firm that no one was sure whether or not *The Magic Cloak of Oz* was actually released—until the print suddenly surfaced in the Library of Congress. But the American Film Institute (which deposits these restored films in the Library) has accomplished many wonders in its heroic preservation of movie history. It was exhilarating to finally view these previously "lost" motion pictures by Baum, movies that I had once believed to have been destroyed. They were fascinating for the way in which they differed from the books on which they were based: *The Magic Cloak of Oz* was a fairly accurate dramatization of *Queen Zixi of Ix* (1905); but *His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz* departed so radically from *The Wizard of Oz* that Baum easily incorporated elements of its script into his next Oz book, *The Scarecrow of Oz* (1915), perhaps one of the earliest "novelizations" of a motion picture. Although the Motion Picture Division did not have a print of the first Oz film, *The Patchwork Girl of Oz,* it had the typescript of the movie's scenario, which Baum had deposited for copyright in 1914. I also discovered the copyright descriptions of two additional Oz Film Manufacturing Company productions, two shorts called *The Magic Bon Bons* and *The Country Circus*, which Baum himself may have scripted and which were released by Victor after the Oz company's failure. It had been rumored that such films had been made, but no evidence was known to exist until these copyright entries were found.

Another incomparable source for the researcher is the Newspaper and Current Periodical Room. Fortunately, at the time I was working on *The Annotated Wizard of Oz,* the library still preserved the original bound volumes of many of the newspapers published in various parts of the country at the turn of the century. Although it generally took several days to transfer the requested numbers from the warehouse in Alexandria to the Library of Congress, the wait was usually well worth it. With these enormous fragile volumes, I was able to trace contemporary opinions of Baum and his work through book reviews as well as to follow the runs of the musicals *(The Wizard of Oz, The Woggle Bug, The Tik-Tok Man of Oz)* and the "Radio-Plays," Baum's 1908-9 lecture tour, which combined a colored slide show with hand-tinted motion pictures. In these searches, I also discovered several revealing interviews with Baum or Denslow, as well as much previously unrecorded work by both of these creators of Oz. Particularly interesting were several early contributions Baum made to the Chicago *Times-Herald* in the 1890s, a few years before he published any of his children's books; these discoveries showed that Baum had some success as a writer somewhat earlier than had previously been reported. At least two of the poems in the *Times-Herald* were later included in *By the Candelabra's Glare* (1898), a small collection of verse which Baum set in type, printed, and bound himself for his family and friends. In a poem he wrote in the copy he gave to his favorite sister, Mary Louise Brewster, and which in now in the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress, Baum suggested that he decided to publish the book himself because editors were reluctant to take his work. Only two years later, L. Frank Baum became the most sought-after of American writers of children's books.

At the time I was researching *The Annotated Wizard of Oz,* it was still possible to trace through the library's bound newspapers the entire seventy-five-year development of the American Sunday comics, from *The Yellow Kid* to *Doonesbury,* and it was in these papers that I solved an old Oz puzzle. In several public and private collections of Baumiana were drawings of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman by Denslow, but where they appeared had as yet not been determined. They were neither in *The Wizard of Oz* nor in *Denslow's Scarecrow and the Tin Man* (1904), a picture book the artist published after his split with Baum; evidently they were for a comic page, and some carried the date 1904 or 1905 and references to the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Despite the record in Denslow's account book that McClure did pay the artist for a series of "Scarecrow and Tin Man" drawings, most comic strip experts were convinced that they were never used.

While trying to trace the various papers where Baum's comic-page *Queer Visitors from the Marvelous Land of Oz* appeared, I fell upon several episodes of *Billy Bounce,* an unrecorded comic strip by Denslow which was the source for his children's book of 1906. Because this



If publishers won't buy our stuff
And print it in their columns
We verse-mongers may raise a bluff
By printing our own volumes.

Not for pecuniary ends,
Nor even reputation;
But only to {delight / annoy} our friends
And win their {approbation. / condemnation.

So, if you've any verse rejected,
Don't fling it on the shelf:
Don't even feel a bit dejected —
Just print a book yourself!

Christmas
1898.

L. Frank Baum wrote this unpublished poem on the flyleaf of the copy of *By Candelabra's Glare* that he presented to his sister, Mary Louise Brewster. Baum printed this book of his poems in his own workshop in Chicago in 1898. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

strip too was commissioned by McClure, I began searching through the papers which carried *Billy Bounce* for a Scarecrow and Tin Man comic page; but when this yielded nothing, I checked randomly through any paper for December 1904. Finally I stumbled on "Dorothy's Christmas Tree," written and illustrated by Denslow, in the Detroit *Free Press* of December 14, 1904, but this was the only episode published in that paper. Encouraged by this small victory, I persisted in my search. Just before my book went into production, I discovered in the Minneapolis *Journal* for December 10, 1904, through February 18, 1905, eleven installments of "Denslow's Scarecrow and Tin-Man." Even then my research was not done, since there were still three illusive drawings which I had not seen in print. Only after *The Annotated Wizard of Oz* was published did I uncover the complete run of fourteen episodes, in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* for December 18, 1904, through March 10, 1905. Although they were Denslow's work rather than Baum's, the discovery of the comic pages nevertheless was like unearthing a long-forgotten Oz book.

Sadly, now that the Library has converted many of these old bound volumes to microfilm, the originals have been disposed of and with them all the rare early full-color comic pages. Although I did mention the problem to several librarians, nothing was done to preserve this invaluable archive of that unique American art form, the comic strip. Space is the reason for the conversion to film. Unfortunately, not only is microfilm wearing on the eyes, but its use has also deprived picture researchers of important primary sources for illustrations.

Pictures were vital to *The Annotated Wizard of Oz*, and I relied heavily on the Photoduplication Service of the Library of Congress to provide photographs to be used as illustrations in my book. I learned quicky that while the quality of reproduction was no different, the cost of positive prints from the Library was considerable less than that charged by most other institutions. And no publication fees were demanded by the national library (other institutions required between $10 and $175 per photograph for one-time reproduction in a book). The only drawback to using the Photoduplication Service was that, because of an enormous backlog of orders, it generally took longer to receive prints from the service than from other labs, and so I had to put in my requests well in advance of my deadlines.

During those years that I worked on *The Annotated Wizard of Oz*, the Library of Congress became like a second home to me. By the time I completed the book, I had become familiar with almost every custodial division of this extraordinary institution. Even now it is impossible for me to visit Washington without dropping by to check the card catalog for something which I had been looking for in vain elsewhere. No, there is no place like the Library of Congress.

Michael Patrick Hearn is the author of *The Annotated Wizard of Oz, The Annotated Christmas Carol, The Annotated Huckleberry Finn, The Art of the Broadway Poster,* and other critical works. He is currently working on a biography of L. Frank Baum.

Saying What You Think

BY NATALIE BABBITT

Someone said once that the older we get, the more aware we are that we don't know much, and that's all right—I don't have any quarrel with that. But the trouble is, it's also true that the older we get, the more we're expected to sound as if we know a great deal.

It took me a long time to accept the idea that I *had* to know things, in the first place, and even longer to accept the idea that I would from time to time have to explain what I knew, and even longer than that to realize that what *I* knew was more than likely going to be challenged by someone who knew something else altogether. That can be very intimidating if you haven't had much practice. There's nothing so hard to defend as an opinon.

I had a lot of opinions when I was a child, hundreds and hundreds, but was almost never asked to defend them. Then, later on, I went through a period when I had no opinions at all. After that came a stretch when I had three or four opinions but was mostly too timid to articulate them and even less able to defend them when challenged. I have in the last fifteen years arrived at a stage where I have, oh, maybe as many as a dozen opinions, all tried and true, and I can defend them all if I have to. What's more, I don't care any more whether anyone agrees with me or not. I am not even alarmed any more when I meet someone who has maybe as many as fifty or sixty opinions. As you know, a person with fifty or sixty opinions lives an easier life than the rest of us. Decisions are a snap, judgments can be reached in the wink of an eye, the mind is as easy to make up as a daybed. But now when I am confronted by someone like that, I can listen with comparative calm and, while I'm listening, I just take out one of my opinions and roll it around in my head without bothering anyone about it, and it's very reassuring. One opinion of mine that is very good for this purpose, an opinion so old it's way back at Number Two on my list, is that *The Water-Babies* by Charles Kingsley is a silly book.

I can defend that opinion, chapter and verse, to anyone who wishes to challenge it. But I couldn't always, and that's what I decided to talk about tonight. *The Water-Babies* was, after all, one of the books on my mother's list of children's classics—a list put out by persons unknown—and by the time my sister and I were through with grammar school, she had read every one of them aloud to us.

I remember being alarmed by parts of *Hans Brinker* and *Heidi*, and we never heard the ending of *The Yearling* because my mother couldn't get through it without weeping. *Robinson Crusoe* was a little dull and, as I've said, *The Water-Babies* was silly. And I was left pretty much untouched by *Robin Hood*, *Peter Pan*, and a number of others. But I loved *Alice*, *Penrod*, and most of the *Just So Stories*. Except for *Alice*, the illustrations in these books had nothing at all to do with which of them I liked or didn't like. And I don't think the stories themselves had as much to do with it as you might expect. It seems to have had mainly to do with the language used—whether or not it was funny, unusual, and evocative. And so when Charles Kingsley said in *The Water-Babies* that "Tom was always a brave, determined little English boy, who never knew when he was beaten,"[1] I was not amused.

I suppose I was word-conscious at an early age, because, though we weren't scholars, we were nevertheless word people. My father loved puns and jokes and could make us laugh over and over again at the same things. He was fond of doggerel like "round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," and I think he made an effort to make his own speech fresh and funny. So I had a tendency to like books that seemed to me to have a way with words. The stories themselves didn't have to be funny, necessarily, but they certainly had to be diverting, and they had to have a hero with whom it would be nice to change places. I don't think I thought very much about content or the thrust of an argument. I don't recall our ever discussing that aspect. But occasionally it was so obvious that it hit you in the face. That was one of the troubles with *The Water-Babies*. The whole family disliked *The Water-Babies*, though we dutifully read it all the way through, and I am much gratified by the fact that it doesn't seem to be required any more.

Beyond this—the congenial hero and the language—I remember being beguiled by the environment in which a story was read. We read aloud more often in the summers, particularly during my father's vacations, when we would sit in a cushioned swing hung in a corner of the screened porch of my mother's mother's cottage at a place called Indian Lake in northwestern Ohio. It was lovely to curl up there beside my mother on a hot afternoon and listen to stories. It would have been almost impossible to dislike any author's works—except Charles Kingsley's—under those circumstances, the entire ambiance was so charming. My father was always off blissfully fishing—or about to go blissfully fishing—or just coming back from blissfully fishing. My grandmother seemed always to be in the kitchen either baking a pie or making a kind of candy we had a fondness for, which in hindsight seems truly ghastly since its sole ingredients were powdered sugar, peanut butter, and cold mashed potatoes. And the amusement park across the road was always in full swing so that the narrative my mother was reading was punctuated by the gradual crescendo and diminuendo of the roller coaster and the shrieking of its happy victims. It was a backdrop Lewis Carroll would have understood and thoroughly approved of, in fiction if not in life.

The books we read by ourselves were not on my mother's list, but she didn't seem to mind. My sister preferred to go off alone, up in a tree if there was a good one nearby, and cry over *Little Women* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* while I ate oranges in my bedroom and read fairy tales. And in the evenings my father read Arthur Conan Doyle's *The White Company* and his Rafael Sabatini novels over and over again, as well as every detective story he could get his hands on. Curiously, I don't remember my mother reading to herself at all, but I suppose she must have.

But I want you to understand that we didn't talk about books. We simply enjoyed them or didn't enjoy them, the way we enjoyed or didn't enjoy eating, depending on the menu. Books were a normal part of our daily lives, and beyond the list of children's classics, no one told us we should read such and such, or shouldn't read so and so. We were entirely unselfconscious about it.

And then, during her adolescence, my sister suddenly developed another point of view about reading. I'm not sure how it began. But all at once she was plowing through very difficult books—or so they seemed then—and though she didn't force them on me or our parents, still she seemed to me to be expressing silent but palpable disapproval of my fairy tales and my father's whodunits. Some of her new tastes may have been implanted by a series of curmudgeonly English teachers in high school, but however it began, she was soon off in corners every night reading Faulkner and Melville—the days for reading aloud being largely over—while my mother and I played anagrams. Looking back, I know she loved these books and I understand why, but at the time, since she never laughed aloud or even smiled while she was reading, I couldn't understand what she saw in them. But she was a straight-A student—a hard and conscientious worker—while I avoided everything that didn't come easily, so I wrote off her new reading habits as the tiresome behavior of a grind and began to devour my father's Sabatinis, which I assure you I enjoyed very much indeed.

Needless to say, knowing what we now know about sibling rivalry, my preferences were no doubt partly dictated by a strong desire to identify myself in opposition to my sister, but it is just as true that a lot of my distaste for the books I had to read in school had to do with the way they were presented. They were homework, whereas the reading I did on my own was fun.

I discovered a lot of books on my own, outside of school and college, that had they been assigned to me by a teacher, might well have seemed just as painful as *Oliver Wiswell* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* I read Tolstoy and Dreiser and Dickens and Sinclair Lewis, and a number of others too dubious to mention, and found them wonderful, and was launched on a bad habit I still have of discovering an author and proceeding to read straight through the entire oeuvre without a pause. This is a bad habit because a writer's devices and biases soon begin to stick out, and his work becomes predictable by the time you're into the third or fourth novel. Still, the point is, I read for the great pleasure it gave me but never really talked about it to anybody.

I married, after college, a man who was in the process of acquiring a Ph.D. in American studies with a concentration in American literature. I didn't marry him for his Ph.D. but rather for a number of other reasons having more to do with fun. And a good thing, too, since we didn't at all have the same taste in books. One day early in our marriage I had been reading something or other and said enthusiastically that I liked it, and this man I had married turned a shrewd professorial eye on me and said, "Why?"

Believe it or not, all through twelve years of school and four years of college, no one had ever asked me that question. I had been led and sometimes dragged through large numbers of works I have comfortably forgotten without my own opinion about them ever having been solicited. The stories we read aloud at home we either liked or didn't like, but we never talked about why. And in school, if the teacher or professor thought a writer was important, who was I to contradict in exams and term papers? You gave the professors what they wanted, and what they wanted was not your opinions, but your acceptance of their opinions. At least, that is what I remember.

And anyway, I was vaguely ashamed of not liking writers like Thomas Hardy and William Faulkner. And that is important, I think, that sense of shame. We are fond of assuming that children are so unselfconscious and direct that they can always be depended on to point out that the Emperor has no clothes on. Some children are unselfconscious and direct, for a while. But they get it pounded out of them. We all learn pretty quickly that honesty is not always the best policy when it comes to such hard-to-explain areas as opinions. On the whole, it seems safer to lean with the prevailing wind—to wear the stylish but uncomfortable shoes, to eat the snails, to read Charles Kingsley. Or else suffer the consequences: to be ostracized, laughed at, or stoned in the streets.

My father, a happy exception, resisted all efforts to civilize him, and why not? He had an adored uncle who deserted from the Spanish-American War, went West, and then came back to Columbus selling patent medicine in partnership with a thoroughly disreputable Indian. He set up shop in a wagon at the foot of the statehouse steps where he could joyfully accost his brother, my grandfather, as that very proper gentleman came down from his office in his tall silk hat—my grandfather was "in Government"—and embarrass him nearly to tears. And my grandmother, who used to sit rocking on the front porch with James Thurber's mother, laughing at her funny stories, "got religion" in middle age and used to scour the streets of Columbus for bums and tramps and bring them home for Sunday dinner. With things like that in your family, you either escape into Kingsley and snails with a vengeance and never admit to Columbus, or you spend your whole life laughing. My father was of the latter persuasion. He had a hard time taking anything very seriously, except the Republican party.

But my mother took lots of things seriously, and so it was difficult sometimes to know what to think. I solved this problem the way many of us do—I kept my mouth shut. As Hamlet would have advised, I assumed a virtue if I had it not, and what virtue I assumed had mainly to do with who I was with at the time. It was a new version of an old song: "If you're not near the people you agree with, agree with the people you're near."

Still, here I was, faced with a new husband who wanted to know why I liked a certain book. What to answer? After all, he was the expert. I had no idea what I was expected to say. Maybe I wasn't supposed to like the book. Maybe if I liked it, I was revealing ignorance or bad taste. Maybe he would stone me in the street—metaphorically, of course. In those simpler days, pre-Betty Friedan, it didn't occur to me to say that I liked it because I liked it and, "So what, Buster, you want to make something of it?" As I recall, I mumbled something incoherent and changed the subject. But I thought about it a lot, that simple and yet not so simple "why," and my reflexive reaction to it, which was to wonder what I was expected to say rather than to wonder how best I could say what I really felt. I think in many ways it marked a turning point.

For, finally, though it's good to have an opinion, it isn't enough by itself. It isn't enough simply to say that you do or you don't like something. It's terribly important to know why, to be able to examine your own reactions and not be afraid to expound on them and, if necessary, defend them. This is true in all the parts of our lives, not just with books. But books are a good place to begin because books are readily accessible containers for someone else's ideas and style, and they give the reader a good way to measure those things against his own.

Maurice Sendak has said that little children often like or dislike their picture books for reasons that may be obscure to them as well as to their parents. But surely by the time children are ready for novels like *The Water-Babies*, they are articulate enough, and enough in touch with their feelings, to make talking about their reading valuable. And surely, parents and teachers can make an effort to be liberal and accept the fact that no single book will be admired by a whole classful of children.

My mother read aloud the children's classics to my sister and me because some unknown person had said they were the books we ought to hear, and it didn't occur to us to challenge that opinion, even though we were less than enthralled with some of them. They are all still in print today, including *The Water-Babies;* still on the bookstore shelves labeled "Classics." I know because I went and looked.

Although I realize that reading is not as popular a pastime as it used to be, and although I also realize that some children would not read at all if it weren't for classroom assignments, nevertheless it makes me uncomfortable to know that my story *Tuck Everlasting* is required reading in some classrooms. My sympathies are entirely with the children, for many will react to *Tuck* as I well might have—with a shudder. Many will find its language too "fancy," its pace too slow, its topic unsettling, the behavior of its hero incomprehensible. *Tuck* is not a crowd-pleaser. But it has apparently come to seem useful, particularly for classroom discussions about death—though that is not, to my mind, its central theme. If the classroom discussions could be about whether the children like it as a story and why—or why not—that would be useful. If children could be encouraged to examine their own reactions to it as a piece of fiction, and not simply talk about whether they would like to live forever or not—which is a separate question—that would be useful. That would be a good first step toward developing a critical eye. If some of those who didn't like it, for their own reasons, could admit at the same time that it was nevertheless a good book—or, if some of those who did like it, for their own reasons, could admit at the same time that it was nevertheless a bad book—that would be invaluable.

But the letters I get indicate that for the most part this is not what is happening. On occasion I will get a large envelope which encloses letters from every child in a class, and all are complimentary. Obviously, the letters are part of a class assignment, an exercise, and do not involve any independent thought at all. Recently, in fact, I got one like that from a boy named Brian Burden from Mesquite, Texas, which begins: "Dear Ms. Babbitt, I'm writing you a letter because I have to, it's a class assignment. I don't really write to authors normally."

The teacher has said, "Now we shall all write to an author," and what emerges is the same kind of good manners that we see in a Christmas thank-you note to Aunt Minnie enthusing over the lovely record album of Kate Smith's greatest hits. These poor children have just had another lesson in learning not to say that, as far as they're concerned, the Emperor is walking around stark naked.

Naturally I hope that there are some children who really like my stories, and I do sometimes get letters written outside of school which are clearly sincere in their approval. And naturally I hope that, since writing letters is not to everyone's taste, there are many more children who really like my books but don't bother to tell me about it. I myself have only written one fan letter in my life, and that was to ice skater Sonja Henie in 1938.

Actually, the most enthusiastic fan letter I ever got, though it was far from an articulate critical appraisal, was not a letter at all but a kind of grafitti, and I only heard about it secondhand. I was told by a librarian in Charlotte, North Carolina, that someone wrote in the front of a copy of *Goody Hall,* "This is a good book and funny, too. Right on, Brother! No jive, funky Mama!" Actually, I suppose you could say that it is criticism of a sort, in one sense, since the writer says that the book is funny in addition to being good, not good because it's funny. But still, nice as it is, I prefer a sharply critical letter I got two years ago from a reader named Lainie Moskowitz:

> Dear Miss Babbitt,
>
> I'm a ten year old girl, who is in the fifth grade and I have just finished reading your book, The Eyes Of The Amarayllis [*sic*]. I'm writing this letter to inform you of some of my thoughts while reading your book. I didn't think it was very interesting because many of the parts were too confusing to understand. The book didn't give any explanation about what happened to the grandfather when he drowned. In my opinion I would [have] liked information about Jenny and Gran. I would have liked to know more about their lives and a better description of their character. I was expecting a more exciting ending. If you write another book that you think would be more interesting I'd be glad to read it.

How fine that is! If only I could have expressed my judgments as well and as fearlessly as that at the age of ten! Or even twenty! Lainie Moskowitz will never eat snails unless she truly wants to, and that makes her a rare human being—an honest one. It's good to be honest about books, good to see clearly with your critical eye. Naturally I hope that Lainie Moskowitz will not be so candid in a Christmas thank-you note, but literary criticism should have nothing to do with good manners.

Somebody said to me once that she thought writers made the best book reviewers because only another writer could know how much pain, suffering, and hard work went into producing a book—that another writer would be able to take those factors into consideration in a critical review. But alas, pain, suffering, and hard work do not by themselves make a book worth reading. We may indeed, as writers, be able to identify with each other, but in most cases our work habits are so different that it is dangerous to make assumptions. And anyway, if you use pain and hard work as criteria, you would perforce have to be sympathetic with everything produced by people who try hard, from burned toast right on up to the Second World War. Books have to stand on their own merits, quite apart from their authors' efforts and intentions, and quite apart from the egos of their authors. The point is whether the book works, not whether its author did.

In the children's book world we are very kind to each other—kind to the point that we often mislead each other, I think. At the least our reviewers search for redeeming virtues in otherwise impossible books, and at the most they are gently chiding. This does not do the writer or the reader any favors—or the poor parent who must rely on reviews or else read every one of the two thousand books published every year. There is a tendency to believe that anyone who writes for children must be good-hearted and well-intentioned, which can scarcely be proven one way or another; and even if it were true, it certainly has nothing at all to do with the quality of the product. I said in a speech once, when I was younger and had more opinions than I do now, that there were too many bad books being published for children. During the question period following, an irate woman stood up and said, "Well! *Everyone* can't write good books!" The implication was that there was something undemocratic and elitist about the idea that only the good ones should be published.

My feeling about that now is not what it was then, when I wanted to ban all books that didn't measure up to my opinion of what a good one was. Now I feel that it's far more important for children to make up their own minds about what they like, to be able to say why, and to learn to have confidence in their own decisions. How else will they be able, later on, to choose well among everything from brands of toothpaste to candidates for public office—choose well and independently instead of leaning like grass in the prevailing wind to all the various forms of public and private pressure?

I'm not suggesting that teachers, librarians, and parents stay out of the selection process. And I know because I have three children of my own—at least, they used to be children—that it's often extremely difficult to get them to read at all. But in the best of all possible worlds, the adult in charge doesn't say, "Here's a good book. The *Horn Book* says it's good, the *New York Times* says it's good, the jacket blurb says it's good, and I say it's good. Go and read it." Neither does she or he say, "Here's a good book. Go and read it and tell me *why* it's good." That's a little better, but it still misses the point. Instead, the adult in charge might say, "Here's a book some people think is good. Go read it and tell me what *you* think."

That would be lovely—to be asked by an adult what you think about something another adult has done and to know that what you think is actually important, whether you agree with those adults or not. It implies, happily, that you are something other than a sponge.

And anyway, it's a given of human nature that we are deeply suspicious of what other people claim will be good for us. Other people always want to improve us in one way or another. To bring us up to snuff. Leafing through a recent issue of the *Horn Book,* I found the following phrases in reviews and advertisements: "outstanding graphic design, splendidly printed and beautifully bound;" "ingenious charm . . . instantly appealing;" "what a treat!" "a marvelously human portrait;" "the most extraordinary book to shine under the Christmas star;" "children around the world love these books." My reaction to all this is apt to be, "Oh, yeah?"

Of course, I write reviews myself, occasionally, and though I try to avoid hyperbole, often I do feel strongly that a book is wonderful. Or terrible. And I will try to say why as clearly as possible in the space allowed. But I certainly don't expect people reading the review to say, "Oh, gee, is that so? Well, I guess that's right, then." I hope people will say, "Oh yeah?" and then go see for themselves.

Putting something into print, whether it's fiction or criticism or even advertising, lends it the force of authority somehow. Print is formal and assertive. It looks as if it knows what it is saying. Italics leap out, exclamation points insist, a line of type goes marching on across the page like God trampling out the vintage. Learning to say "Oh, yeah?" is a vitally important defense against it all. We are not, after all, going to find many advertisers, or authors, or newspaper columnists who will finish their pieces by saying, "Of course, that's only *my* opinion. You may feel that our instant Hollandaise sauce tastes like Elmer's Glue." Or, "You may feel that Sydney Carton was doing a far, far stupider thing than he had ever done." Or, "You may think that killing Herman Tarnower, the diet doctor, was a dirty job, but somebody had to do it." And since they won't say these things, but will instead go right on insisting, in print, on their own versions of the truth, we must learn early to read defensively, to read critically, to try as hard as we can to make up our own minds. To try, in other words, to take pride in thinking for ourselves.

Probably what we need to do is to demystify books, along with a number of other things. There is nothing holy, after all, about a piece of fiction except possibly to the author. And as a rule, writers who feel their works are holy are probably not very good writers, by virtue of the fact that a workmanlike detachment is at some point in the creative process absolutely essential. That's one of my more recent opinions, by the way—Number Eleven, if my memory serves me, which it often doesn't. Anyway, whoever said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do" was clearly nervous about being stoned in the streets. Good manners notwithstanding, it's getting increasingly important to have a critical eye and to respect your own brain even if the expert standing next to you at the cocktail party or in front of you in the fifth grade classroom turns hostile. As long as you know why. As John Simon, the *New York* magazine drama critic said in a recent interview, "A critic needs to be able to explain his position."

The only reason why I don't still go around thumping on podiums about how bad most of our books for children are is that it doesn't seem much to the point anymore. And anyway, it turns out to be a very, very old complaint. I reread *The Water-Babies* two weeks ago to make sure it was as dreary and silly as it seemed when it was first read aloud to me forty years ago. It is. It holds up wonderfully. But toward the end, in a section where the hero is on a long journey

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to a place called The Other-End-of-Nowhere, there is a paragraph that reads this way:

> And first he went through Waste-paper-land, where all the stupid books lie in heaps, up hill and down dale, like leaves in a winter wood; and there he saw people digging among them, to make worse books out of bad ones; and a very good trade they drove thereby, especially among children.[2]

So of course it occurred to me that it may take one to know one.

In fairness, I should tell you that Charles Kingsley wrote *The Water-Babies* in 1863 when the world was rather a different place. No doubt we should make allowances, especially as he is not around now to defend himself. Nevertheless, I wish we would be more careful how we bandy the term "classic" about, particularly if we catch ourselves using it to scare little children.

Once, when I was in high school, we managed to get my father to church for a midnight carol service on Christmas Eve. The church was so crowded with people getting their annual attendance in in the nick of time that, since we neglected to come half an hour early, we and a few dozen luckless others were relegated to the parish hall where we had to listen to the service over a loud speaker. About ten minutes into it, the loud speaker went dead. We all sat there like good lambs in utter silence for quite a while, and then my father said in a clear voice, "This church doesn't need a minister. What this church needs is a good electrician."

The effect of this remark was exactly like that of the child's remark in the story of the Emperor's clothes. It appeared that everyone in the parish house agreed. And it appeared that everyone was grateful to my father for bringing the subject up. There were general exclamations of relief, and then we all got up and went home to bed. If it had not been for my father's fearlessly voicing an opinion, we might have sat there trying not to look at each other for hours and hours, afraid to move for fear of being stoned.

The years ahead are going to be full of increasingly difficult problems, all of which will require courage and a good critical eye in the solving. My Opinion Number Twelve is that if we want a peaceful old age, we'd better start now training our children to think. I would like to suggest that wherever there are two or three gathered together, they be sat down to listen to that certified classic *The Water-Babies* and then be encouraged to express themselves. It's as good a place as any to begin, and it just might make a difference.

NOTES

1. Charles Kingsley, *The Water-Babies* (New York: Macmillan & Co, 1979), a facsimile of the 1928 edition from Mayflower Books, Inc., p. 121.
2. Ibid., p. 242.

A children's book author, illustrator, and critic, **Natalie Babbitt** is perhaps best known for her well-wrought story about the consequences of immortality, *Tuck Everlasting* (1975), which was a 1977 Hans Christian Andersen Honor Book. Her books also include *Goody Hall* (1971), *Kneeknock Rise* (1970), *The Devil's Storybook* (1974), and *The Eyes of the Amaryllis* (1977). Currently she is working on a biographical novel for adults.

This article is based on a lecture the author presented at the Library of Congress on November 16, 1981, for National Children's Book Week. The lecture was sponsored by the Center for the Book and the Children's Literature Center in the Library of Congress.

Things Nobody Ever Heard Of

Jessie Willcox Smith Draws the Water-Babies

BY MARY M. ISON

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. . . . He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. . . . He cried half his time, and laughed the other half.

So begins *The Water-Babies,* Charles Kingsley's classic story for children. Written in 1863, the tale has endured for more than a hundred years. It has been published in over fifty editions, produced as a three-act play, and even translated into Hebrew. Most recently it was republished in 1976 by the Garland Publishing Company and in 1977 by the Hart Publishing Company. The story is about Tom, who becomes a creature known as a "water-baby" and has many adventures. As with many children's classics, one can appreciate deeper meaning behind the plot.

Tom's life as a chimney sweep is miserable. He works under an agent, his "master," who drinks away most of the money Tom makes. Tom has no family, has received no education, and, worst of all, is never clean. One day he is called to sweep the chimneys in a grand manor house. When he gets lost in its many flues he ends up in a bedroom where he is startled by the sight of a sleeping girl, the whitest, cleanest, "most beautiful girl" he has ever seen. As he stares at her, Tom catches a glimpse of his own reflection in the bedside mirror and is appalled to realize that in comparison with this lovely girl he is nothing but a grimy urchin. Ashamed by the contrast, he bursts into tears and his loud sobbing wakes the girl. As she screams in fright the whole household runs to her defense, and

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"He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes."

Tom is caught by a distinguished naturalist who has just expounded to his companion, the little girl from the manor house, on the nonexistence of water-babies. Unable to swallow his pride and admit that such creatures do exist, the professor impulsively flings Tom back into the sea. The little girl recognizes Tom as a water-baby and rushes after him, causing a tragedy which is central to the story's plot and moral. Jessie Willcox Smith's illustration focuses on the relationship between Tom and the little girl.

Tom is chased from the manor. He makes his way to a neighboring stream and crawls into it in an effort to become clean. The fairies of the stream, however, have a different idea—they turn him into a water-baby.

Water-babies are tiny four-inch-high creatures who look like human babies. Since they live underwater they have gills, which look like lace collars around their necks. To those who might doubt their existence the author remarks, "there are a great many things in the world you never heard of; and a great many more nobody ever heard of and a great many things, too, which nobody will ever hear of. . . ."

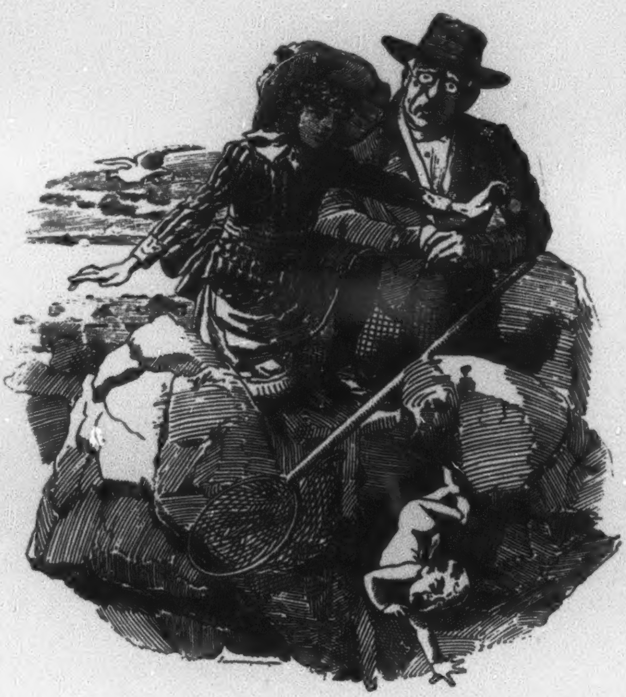
As a water-baby Tom is very clean. Kingsley points out, however, that although Tom is outwardly pure, his soul has not changed from his chimney-sweep days. In the freedom of his new world Tom can express both the good and the bad sides of his personality. He quickly makes friends with the other water-babies, meets the Salmon, has adventures with the Lobsters, and teases the Trout.

The beautiful girl Tom had seen in the manor house dies and reappears as his tutor, teaching him about goodness. Tom realizes that to be really good, and thus really clean, he must make a journey to do a special kindness for someone else, and the rest of the story recounts this journey and the attempt to do the good deed.

Kingsley's tale lends itself wonderfully to illustration, with its make-believe creatures and interesting characters and vignettes, and through the years more than two dozen artists have illustrated it in various editions. Jessie Willcox Smith made thirteen color drawings in oil, charcoal, and pastel for a 1916 edition published by Dodd Mead & Company. Twelve of these original works were received by the Library of Congress in 1935 from the artist's estate. The thirteenth is in a private collection.

The life and work of Jessie Willcox Smith is well documented in Michael Schnessel's *Jessie Willcox Smith* (London: Studio Vista, 1977). Trained as a kindergarten teacher, she gave up that work when she discovered she had a talent for art. She studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, under Thomas Eakins, and at the Drexel Institute of Arts and Sciences, where she was a student of Howard Pyle. Pyle

(continued on page 101)



Linley Sambourne, illustrating an edition of *The Water-Babies* published fifteen years before the book illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, emphasizes the melodramatic aspects of the episode where the professor catches a water-baby in his net. This type of illustration was common before Howard Pyle and his students introduced a more spontaneous, freer style of art for children's books. Sambourne was known chiefly as a caricaturist and cartoonist but illustrated several children's books, including *Three Tales of Hans Andersen* and *The Real Robinson Crusoe.*

From *The Water-Babies* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1901).

Here is the scene as portrayed by Frank Nankivell in an edition published the same year as Jessie Willcox Smith's illustrations. Born in Australia, Nankivell studied art in Japan and San Francisco before becoming an illustrator for several magazines and newspapers. The influence of Japanese woodcuts is clearly seen in his illustrations for *The Water-Babies.*

From *The Water-Babies* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1916).

provided his students with solid artistic training, and, through his professional contacts, obtained for many of them their first assignments as illustrators. In addition to giving Jessie Willcox Smith a start, he launched the careers of such illustrators as Maxfield Parrish, Violet Oakley, N. C. Wyeth, and Elizabeth Shippen Green.

It is not surprising, given her experience with children and her training in art, that Smith established herself as an illustrator of children's books. Between 1897 and 1932 she was the artist for over thirty-five books, also creating magazine covers and illustrations for such contemporary magazines as *Collier's, Harper's Weekly, Good Housekeeping, Ladies Home Journal, Scribner's,* and the *Woman's Home Companion.* She executed her work for *The Water-Babies* at the height of her career, and it is believed that she willed these illustrations to the Library because she thought they represented the best of her work.

These drawings are included in the Library's Cabinet of American Illustration, a collection of original art created for book and magazine publication. Housed in the Prints and Photographs Division, it includes works by artists such as A. B. Frost, Charles Dana Gibson, Edward Penfield, Alice Barber Stephens, and Howard Pyle. Begun in 1932 by William Patton, the former art editor of *Harper's Magazine,* the collection continues to grow, with recent acquisitions including works by Dora Wheeler, F. G. Atwood, and Frederick S. Church. It forms one of the principal collections for the study of nineteenth- and twentieth-century illustration.

Charles Kingsley, author of *The Water-Babies,* was educated at Kings College, London, and at Cambridge. A man of many talents, he was Chaplain to Queen Victoria, professor of modern history at Cambridge, and vicar of a rural parish outside of London. He wrote *The Heroes,* a retelling of Greek myths, for his three oldest children, and created *The Water-Babies* especially for his youngest son. Both works became children's classics.

Although of vastly different backgrounds, the team of Kingsley, the nineteenth-century man of religion, and Smith, the twentieth-century woman of art, brought about a book which is both charming and earnestly believable. Jessie Willcox Smith's illustrations invest the water-babies with such reality as to provide credence to Kingsley's story. Because she takes his tale seriously and portrays its subjects in ways which relate to human experience, she forces us to take the story and its message seriously too. At the same time, her delightful and charming drawings remind us of the final words of Kingsley's classic: "But remember always, as I told you at first, that this is all a fairy tale, and only fun and pretence: and, therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true."

MARY M. ISON is a reference specialist in the Prints and Photographs Division.

"It took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen."

Toward the end of his travels to do his good deed, Tom meets Mother Cary, who makes creatures out of seawater. She directs Tom on the final part of his journey.

1001 Nights at the Opera

BY CHARLES JAHANT

Massachusetts-born Geraldine Farrar, photographed in Paris in 1909 as she was preparing to inaugurate the Metropolitan Opera's subsidiary theater, the New Theater, as Charlotte in Massenet's *Werther*.

My parents were devotees of the theater, the concert hall, and the opera and usually went three times weekly. I was the firstborn and, since the baby-sitter had not been thought of just yet, I nearly always accompanied them. I was told I heard Enrico Caruso in a Cleveland concert when I was two. I heard my first opera when I was eight. It was *Faust* and had a distinguished cast, as did the *Aida* and *Carmen* which followed it. I had the opportunity of hearing many of the great instrumentalists of some sixty years ago onward, among them Paderewski, with his tangled mass of long, orangeade-colored hair. My father did not care much for the movies, though we frequently went to Lyman Howe travelogues. I can recall going downtown with Mrs. Longton, a motherly woman who worked for us, to see a Metro (long before MGM) picture starring a married couple, May Allison and Harold Lockwood. It was called *Hearts Adrift* and much of the action took place on a small boat. I was five and had five cents "pin money" which I thought was for the purchase of pins. We visited a Woolworth's and I am sure I bought some animal made of celluloid, the precursor of plastic.

Many concerts took place in the afternoon and women performers always wore huge hats. I can recall Ernestine Schumann-Heink's hat, which was decorated with flowers on wire stems. When she sang a particularly vehement number the flowers shook en masse. This was also true of a pianist who was, I suppose, either Teresa Carreno or Olga Samaroff-Stokowski.

I missed Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse but saw much of Edward Hugh Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespeare, Robert B. Man-

Elisabeth Rethberg, a "perfect" singer, as Verdi's Aida. Originally from Dresden, she was a Metropolitan Opera treasure in works by Mozart, Puccini, and Wagner, as well as Verdi.

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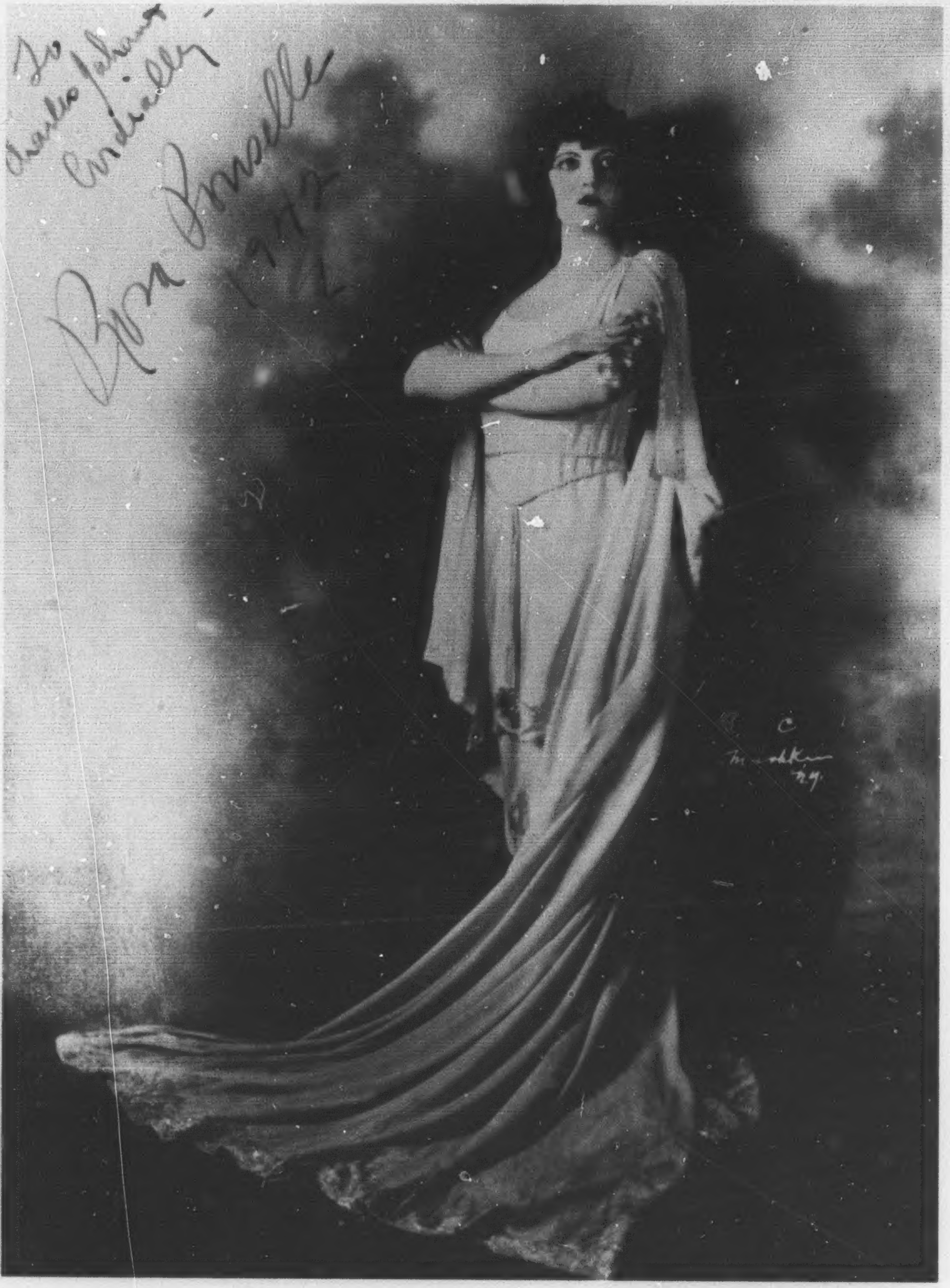

To Charles Johnson
Cordially—
Rosa Ponselle
1922
© Mishkin N.Y.

tell, Otis Skinner, George Arliss, Julia Sanderson, Billie Burke, and countless others, including, a little later on, George Burns and Gracie Allen. And there was Anna Pavlova (twice) and her sweet, sad smile as she would fall over backwards into her waiting partner's arms. Not to mention her "Gavotte," which made people laugh, and her "Dying Swan" which made me feel sad.

Plays in those days were much more fun than they are now. For one thing, casts were huge and there were some fine theatrical effects. I dimly remember one play in which a forest caught fire and some people were alarmed lest the theater itself catch fire. And there were Civil War and World War I plays with lots of soldiers and sailors. One effect I did not care for was the sounds of the race track being created by horses running on a deafeningly noisy treadmill.

Then I started school and acquired a best friend whose father owned two movie theaters; one a first-run palace and the other a shoot-'em-up Westerns house which played Buck Jones, Jack Hoxie, and Tom Mix, none of whose films were shown in the better houses. I was not allowed to visit this second theater, but I saw many films at the Strand and at the "nabes" (as *Variety* still calls the neighborhood movie places) at the child's price of ten cents. I became an expert on silent films.

I must have been in the eighth grade when a good friend named Charles Jones brought to school his collection of movie stars' photos. He had Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks and, inexplicably, Anna May Wong, who had a modest career in Chinese parts and is now a cult figure. I was fascinated. Charles explained that you wrote to the star in Hollywood and enclosed a dime or a quarter (depending on the importance of the actor) and received in return an autographed photo. I entered into the game in a big way and acquired a small collection of the bigger names: Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks, Theodore Roberts, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, and William S. Hart, a Shakespearian actor turned cowboy. Hart's Westerns were the only ones ever to play in the big downtown theaters. In the photo I acquired he had a craggy and stern face and was pointing a six-shooter at the onlooker. Most of the photos were signed in ink, but a few were rubber-stamped and, worse, some had had the signature painted on the negative.

My father was an engineer and an inventor of radio parts. We had one of the first radios. One night I was listening to a New York program through headphones, and a woman, apparently a movie actress, began to talk about her latest film, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. She invited all listeners to write to her in care of the station if they wished to receive her autographed photograph. With all the static I did not quite catch her name. It sounded like Alice Brady, a reputable stage and screen actress, so I addressed my letter to her.

A week or so later I received a letter with a return address (engraved in palest blue) of Cosmopolitan Studios, New York City. Inside was a letter thanking me for my interest and expressing the hope that I would patronize *Knighthood*. It was signed, in a distinguished finishing-school hand, Marion Davies, the i's having a round circle over them. A genuine letter from a live movie star! A few days later came a duplicate letter, this one also signed but in a completely different and rather ordinary script. This was a blow. And when two separate photos arrived with different signatures on them I was not at all elated. A twelve-year old can feel let down by tricky adults. My father explained that the studios probably employed a dozen people to answer the stars' mail, and this was made clear to me when the studios began to enter their names at the bottoms of their stars' photos, most of which now had facsimile signatures. Much of the fun went out of collecting, and my thoughts turned elsewhere.

At home we had a monstrously large mahogany Victrola and a fine collection of records of all kinds. I did not know it at the time, but my ear for music was unusually fine-tuned. I could hear a piece once and retain enough of the principal melody or melodies to hum it or to pick it out on the piano afterwards. If I listened to an overture or an aria two or three times it was mine forever. As I mentioned above, I was hearing all the great concert artists and many of the opera singers. I was especially interested in opera

Rosa Ponselle, one of the finest voices the United States has ever produced, as Norma, the capstone of her career (1927).

Maria Jeritza, the fascinating Viennese soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, who gained notoriety by singing the big air from Puccini's *Tosca* while lying prone near the footlights.

because there was a story and lots going on—dueling, a ballet, and scenery changes. I continued to attend the movies but opera, in Cleveland, Chicago, or New York, now occupied a bigger part of my life. On Sundays my father would drive downtown and buy the *New York Times* and the *Philadelphia Public-Ledger* and by reading them I could keep up with musical activities at the sources.

Among my favorites at the time was Giuseppe De Luca, who always seemed so happy during his curtain calls. Right on the stage in the first part of *Pagliacci* he would eat an orange, and that endeared him to me. I recall also a *La Bohème* in which, during the cavorting of the Bohemians in the last act, a basin clattered to the floor. Rather than pick it up, De Luca gave it a healthy kick and sent it off into the wings. He was my kind of an artist.

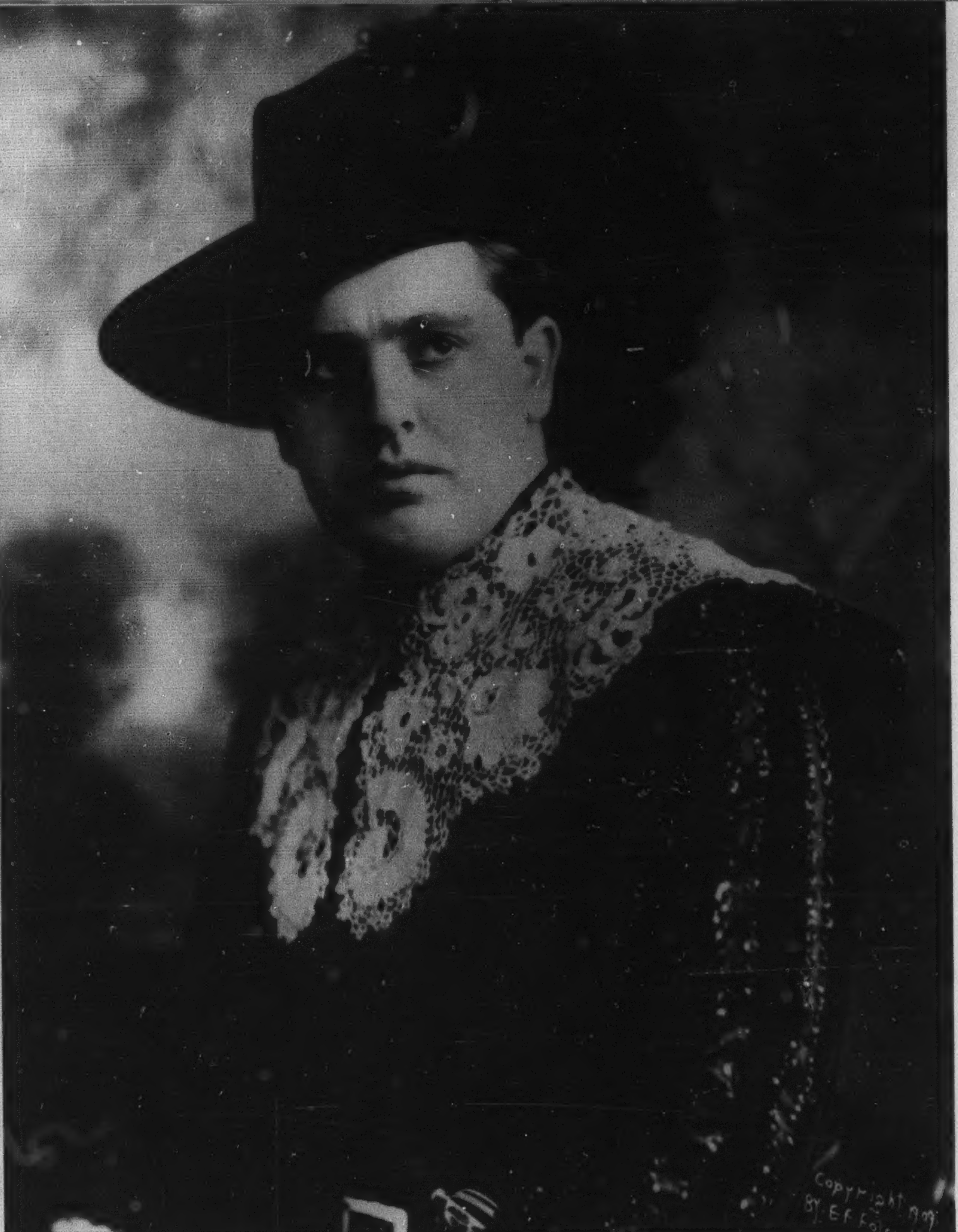
Naturally, when I first learned that opera singers usually answered requests for photos—a few, rather than the thousands sought by movie fans—I wrote to De Luca and received back a splendid original 1915 print of himself as Figaro, with the dedication in white ink. This is a treasured part of my collection.

Giovanni Martinelli was another happy-seeming person, and I admired him over his more vocally gifted colleague, Beniamino Gigli. The latter always reminded me of a pouter pigeon, although his high notes (which he arrived at by looking down at the floor) were much more beautiful than Martinelli's rather constricted and steely ones. In return for my twenty-five-cent offering, Martinelli obliged with a signed photo and some extras. This, by the way, was several years after my movie star fiasco.

Among those who did not reply to my requests were baritone Titta Ruffo, who had the loudest voice I had ever heard until that time, and the immense Feodor Chaliapin. In three cities I managed to hear this giant among singers in five of his roles, some more than once. When he would die on the stage, I felt that he had really died. His eyes would roll up into his head and he would collapse, sometimes rolling down flights of steps. His small, pitiful gasps of breath were heartbreaking, and there would always be a long pause before he would come out (alive) before the curtain. I also failed with Ezio Pinza, although all three gentlemen are now represented in the collection.

Among women singers, my favorite was the exquisite Lucrezia Bori. She was Spanish and radiantly beautiful on the stage, although offstage she was more chic than beautiful. Each of her characterizations differed from the others. She (except for the enchanting Jarmila Novotna)

Spanish soprano Lucrezia Bori, the darling of the Metropolitan Opera from 1912 to 1936, as the Duchess of Towers in Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson* (1931). She was an artist of great delicacy and taste.



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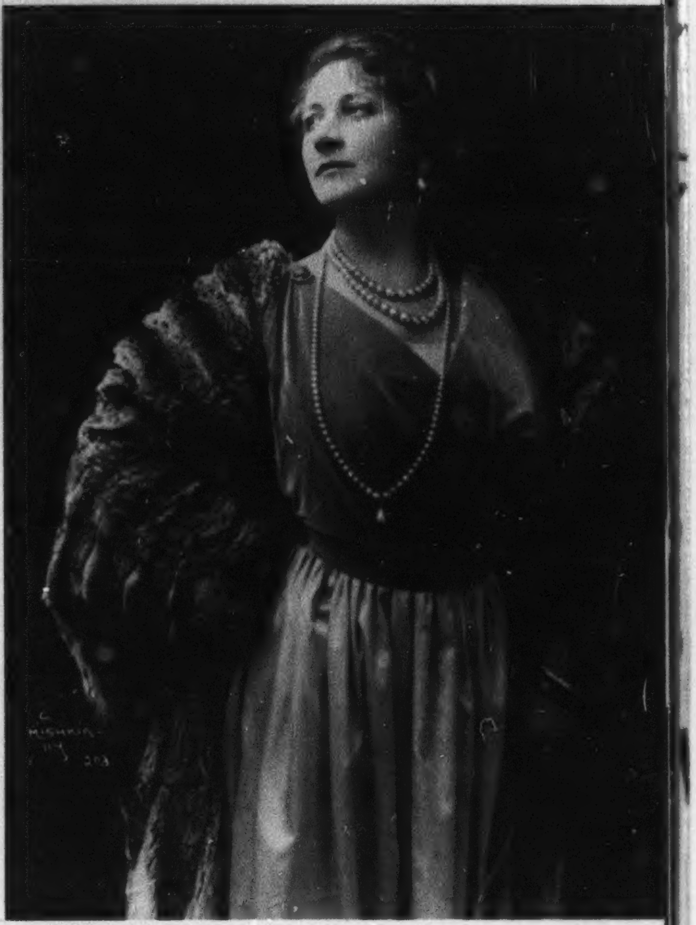
By E.F. Foley N.Y.



Mary Garden, the inspired "singing actress" (1909), wearing the earrings and priceless strings of pearls given to her by King George I of Greece. The undisputed "Empress of French Opera" she reigned in New York and, primarily, in Chicago between 1907 and 1931.

was the most aristocratic of Violettas, the most fragile of Manons, the sprightliest of Norinas. If her Mélisande was not the equal of Mary Garden's medieval one, it was a wonderful second best. Like Garden she was conscious of how she looked to an audience and her costumes were chosen with great care. Also like Garden, she demonstrated a theatrical disdain for their wear and tear. How many times did I see her, in the Saint-Sulpice scene in *Manon,* garbed in an imposing gown of pink and cloth-of-silver, crawl on her knees after the retreating Gigli. She was the first female opera star I wrote to. I asked for a particular photo by Alfred Cheny Johnson, which she promply sent.

Rosa Raisa of Chicago was another of my early favorites. She sent a photo of herself in her original *Turandot* costume from the world premiere of this Puccini work. Mary Garden, also of Chicago, was unusually generous. Rosa Ponselle sent a nice picture with a rubber-stamped signature.

I had acquired a postcard photo of the fascinating Geraldine Farrar and sent it to her with a request for her signature. She returned it with a letter, which was to lead to many more when I was stationed in New Guinea and the Philippines during World War II. A singer Farrar and I both admired was the vibrant Wagnerian soprano Frida Leider. For some reason I wrote her in French and she replied with a photo dedicated in that tongue.

It was sometimes difficult to know to whom to write next. The great Gigli sent several photos and after the war, a small one with my first name spelled in the Italian manner. Tito Schipa sent two. Charles Hackett sent one I had specifically requested—a souvenir of his manly Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni.* Giacomo Lauri-Volpi sent a postcard or two. These were Depression times, and many of my letters were either lost or ignored. Edward Johnson, like Hackett a believable actor, failed to reply. Richard Bonelli, in a mimeographed note, asked for a contribution of $1.50 for his destitute musicians' fund. This was as much as I was paid then for hand mowing three large lawns. He is represented in my collection in the Library by unsigned photos only.

A Metropolitan Opera Wagnerian soprano whom I admired was the late Gertrud Kappel. She was, frankly, ugly even under stage lights, but her impersonations were usually moving, and none more than her Elektra, from which I did not recover for days, if not weeks. She would never reply, nor would her agent. Finally, I was forced to pay the highest price for any single

Irish tenor John McCormack, circa 1907, as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor.* One of the greatest tenors of the century, he sang in London, Paris, and Monte Carlo and with the Manhattan and Metropolitan Operas in New York, as well as with the Boston and Chicago Operas.

Lotte Lehmann at Salzburg (1927) in her poignant and powerful characterization of Beethoven's Fidelio, one of the supreme achievements of the modern operatic stage, which she performed under Arturo Toscanini's direction.

photo I have ever bought for one of her. Recently, a generous friend, upon learning that I had no signed Kappel, presented me with one of her as Brünnhilde. A colleague of Kappel's in Munich was a soprano with the captivating name Felicie Hüni-Mihacsec, whose Mozart recordings I admired. Once, while in Munich, I walked to her apartment on an extremely rainy day, asked if I might purchase a photo, and was told icily that they had all been destroyed during a wartime allied air raid. The same story was told to me by the great basso, Tancredi Pasero. But, upon hearing this, my Milanese landlady declared that he lived right behind her and had done so for years. She took me with her to visit the singer, and he presented me with a nice picture in an engraved envelope.

Lotte Lehmann was as generous in ordinary life as she was wonderful on the stage. My collection must have seven or eight photos of her, most of them signed. Similarly Kirsten Flagstad always responded warmly. So did the silvery voiced Elisabeth Rethberg, considered by the American Association of Music Teachers to have had the most beautiful voice in the world.

A great gain for my collection was the acquisition from the advertising agency that handled the appearances of the Metropolitan Opera in Cleveland. I wrote them, asking if they had any duplicates they would consider disposing of. In reply came a shipment via express collect of a box containing well over a hundred photos of many of the greats and near greats of the 1920s. To Rosa Ponselle I sent four photos asking for her signature on them, and this time she came through handsomely. I did the same with a number of other singers and the results were good.

The collection is perhaps richer in examples of people who either sang little or not at all in America. Two of the rarer ones are photos autographed by Aureliano Pertile, whom I heard in an open-air *Otello* in 1938. Pertile was the tenor king of La Scala during Arturo Toscanini's directorate. Another famous Otello of his time was Francesco Merli. Two favorites of the Paris Opéra were the classical Germaine Lubin and the more mundane Fanny Heldy, both of whom reputedly used their physical allure to ensure their positions in the musical world. I amassed seven photos of them. Mafalda Favero, who performed in the States for a brief time, was one of my great favorites and one of the best Butterflys in my experience. Two America-born sopranos with large European followings were Lina Pagliughi and Franca Somigli, the latter a singing actress. The lovely Tiana Lemnitz, supposedly Hitler's favorite soprano, sent two photos, and Rudolf Bockelmann, a princely Wagnerian baritone sent four in exchange for

four packs of Lucky Strike cigarettes and some cigars.

The tradition of barter was carried on by me to a limited degree. I had a fine photo of the towering contralto Maria Olszewska, but I wanted a signed one. From Vienna she wrote that she would send me one in exchange for two cans of Campbell's mushroom soup. The result is a fine pose as Oktavian in *Der Rosenkavalier.* Another artist whose records gave me much pleasure was a retired Berliner, Emmy Bettendorf. She wrote several piteous letters asking for coffee and cocoa, some packets of which reached her. She sent a photo. Another Berliner who, through unsympathetic casting, failed in a career with the Met was Gertrud Rünger. She sent some photos in return for cigarettes and cocoa. A more unusual request came from a bull-voiced Italian baritone, Ettore Nava, who sang in cheap opera productions at the New York Hippodrome. I wrote to him after the war, while stationed in Cairo. Back came a letter containing a silhouette of his foot and a request for a pair of Egyptian turned-up-at-the-toes slippers. I had to have them specially made up in a red leather, at a cost of sixteen dollars. Apparently they pleased him, for he sent seven or so photos.

On the other hand, in a Roman antique shop I asked for old photos of *artisti canori.* The reply was negative until, as I was leaving, the proprietor opened a drawer and pulled out thirteen cabinet photos, two autographed in purple ink on the verso, of the "King of Baritones," Mattia Battistini. Some of these I traded off, but there must be six or seven in the Library's collection. The price we eventually agreed upon was not substantial, and a real bargain in view of today's prices.

I patronized a number of music shops in Cairo. One of them had an oversized photo of Caruso on the wall. I admired it and offered to buy it, but the manager always refused to part with it. Just before I left Cairo I paid a last call on him and he presented me with the Caruso photo as a going-away gift. It hangs on my bedroom wall and will accrue to the Library eventually.

I have often been touched by the generosity of certain rival collectors and friends, who have parted with items of their own. A large autographed Isolde of the Swedish Nanny Larsen-Todsen was given to me because she had been my first Isolde. And friends in Belgium, Argentina, and Spain have been equally thoughtful.

There are actually two Jahant collections. The Library's consists of over two thousand photo-

The beloved Lotte Lehmann, photographed backstage at Salzburg in 1935 as the Princess von Werdenburg in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, in which she was often heard in America.

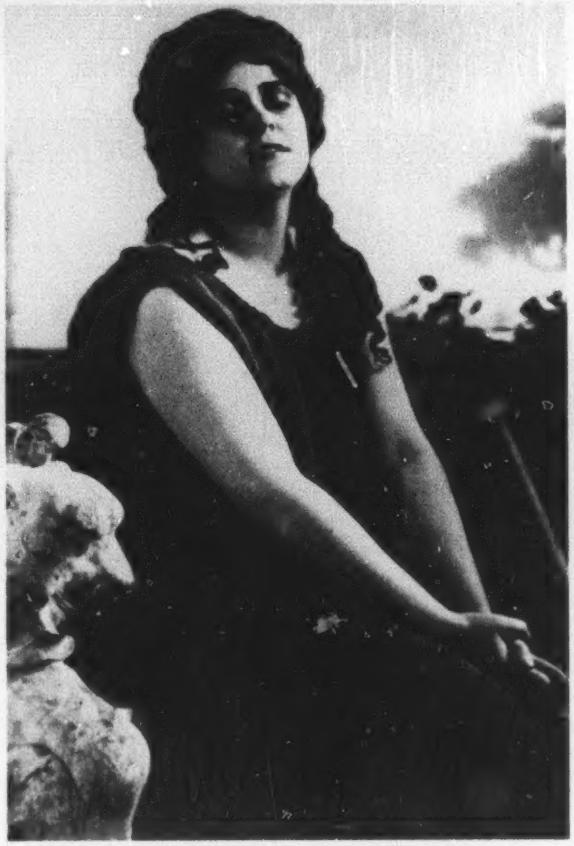
Kirsten Flagstad, the greatest Wagnerian soprano of the twentieth century, photographed in Chicago (1937). In addition to a voluminous, warm voice, she had a simple, pleasing personality.

graphs in all sizes. Since its donation, I have begun a second which contains many interesting examples, but which I feel is too small to make an impressive gift. In this second collection, there must be a hundred photos of Mary Garden alone. A long-standing project of mine is to complete a book on this singer, but I lack the necessary time. I plan to utilize many of these photos in the book, if it is written. Some of them are extremely rare and some from her earliest years have never been reproduced before. There are also a number of recently acquired creations of the official La Scala photographer of the 1930s, all in his own inimitable style with projected backgrounds. Alas, the current vogue is for candid shots from dress rehearsals. Any semblance of artistry is gone; the camera could just as well have taken these without human assistance. There are, however, works by artist photographers in the main collection. Fernand de Gueldre of Chicago is one. Setzer and Fayer of Vienna, Angus McBean of Britain, Villani of Bologna, and Ellinger of Salzburg are also represented. And, of course, there are many by house photographers like Mishkin of the Met and Matzene of Chicago. Their subjects make their work notable, whereas their art was negligible. They photographed people as McDonald's makes hamburgers. Often in pictures by Mishkin one sees tattered backdrops, and worn carpets; there is one of De Luca gotten up as Rigoletto and sitting on some grocery boxes that are barely hidden by an Oriental rug. Late in his career Mishkin turned out some superb photos. These, I suspect, were made by apprentices with an eye for composition and art. I may as well mention that a book devoted to the work of Mishkin and compiled by Robert Tuggle of New York is due to be published this year.

This, then, is a quick rundown on the Jahant Collection as I remember acquiring it. As long as I live, it will continue growing.

The noted tenor Tito Schipa congratulates soprano Claudia Muzio in her dressing room at the Metropolitan Opera following the first act of her return vehicle, *La Traviata* (1935).

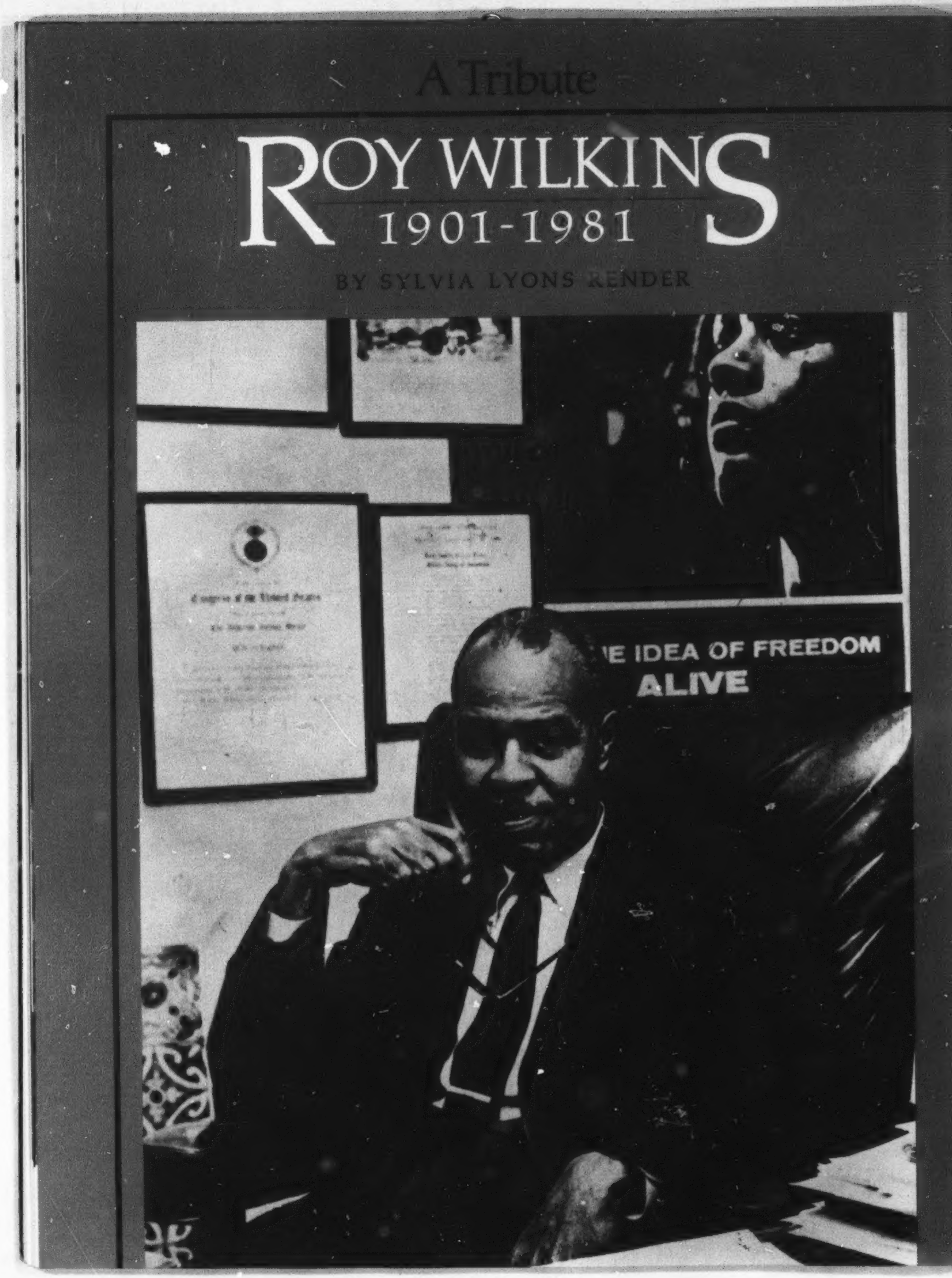
All the illustrations in this article are from the Charles Jahant Collection, Music Division, Library of Congress.



Lotte Lehmann in her original portrayal (Hamburg, 1916) of the blind Greek woman in piano virtuoso Eugène d'Albert's opera *Die toten Augen*.

A reviewer, radio panelist, teacher, lecturer, and recently appointed member of the Advisory Council of the Metropolitan Opera Archives, Charles Jahant is currently critic for *Opera News*, *Opera* (London), and *Lyrica* (Paris). He reviewed music of the Washington scene for the *Christian Science Monitor* from 1958 to 1978, and has written program notes for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the Metropolitan Opera, and Avery Fisher Hall, and liner notes for Time-Life Records. He has also written entries for the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera*, the new Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, and Harvard-Radcliffe's *Notable American Women*, as well as articles for such magazines as the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Jahant donated his collection of photographs of opera singers to the Library's Music Division in 1980.

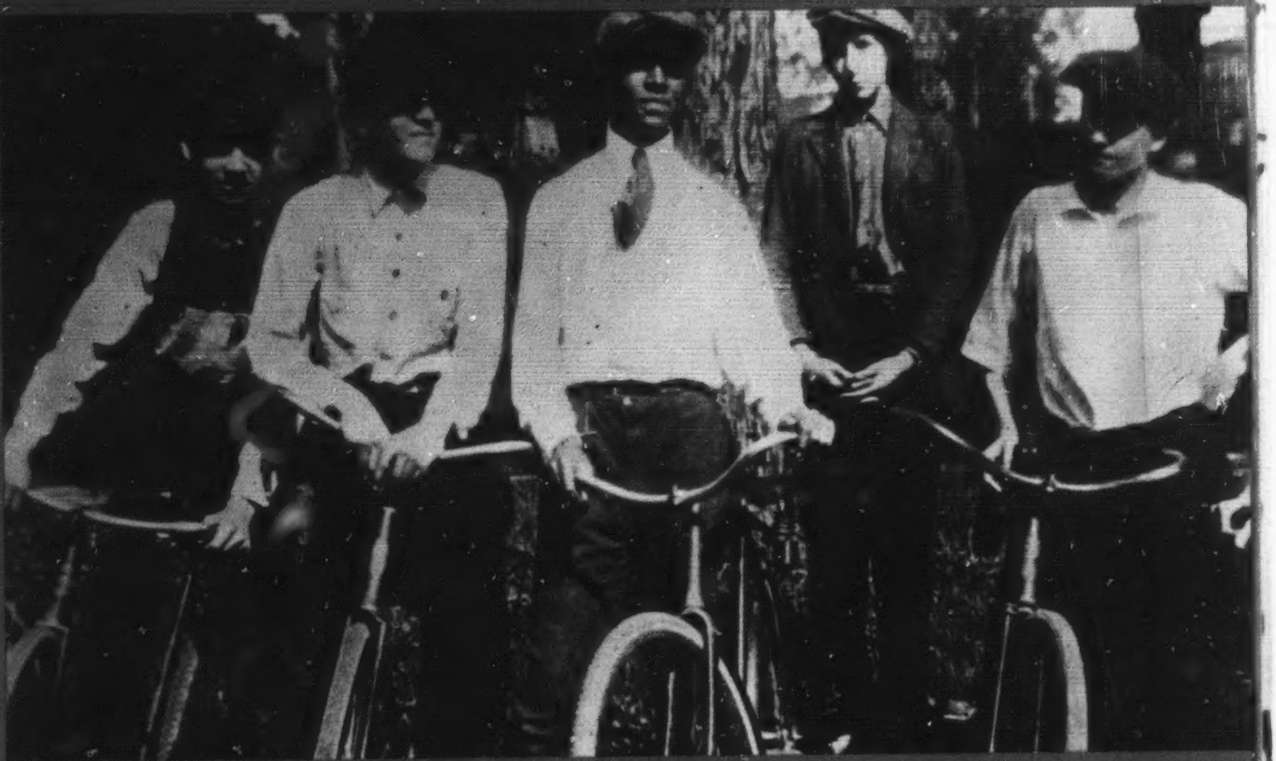


A Tribute

ROY WILKINS
1901-1981

BY SYLVIA LYONS RENDER

E IDEA OF FREEDOM
ALIVE



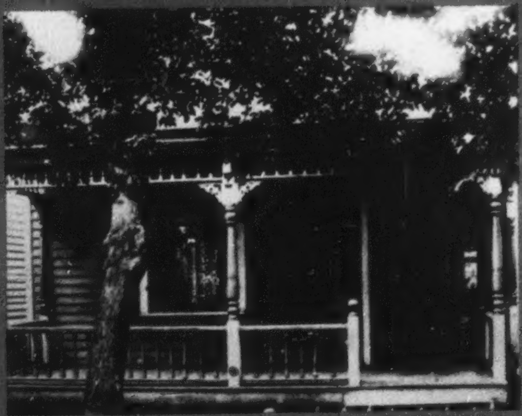
Young Roy grew up in a harmonious interracial environment unmarred by the open practice of segregation and discrimination. Here he is on a bike trip with boyhood friends during the period he was attending Mechanical Arts High School, before 1920.

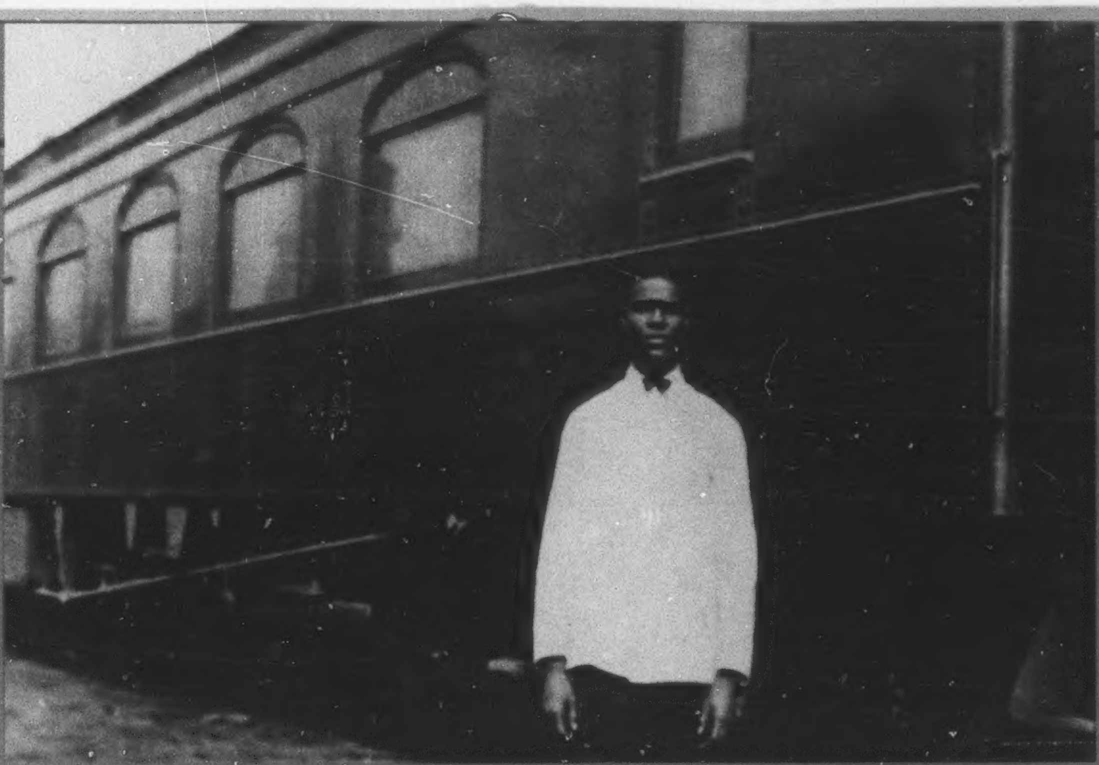
Roy Wilkins is pictured here in his office in 1963 in a typical posture during one of the rare moments of quiet he needed as the leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at the height of the civil rights struggle during the 1960s. The citation to his left reflects the success of his appearances before congressional committees to persuade them to pass or enforce legislation favorable to his cause.

The weeping woman on the poster behind him is the widow of Medgar Evers, the NAACP national secretary for Mississippi, who was shot in the back outside his home on June 12, 1963.

The personal papers of Roy Wilkins and the records of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have been donated to the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress. The photographs presented here are courtesy of the NAACP national office in New York.

Roy Wilkins was born on August 30, 1901, in this house on La Clede Place in St. Louis, Missouri, the first child of the Reverend William D. Wilkins and the former Miss Mayfield Edmondson. The family, which grew to include another boy and a girl, resided here for only a few years. Mrs. Wilkins died when Roy was four years old, and the three children went to St. Paul, Minnesota, to live with their maternal aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Williams.

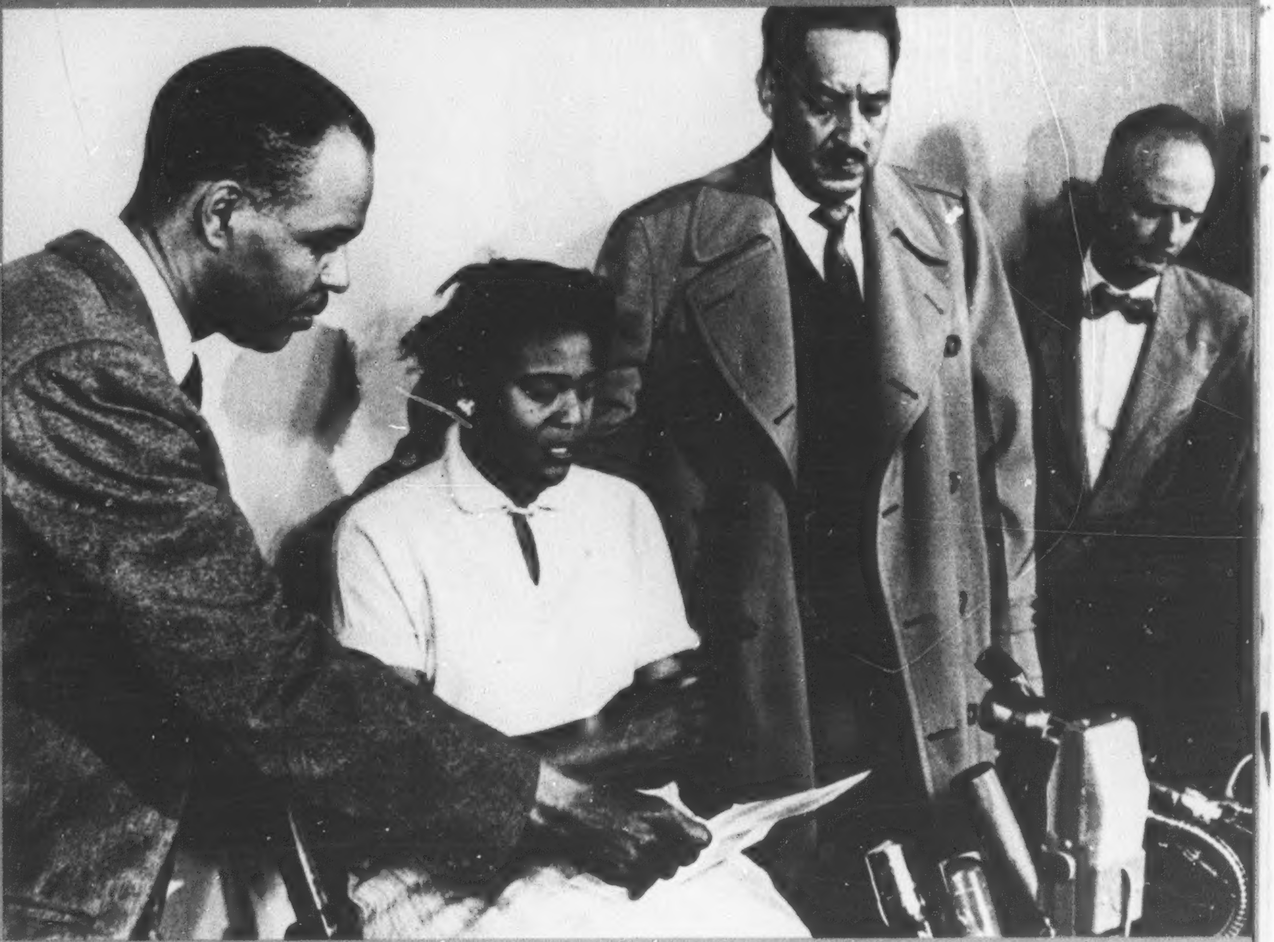




Like many aspiring young men of his time, Wilkins sought summer employment to help defray the cost of going to college. While he was at the University of Michigan (1919-23), his uncle got him a job as a dining car waiter on trains in the Great Lakes region—considered a plum because of the good tips. He is pictured here in waiter's attire outside a dining car, probably in the railroad yard just before a scheduled run.

Almost immediately after Wilkins graduated from the University of Michigan, he began the professional career to which he devoted most of his time for the next fifty-four years. His first position was as a reporter and columnist for the Kansas City (Missouri) *Call*, a black weekly. His column, "Talking It Over," became a forum for civil rights advocates, and his general proficiency gained him quick promotion to managing editor of the paper by its publisher, Chester Franklin.

Wilkins's journalistic skills and strong protests against segregation and discrimination caught the attention of the brilliant black scholar W. E. B. Du Bois, who was then editor of the *Crisis*, the official organ of the NAACP. In the fall of 1931, Walter White, secretary of the association, reputedly the largest and most influential civil rights organization in the United States, invited Wilkins to join the staff as assistant secretary. This picture of Wilkins was taken in 1934, when he succeeded Du Bois as the *Crisis* editor.

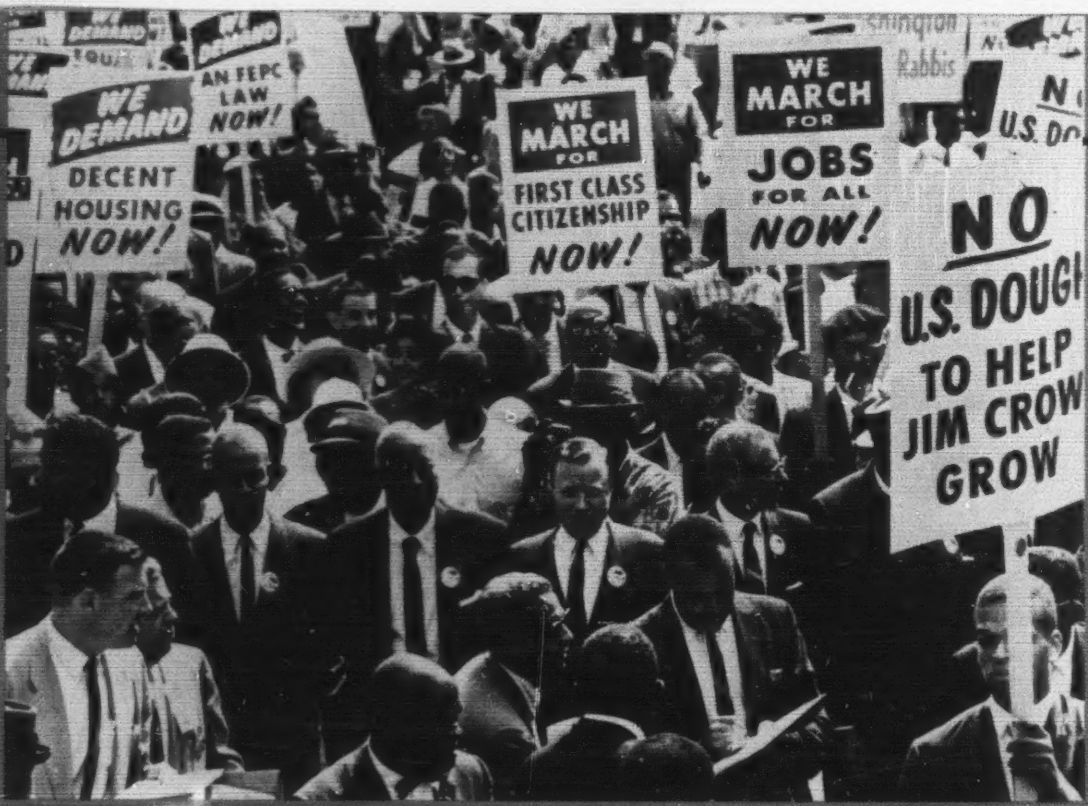


By the time Wilkins participated in the March 2, 1956, press conference with Autherine Lucy and attorney Thurgood Marshall, director and special counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund (shown here), he had become the executive secretary of the association. Earlier Wilkins had held the posts not only of assistant secretary (1931-49) and editor of the *Crisis* but also those of acting secretary (1949-50) and administrator (1950-55). As time passed Wilkins had become increasingly involved in setting the policy for the NAACP's sustained efforts to make first-class citizenship a reality for black Americans.

The NAACP had played an active role in the desegregation of the armed forces during the closing years of World War II and thereafter; in the institution of fair employment practices; in voting; in making more public and private housing available; in the desegration of public facilities, including transportation; and in the desegregation of schools, especially after the far-reaching Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, outlawing segregated public schools. Although the Court had made favorable rulings on the attendance of blacks at public institutions of higher learning as far back as 1938, the mandates were more avoided than followed. Consequently, when the state of Alabama was ordered to admit Autherine Lucy to the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, students and townspeople rioted to prevent her from remaining at the university. Suspended because of the rioting, she accused university officials of conspiring to keep her out of the university. In turn the Board of Regents expelled her. Guided and advised by the NAACP during the public outcry which followed, Miss Lucy presented her side of the story to the press.

Eleanor Roosevelt served on the NAACP board of directors and encouraged her husband's concern for black citizens. She is credited with the enlargement of the president's "black cabinet," an advisory body; no doubt she also influenced the appointment of a substantial number of Afro-Americans to high places in the government and helped pave the way for increasing numbers of blacks in civil service jobs. Even after President Roosevelt's death, Mrs. Roosevelt continued to work for better race relations.

Roy Wilkins is shown here with Jack ("Jackie") Roosevelt Robinson and Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington, two recipients of the Spingarn Medal, "a gold medal to be awarded for the highest or noblest achievement by an American Negro during the preceding year or years." Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1946, the first Afro-American to play on a major league team. He received the Spingarn Medal in 1956 "for his pioneer role in athletics." Duke Ellington was similarly recognized in 1959 "for outstanding musical achievements."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Roy Wilkins and the NAACP played a greater role in the march on Washington on August 28, 1963, than is generally recognized, especially in organizational and support services. The idea for such a demonstration, the largest of its kind in U.S. history, originated with A. Philip Randolph, who hoped it would promote the passage of a pending civil rights bill forbidding discrimination in public accommodations and employment. The photograph shows a few of the 250,000 participants on the Mall heading for the Lincoln Memorial.

Recognizable in the forefront of the photograph are the following leaders of some of the participating organizations: Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., Washington lawyer and civil rights activist; Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League; Wilkins; Randolph, founder and head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; Walter Reuther, a longtime civil rights activist as well as labor union leader, and Arnold Aronson, secretary of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a coalition of human rights organizations. Not shown is the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, whose "I Have A Dream" speech further memorialized the occasion.

Roy Wilkins had a high regard for Dr. Martin Luther King, both as a professional and as a person. Aware of the limits of his own power and cognizant of the fact that he and King had the same ultimate goals, Wilkins was not disturbed that King was frequently the center of public attention. Without the support of the NAACP, some of King's efforts would have suffered. Here the two men have a cordial meeting at a gathering in New York City during the 1960s, while Mayor Robert Wagner looks on.

Roy Wilkins and President Lyndon B. Johnson met in the White House to review some of the strategies employed to secure passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, "which eliminated all qualifying tests for registration which abridged the rights to vote on the basis of race or color." More civil rights legislation was passed under Johnson's administration than under any previous one. Working together behind the scenes on such legislation and on the issuance of executive orders, Wilkins and Johnson developed a mutual respect that blossomed into friendship between both the men and their families. One of President Johnson's last official acts was to give Wilkins the nation's highest civilian award, the Freedom Medal.

Arthur Spingarn and Hubert Humphrey were Wilkins's friends and supporters for many years. Arthur Spingarn, an attorney and the brother of Joel Spingarn, became involved with the NAACP in 1910 because of the Steve Greene extradition case in which the NAACP was involved. He became legal counsel for the association and then chairman of the Legal Committee until, in 1939, Spingarn succeeded his brother Joel as president of the NAACP. Wilkins's ties with Humphrey began when the two met in Minnesota during their school years and were strengthened by their mutual advocacy of civil rights causes after Humphrey began a political career in Washington.

Roy Wilkins was known and respected around the world. In recognition of his unremitting efforts on behalf of the disadvantaged everywhere, he was chosen to head the U.S. delegation to the International Conference on Human Rights, which met in Tehran, Iran, April 22–May 10, 1968. Here Wilkins is greeted at a royal reception for the conference delegates by the Shah and Empress Farah.

Over the years the NAACP had complained, with justification, about the exclusionary practices of American labor unions. Nevertheless, Wilkins was always willing to talk with labor leaders and to form political alliances if there were any possibility of improving employment conditions for Afro-Americans. Here he is chatting with George Meany, president of AFL-CIO, at a black-tie dinner in 1970. By that time this union had adopted a more liberal stance, sometimes using the threat of charter revocation to force a local to accept black members.

Wilkins's active participation in humanitarian causes won him commendations and honorary degrees from institutions and organizations with like concerns in this country and abroad. Among the honors bestowed upon him were the Spingarn Medal in 1964, the Freedom House Award in 1967, the Theodore Roosevelt Distinguished Service Medal in 1968, and the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1969. Hebrew University in Jerusalem made Wilkins an honorary fellow in 1972.

Wilkins is shown here in June 1965 receiving from Cardinal Spellman an honorary doctorate degree bestowed by Iona College, while his wife, Mrs. Aminda Badeau Wilkins, looks on. Although this is the first appearance of Mrs. Wilkins in this group of photographs, she was a staunch supporter of her husband's work as well as a professional social worker.

Wilkins visited Dr. Golda Meier, prime minister of Israel, in March 1972, when he was in Jerusalem to participate in the ceremony honoring him as an Honorary Fellow of Hebrew University.

Whenever Wilkins had a few hours to call his own—and this was seldom—he spent some of them driving or working on his sports car. "I drive a black TR 3," he told the *Boston Herald Traveler Magazine* in 1969. "It's eight years old. It's my only recreation, my only hobby." Wilkins maintained the vehicle himself, and it was still in excellent condition at the time of his death.

Roy Wilkins was a man of strong purpose and great dedication. He will long be remembered for his efforts to make the world a better place not just for blacks but for all races.

Sylvia Lyons Render is the specialist in Afro-American history and culture for the Library's Manuscript Division. Dr. Render's latest book is *Charles W. Chesnutt* (1980).

TRIUMPH

Recent Publications

of the Library of Congress

Creativity: A Continuing Inventory of Knowlege by the Council of Scholars.

1981. 37 pp. Compiled by James H. Hutson. Free from the Central Services Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

This pamphlet derives from discussions of creativity held by the council at a symposium in November 1980 and at a subsequent meeting held in the spring of 1981. Issues addressed in this first publication in a continuing series include problems regarding creativity, and aspects of the associated issues that need further examination. Also included is a suggested list of readings in creativity.

The 1812 Catalogue of the Library of Congress: A Facsimile.

1982. 167 pp. $15. Introduction by Robert A. Rutland, editor-in-chief of *The Papers of James Madison*, University of Virginia; indexes by Lynda Corey Claassen, Center for the Book. For sale by the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

Few Americans realize the extent to which their representatives in the Congress rely on books to shape the laws of the nation. Since its establishment in 1800, the Library of Congress has symbolized the intimate connection between knowledge and the development of our democratic republic. This catalog of the Library's holdings in 1812 is a record of legislative needs and interests. It strikingly reinforces Thomas Jefferson's observation that there is no subject "to which a member of Congress may not have occasion to refer." The statutes and rules governing the use of the books, included as part of the catalog, are further evidence of the seriousness with which Congress regarded its cumulation of knowledge past. The publication of this facsimile edition from an original copy in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division of the Library is enhanced by a historical introduction and three separate indexes to author and title, dates of publication, and places of publication.

The First Booklist of the Library of Congress: A Facsimile.

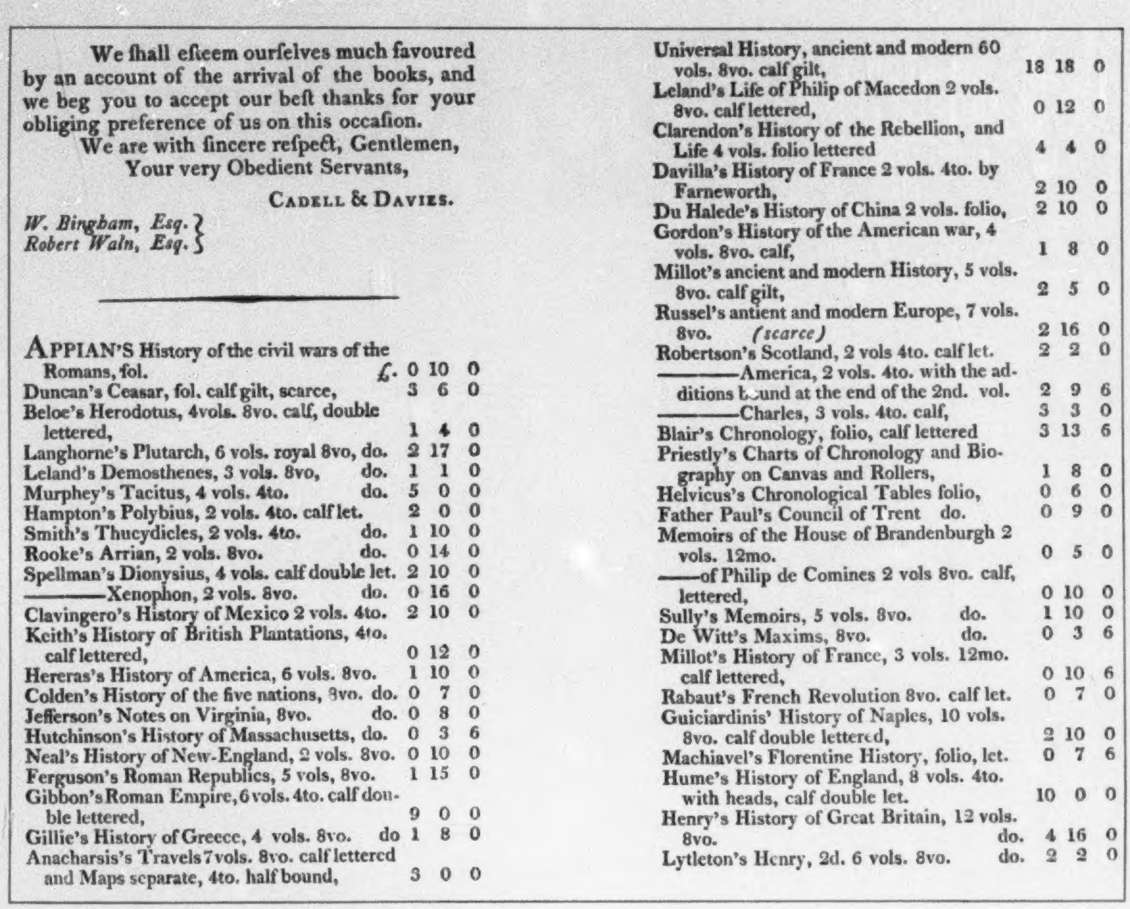
1981. 16 pp. $3. Foreword by Dana J. Pratt, director of publishing, Library of Congress. For sale by the Information Office, Washington, D.C. 20540.

The legislation establishing the Library of Congress in 1800 provided for "the purchase of such books as may be necessary for use of Congress of the said city of Washington and for fitting up a suitable apartment for containing them." The London firm of Cadell & Davies was selected to fill the order of 728 books and 3 maps. The invoice that arrived with the books was printed, and therefore became the first publication of the Library of Congress. Available now in facsimile, it offers the opportunity for the historian and book lover to see which books were regarded important for the legislature of the new American Republic.

In Celebration: "The National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints."

1981. 49 pp. $5.95. Edited by John Y. Cole, executive director, Center for the Book. For sale by the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

The completion of a fourteen-year publishing venture was celebrated by a symposium held in January 1981 that featured speakers involved in the development and use of the 754 volumes of *The National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints.* Papers published as a history of this achievement in recording bibliographic data for imprints in library collections across the country include an essay by William J. Welsh, Deputy Librarian of Congress, a discussion of the published catalog as a tool for research libraries by Gordon R. Williams, the story of its editing by David A. Smith, views from John Commander, its publisher, a survey of its use by antiquarian booksellers by Bernard Rosenthal, and sagas of its use by scholars Nicolas Barker and William B. Todd.



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Pages from *The First Booklist of the Library of Congress.*

The International Flow of Information: A Trans-Pacific Perspective.

1981. 47 pp. Edited by John Y. Cole, executive director, Center for the Book. Viewpoint Series, No. 7. Free from the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

Based on the proceedings of a three-week traveling symposium held in June 1979, this booklet explores the free flow of information across the Pacific, both to and from the United States. Topics range from the import and export of books and the condition of indigenous publishing in the East Asia-Pacific region to the use of computer-based information systems. Authors include Theodore Waller, Datus C. Smith, Jr., Michael S. Keplinger, Leo N. Albert, and James D. Isbister. Comments from participants in the symposium are also included.

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The Bollingen Foundation: Mary Mellon's "Shining Beacon" 200

BY WILLIAM McGUIRE

Established originally to publish the works of the psychologist C. G. Jung, the Bollingen Foundation funded a range of cultural programs and projects that included several at the Library of Congress.

My Monday Morning Country Store 212

BY PATRICK HAYES

A unique and continuing Washington bargain is the sale of tickets at a quarter apiece to hear the Juilliard String Quartet and other fine chamber music groups in the Library's Coolidge Auditorium. Part of Mr. Hayes's pleasure in carrying out this distribution stems from his fond boyhood memories of working in a New England country store and welcoming newcomers over that sales counter.

Twentieth-Century American Fine Printing 224

BY ROBERT R. SHIELDS

With an introduction by Peter VanWingen

The tradition of fine printing perfected in the fifteenth century by early printers and revived in England with the Arts and Crafts Movement is carried on by small presses in America today.

Heroes and Victims: Willa Cather's Marriage Theme 242

BY DORIS GRUMBACH

In *A Lost Lady* and *My Mortal Enemy,* Willa Cather portrays a world in which the good and romantic intentions of men and women who marry are inevitably destined to disappointment and failure.

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Cooperative Scholarship

Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress from 1939 to 1944, died on April 20, 1982. He wrote this introduction for the first issue of the Quarterly Journal, *July-September 1943.*

The Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions had its beginnings a year or two ago in a pile of proof sheets of Library catalog cards on the desk of a Justice of the Supreme Court whose work and whose interests required him to follow the Library's acquisitions of new materials and whose sources of information were the ugly and often meaningless slips of paper his law clerk secured from our printing office. I was convinced when I saw the Justice struggling with his proof that a library created to serve the people of a great democratic nation through their representatives and their officers of government owed its principal clients a more appetizing account of its newest holdings than a pile of catalog cards in printer's proof could give even to those who had the patience to consult them.

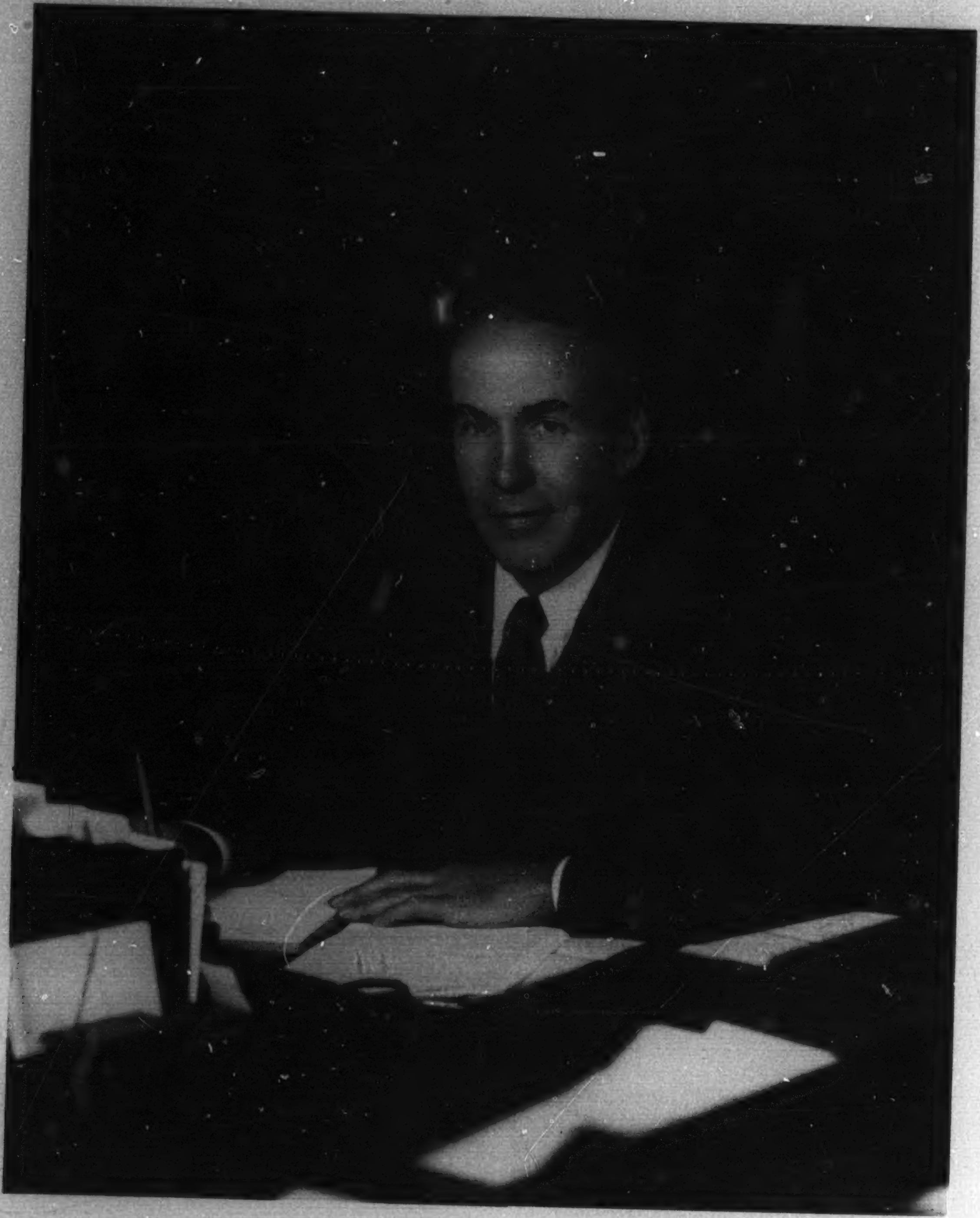
But it is one thing to see the need for a convenient and useful publication and another thing altogether to produce it. That the Journal has now been realized in print and paper is the result of two developments for both of which the Library has reason to be grateful. First, the Public Printer has examined the problem from the point of view of the pressure upon his agency and has concluded that quarterly accounts of new Library acquisitions, taking the place of the yearly account formerly published in the Annual Report of the Librarian of Congress, will decrease the seasonal burden upon his establishment. Second, Allen Tate, distinguished American poet and critic, has accepted my invitation to occupy for the fiscal year 1944 the Library's Chair of Poetry in English, and he has agreed, much to my gratification, to undertake the editorship of the Journal.

The Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress is to be, as this first issue will indicate, a work of coöperative scholarship. The Library's Fellows and Associate Fellows and Consultants and reference specialists, the Chiefs of Divisions and the occupants of Chairs, all of whom serve as recommending officers in the selection of materials to be acquired, will describe new acquisitions which seem to them of special interest for any of the various reasons which give particular interest to a particular book at a particular time. Their purpose is to write *as* scholars but not necessarily *for* scholars. That is to say, the reader for whom they write is not the scholar specializing in a given field but the educated man of general information to whom books are not tools alone but objects of human and humane interest and concern.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Library's Journal will not reach a form satisfactory to its writers or its editor with the first issue or even with the first several issues. A periodical, like any other continuing and living organism, finds its form by exercising its functions.

The first duty of the Library of Congress is to serve the Congress and the officers and agencies of government. Its second duty is to serve the world of scholarship and letters. Through both it endeavors to serve the American people to whom it belongs and for whom it exists. If this Journal can advance in any way that central purpose it will deserve its place.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH



ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

1892-1982

The Bollingen Foundation

Mary Mellon's "Shining Beacon"

BY WILLIAM McGUIRE

The Bollingen Foundation was "one of the few clear lights in a murky world," wrote Walter Muir Whitehill, "which had done more to elevate the spirit of man in the United States than anything else that I know of." Kenneth Rexroth called it "an adventure for significance, a quest for meaning, a part of the struggle for revaluation of a collapsed Western civilization." To C. G. Jung the foundation was "a shining beacon in the darkness of the atomic age."

The foundation was established in 1945 by Paul Mellon and his first wife, Mary Conover Mellon. Its origins have much earlier roots, however. In the 1930s the Mellons had become interested in the ideas of C. G. Jung and had entered upon Jungian analysis. In the summer of 1938 they went to Zurich for an encounter with Jung himself and the circle around him. Plans were laid for a deeper involvement, and the following summer they returned to settle in Zurich for systematic analysis and study with Jung. The outbreak of the war forced their return to the United States in spring 1940, but the Mellons, and in particular Mary, had become fired with a determination to undertake a new and uniform collected edition of Jung's writings. This became Mary Mellon's mission. In late 1940 she set up

The Bollingen Series, 1982. Photograph by Howard Allen.

Courtesy of Paul Mellon.

C. G. Jung's stone "tower" near the village of Bollingen, St.-Gallen, Switzerland, as it appeared at about the time of the Mellons's visit in 1938. Photograph courtesy of the Jung family.

the Bollingen Press, naming it after the Swiss village at the eastern end of the Lake of Zurich where Jung had built a stone tower as his rural retreat. Her plans embraced the publication not only of Jung's writings but also of the lectures given at the Eranos conferences in Ascona, on Lake Maggiore in Italian-speaking Switzerland, where Mary had been impressed by the foundress of Eranos, Olga Froebe-Kapteyn. The Eranos conferences, since 1933, had enlisted as speakers not only Jung but also a number of European scholars of philosophy, comparative religion, and other humane studies.

On January 6, 1942, Mary's program was incorporated as the Bollingen Foundation, with its headquarters in Washington, Connecticut, at the home of the Jungian pupil and translator Cary F. Baynes and her daughter Ximena de Angulo, whom Mary Mellon had appointed as her managing editor. The principal counselor was the Indologist Heinrich Zimmer, a refugee from Germany whom the Mellons had met at the Eranos conference of 1939. In June, however, before any publishing project had moved much beyond the planning stage, the foundation was liquidated, "because of the war emergency and the restrictions placed on our citizens in their relations with persons abroad" (as the Mellons' lawyer wrote to Jung).

Mary Mellon's Bollingen idea lay dormant for half a year, until early 1943, when, under the name "Bollingen Series," it took form as a publishing program of the Old Dominion Foundation, which Paul Mellon had founded on December 1, 1941. As her managing editor Mary appointed Stanley P. Young, an experienced trade editor. On the suggestion of Heinrich Zimmer, she contracted with Pantheon Books, Inc., in spring 1943, to manufacture, publish, and distribute her Bollingen Series. Kurt Wolff, formerly a distinguished German publisher who, with his wife Helen, had reached New York as a refugee in early 1941, had founded the house of Pantheon scarcely a year later. After Zimmer's untimely death, Mary relied on the advice chiefly of Kurt Wolff and of Huntington Cairns, who was legal counsel, secretary, and treasurer of the National Gallery of Art. The series was formally established as a program of the Old Dominion Foundation in May, and the first volume was published on December 15, 1943: *Where the Two Came to Their Father*, a Navaho Indian ceremonial, recorded by Maud Oakes from a Navaho medicine man, Jeff King, illustrated by a portfolio of silkscreen prints of sand paintings, the work of Maud Oakes, with a mythological commentary by Joseph Campbell, who had been a pupil of Zimmer's.

Under Stanley Young's management, the Bollingen program moved forward during the next two years. The succeeding numbers in the series were *The Devil's Share*, by the Swiss writer Denis de Rougemont, and *Prehistoric Cave Paintings*, by a German art critic, Max Raphael, which inaugurated Bollingen's concern with translation; *The Road of Life and Death*, an ethnological work by Paul Radin; and an edition of Plato's *Timaeus* and *Critias*, which fixed another precedent. Posthumous works on mythology and Indian religion by Heinrich Zimmer, edited by Joseph Campbell, were also important in the early planning.

The European war ended in May 1945, and Paul Mellon returned home from United States Army duty in the Office of Strategic Services. When the two-year contract between Bollingen and Pantheon expired, it was renewed without question, confirming a publishing relationship

Emma Jung and C. G. Jung at Bollingen, 1944. Photograph by William McGuire.

that was to endure for twenty-two more years. In the fall, when Stanley Young resigned to resume a writing career, John D. Barrett, Jr., was made managing editor. And on December 14, 1945, the series became the nucleus of a revived Bollingen Foundation, with Mary Mellon as president and Huntington Cairns as vice-president. Mary's attention was now focused on the publication of C. G. Jung's works, which had motivated her to establish the Bollingen program before the war. Having renewed communication with Switzerland and made contact with Jung's British publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, Mary made plans to visit Jung and attend the Eranos conference in Ascona. Circumstances prevented her traveling and John Barrett went in her stead to lay the groundwork for the Jung collected edition. Returning in late September, Barrett made an optimistic report to the Mellons at their Virginia home, Oak Spring.

John Barrett, 1956.

Barely two weeks later, on October 11, Mary Mellon died of heart failure after a severe asthmatic attack. She was forty-three.

Paul Mellon pledged to Barrett that Mary's work would be carried on, and the Bollingen Foundation moved forward with Barrett as editor of the Bollingen Series and, after 1956, as the foundation's president. What followed was a greatly amplified program of book publishing, together with fellowships for research and creative work, subventions for scholarly publication under other auspices, and contributions to institutions concerned mainly with the humanities, archaeology, and psychology. The foundation, at its headquarters in New York City, became a much sought after resource for the support of humanistic projects of many kinds, as well as publisher of the celebrated Bollingen Series, of discriminating high standard. The series ultimately embraced one hundred numbers, some of which included multiple editions such as the collected works of Jung, Paul Valéry, and S. T. Coleridge, and the A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, while others consisted of single works. The translation of distinguished works of literature and scholarship became one of the principal concerns of the series.

In the mid 1960s, the Bollingen Foundation gradually moved toward a dissolution of its activities. Contributions to institutions ended in December 1964, and the fellowships program was concluded in 1967. Ending its long and fruitful association with Pantheon Books, the foundation in 1967 turned over publication of the Bollingen Series to Princeton University Press. In 1969, the foundation gave the series as an outright gift to Princeton Press and set up at Princeton University a fund to support the remaining editorial work. The press undertook as its responsibility the completion of the one hundred numbers projected by the foundation trustees and editors. As of 1982, a number of volumes are still in preparation or projected, with the prospect of completion during the decade.

The archives of the Bollingen Foundation, up to the point in the early 1970s when it became entirely inactive, were conveyed to the Library of Congress in July 1973. Archives from the Princeton phase are to be transferred in due course. The archives presently comprise about 75,000 items in 237 containers occupying 95 linear feet of shelf space in the Library's Manuscript Division.

The association between the Bollingen Foundation and the Library of Congress spanned the life of the foundation. After its establishment in December 1945, the foundation's first benefaction, approved by its trustees on January 22, 1946, on the motion of Huntington Cairns, was a contribution to the Library of $10,500 to support a project that was then unique: "Twentieth-Century Poetry in English: Contemporary Recordings of the Poets Reading Their Own Poems." Subsequently, $18,000 more was put into this undertaking, which culminated in ten albums of 78 rpm twelve-inch phonograph records upon which the voices of most of the prominent American and British poets of that time have been preserved. In 1962 the foundation provided funds to assist the Library in its sponsorship of a National Poetry Festival, held October 22-24. The general theme of the festival, "Fifty Years of American Poetry," was suggested by the occurrence of the fiftieth anniver-

Mary Conover Mellon, Paul Mellon, and their daughter Cathy at the Eranos conference, Ascona, Switzerland, 1939. Photograph courtesy of the Eranos Foundation.

Mary Conover Mellon. Portrait by Gerald Brockhurst, oil on canvas, 1938.

sary of *Poetry* magazine, founded in Chicago in 1912 by Harriet Monroe and continued since under a succession of notable editors. The Library brought together poets and writers from all parts of the United States who participated in morning discussions, afternoon readings, and evening lectures.

Two other episodes in the Bollingen story involved the Library of Congress during the 1940s: that of the French poet St.-John Perse, who under his own name, Alexis Leger, was a consultant at the Library during the war years; and that of the award of the Bollingen Prize in Poetry to Ezra Pound.

Alexis Leger exemplified the insistent Gallic strand in the Bollingen design. While at the Mellon estate in Virginia, during the fall of 1943, Denis de Rougemont had talked to Mary Mellon of the poet, who was living in Washington, D.C., and he had proposed a meeting that did not come about. But Mary read the poems, and the poet was in her mind. John Barrett had known Leger's work since his own Paris years before the war. Nothing came of their interest, however, until the summer of 1946.

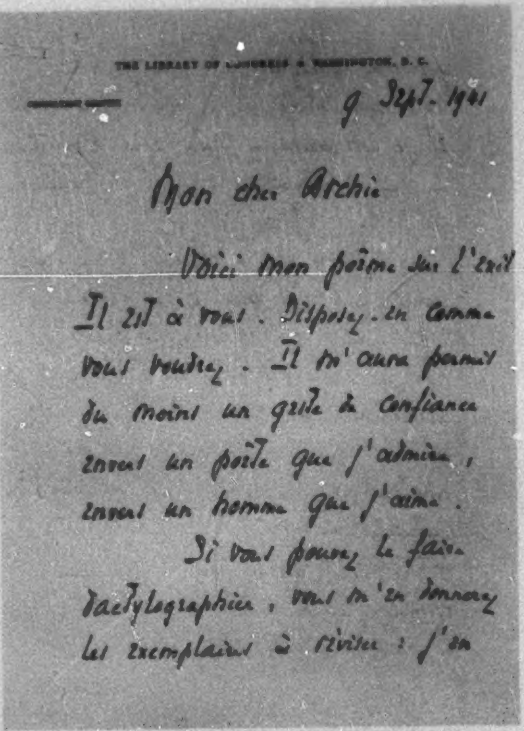
As an exile in America, Alexis St.-Leger Leger was leading a sequestered life, following a long career of action and prominence in France. Born in 1887 in Guadeloupe, where his French forebears had lived for two centuries, he went to France with his family in 1899. He had already begun to write poetry when he met Paul Claudel in 1905; in 1909 his poem "Images à Crusoé," published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, brought him to the attention of Léon-Paul Forgue, Gide, and Larbaud. His book *Eloges* appeared in 1911. Leger subsequently entered the French Foreign Service and spent 1916-21 at the legation in Peking, whence he traveled to the western reaches of China. That desert adventure inspired an epic poem, *Anabase*, published in 1924 under the pseudonym St.-John Perse. (T. S. Eliot's translation, in 1930, made the poet known in England and America.) In 1921, as a member of the French delegation to the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, Leger attracted the attention of the French leader Aristide Briand. He rose steadily in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and in 1933 was appointed its secretary general, with the rank of ambassador. During the last seven chaotic and tragic years of the Third Republic, as governments changed mercurially, Leger maintained the continuity of French foreign policy and sought to uphold the principles of European federation, the neutralization of Nazi Germany, and the integrity of the Anglo-French alliance.

He was forced out of office by the Reynaud government in May 1940, as the German invasion began, and when France fell a month later he took refuge abroad. The Gestapo ransacked his Paris apartment, and the manuscripts of several long poems vanished. The Vichy government revoked his French nationality and confiscated his property. After Leger arrived in England, Churchill conferred with him at Chequers. They both decided that Leger could best serve the common purpose by going to the United States, where he had friends and contacts in Washington. Churchill found him passage on an English ship for Halifax, and he reached New York in July 1940. *Time* magazine

Archibald MacLeish at his desk in the office of the Librarian of Congress.

reported that he was living in straitened circumstances, planning to study the country, write his memoirs, and avoid publicity. In fact, Leger maintained contact with President Roosevelt, Sumner Welles, Francis Biddle, Cordell Hull, and others in the administration, as well as opinion makers such as his friend Walter Lippman, and was quietly and effectively active on behalf of France and the Resistance.

Archibald MacLeish, whom Roosevelt had appointed Librarian of Congress in 1939, had read *Eloges* and *Anabase* during the 1920s in Paris. In October 1940, learning of Leger's presence, MacLeish invited him to become consultant on French literature at the Library. Leger refused a post salaried by a foreign power, but a group of persons concerned for the poet contributed a fund upon which MacLeish could draw. A similar arrangement was made with Thomas Mann, as a consultant on German literature, though



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS • WASHINGTON, D. C.

9 Sept. 1941

Mon cher Archie

Voici mon poème sur l'Exil. Il est à vous. Disposez-en comme vous voudrez. Il m'aura permis du moins un geste de confiance envers un poète que j'admire, envers un homme que j'aime.

Si vous pouvez le faire dactylographier, vous m'en donnerez les exemplaires à réviser : j'en

Letter from Alexis St.-Leger Leger to Archibald MacLeish, dated September 9, 1941. The first paragraph reads: "Here is my poem on exile. It is for you. Do what you want with it. It is the least I can do as a gesture of confidence towards a poet I admire and a man I love." Rare Book and Special Collections Division, Library of Congress.

Mann never resided in Washington.* During the next five years, Leger regularly took the bus down to his office at the Library, where he methodically went about his duties. At the outset he told MacLeish, "I'll never write again." Less than a year later, as they strolled on the Capitol grounds, Leger handed MacLeish an envelope that contained the manuscript of *Exil*, a long poem he had written while alone at Francis and Katherine Biddle's vacation house on Long Beach Island, New Jersey. Through MacLeish's interest, *Exil* was first published in the March 1942 issue of *Poetry*—unusual for a work not in English. (In May 1943, unaware of Mary Mellon's curiosity about Leger, Kurt Wolff wrote him proposing unsuccessfully that Pantheon publish a translation of *Exil* by MacLeish.) MacLeish arranged also for the publication, by Norton in 1944, of *Eloges*, which Leger had asked Louise Varèse to translate because he admired her rendering of Rimbaud. And in summer 1945, while staying on Seven Hundred Acre Island, off the Maine coast, Leger composed another poem of epic character and length, *Vents* (*Winds*).

Leger's consultancy expired in May 1946. A diplomatic appointment in a government in which he had little confidence was not of interest to him; he declined Leon Blum's tender of the ambassadorship to the United Nations as well as an appointment at an American college or university. He chose to devote his time to writing. His literary friends took up his cause, focusing their efforts on the Bollingen Foundation. Overtures on Leger's behalf were made to the Mellons and Barrett, variously by Eleanor Clark, James Johnson Sweeney, Glenway Wescott, and —with best effect—Allen Tate, who had recently been consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress, and who sought Mary's attention via Huntington Cairns. On July 19, Barrett wrote Leger offering him a grant-in-aid "tentatively set at $250 for three years to come" and giving the Bollingen Series an option on his poetry. Leger, again on Seven Hundred Acre Island, did not respond. When Barrett left for Switzerland on the business of the Jung edition, he instructed Vaun Gillmor to persevere in her efforts to reach Leger. Mary Mellon on her part preferred to let the matter drop, but Barrett, who had discussed the case of St.-John Perse with Gide while in Paris, was determined. In late September he traced Leger to a New York hotel and invited him to lunch. Leger, he discovered, had supposed that the grant was $250 per year—as he wrote Katherine Biddle, "not enough to allow me to make any long-term commitment at this stage of my life"—and he was reluctant to reserve his works to Bollingen publication. Upon returning to Washington, on October 9, Leger wrote Mary a courtly letter: "I have been profoundly touched by the thought that inspired your Foundation's offer and by the delicacy with which it was communicated to me. I shall always be personally grateful to you." His letter did not

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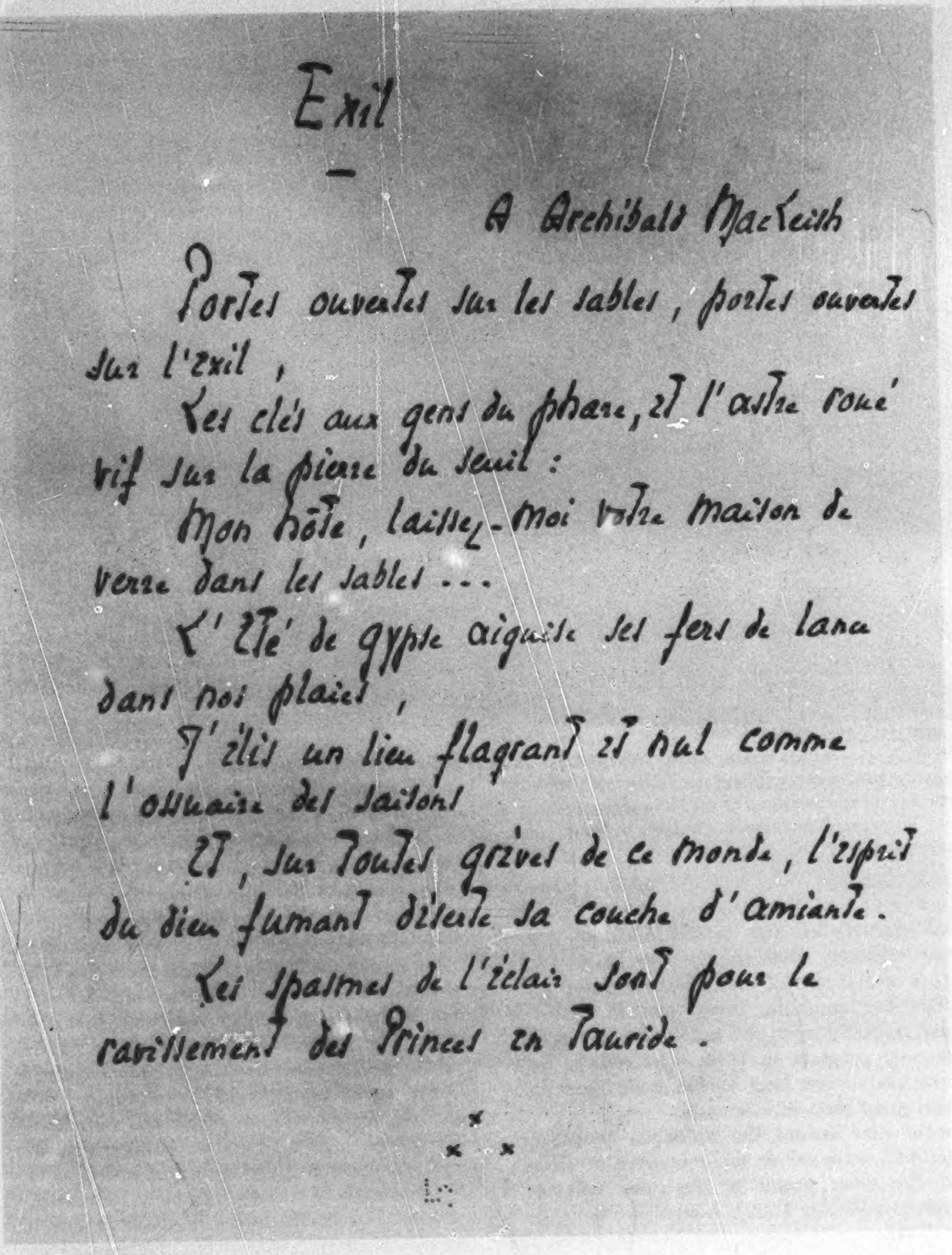
* For Thomas Mann's association with the Library of Congress, see "A Fellowship in German Literature," by Kurt S. Maier, *Quarterly Journal* 36 (Fall 1979): 385-400.



Exil

A Archibald MacLeish

Portes ouvertes sur les sables, portes ouvertes sur l'exil,
Les clés aux gens du phare, et l'astre roué vif sur la pierre du seuil :
Mon hôte, laissez-moi votre maison de verre dans les sables...
L'Été de gypse aiguise ses fers de lance dans nos plaies,
J'élis un lieu flagrant et nul comme l'ossuaire des saisons
Et, sur toutes grèves de ce monde, l'esprit du dieu fumant déserte sa couche d'amiante.
Les spasmes de l'éclair sont pour le ravissement des Princes en Tauride.

* * *

Holograph first page of "Exil," with a dedication to Archibald MacLeish.
Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

Dorothy Leger, Francis Biddle, Alexis Leger, and Katherine Biddle at "Les Vigneaux," October 1960, at the time of the awarding of the Nobel Prize to Leger. Photograph by Dalmas. Courtesy of Mme. Alexis Leger.

reach Mary before her sudden death on the eleventh. Shortly afterward, the foundation sent Leger a formal offer of the fellowship, increased to $350 per month for three years. It was renewed regularly, until the end of the Bollingen fellowship program in 1966, after which, for several years more, Paul Mellon made Leger an annual grant on a private basis.

Some time before the Bollingen proposal, Leger had accepted as the translator of *Exile* (and the other poems in the same volume: "Poem to a Foreign Lady," written in Washington, "Rains," in Savannah, and "Snows," in New York) the Irish poet and diplomat Denis Devlin, who began the work as a friendly office. Though the Bollingen agreement stipulated an option on Leger's poems, Barrett preferred to leave the initiative to the poet. Leger told Cairns that he felt a "strong moral compulsion" to offer *Exile* to Bollingen, as he did in early 1947. The foundation, after considerable discussion, rejected it on the grounds that poetry and other belles-lettres did not "fit appropriately into the Series as it was designed." Fortunately the news was not given to Leger, and soon afterward the editors decided, upon further reflection, that the terms of the series should be broadened to include pure literature. Thus the way was opened not only for *Exile* and the other works of St.-John Perse but for the editions of Valéry, Coleridge, Hofmannsthal, and Unamuno, Vladimir Nabokov's translation of *Eugene Onegin*, and Charles Singleton's of the *Divine Comedy*. (Actually, the foundation could deploy its funds in almost any way it chose. Without the precedent of an interest in American colonial history and religion, in January 1947 the Finance Committee pledged $50,000 to Yale University Library so that it could bid on a copy of the 1640 Bay Psalm Book, which was coming up for auction at Parke-Bernet. Yale got the Psalm Book, and Paul Mellon later reimbursed the sum, which had overrun the foundation's budget.) A bilingual edition of *Exile* appeared in 1949 in a 9 x 12-inch format, in large type, designed by Jacques Schiffrin, with a memorable dust jacket by E. McKnight Kauffer, and with essays on the poet by MacLeish, Roger Caillois, and Alain Bosquet.

During 1948, at Leger's request, John Barrett had asked T. S. Eliot to undertake the translation of *Winds*. Eliot replied that, though honored, he was obliged to decline. "I know from experience that it would be a major undertaking and I should have, incidentally, to discuss interpretations continually with the author in Washington." He could not undertake it before 1950. As it happened, a translator was designated only in 1950, when Leger approved a sample by Hugh Chisholm, who had been house editor for *Exile* and whose own long poem, *Atlantic City Cantata*, had recently appeared. Chisholm gave up his editorial post with the Bollingen Series in order to translate *Winds* and delivered his manuscript, corrected by Jackson Mathews and Edith Sitwell as well as by Leger, in spring 1952.

Winds appeared the next year, and Barrett sent a copy, along with *Exile*, to the Nobel Prize Committee in Stockholm. In 1953, however, the Prize in Literature was awarded to Winston Churchill; a Frenchman—Albert Camus—did not receive it until 1957. In that year, Leger returned finally to France: to "Les Vigneaux," a house overlooking the Mediterranean near Hyères, which a group of American friends had presented to him. Thereafter, Leger and his wife, formerly Dorothy Milburn Russell, whom he had married in 1958, divided their time between France and Washington. Leger was at "Les Vigneaux" in October 1960 when the news reached him that he was the Nobel laureate. The year before, he had completed the poem *Chronique*, a tribute "to the Earth, to man, and to time, all three merging—in the single timeless notion of eternity," as he wrote to Dag Hammarskjöld, who was his Swedish translator. The Nobel Committee singled out *Chronique* as "a prophetic appeal to Europe to consider the fatal moment, the turning point in the course of historical events." The English translation, in 1961, was by Robert Fitzgerald, who also translated *Birds* (1966) and Leger's address to the congress in Florence celebrating the seventh centenary of Dante's birth. The latter was published together with W. H. Auden's translation of "On Poetry," the Nobel Prize address.

The Collected Poems, planned originally by Barrett before 1967, appeared in 1971. In 1977 a posthumous volume, *Song for an Equinox*, was published with the translation by Richard Howard. The last work from Leger's pen, shortly before his death in 1975, was an appreciation for a volume published in France in honor of Denis de Rougemont's seventieth birthday. A collection of *Letters*, edited and translated by Arthur J. Knodel, appeared in 1979. It was celebrated at a reception in New York at which Archibald MacLeish in an informal talk recalled the beginning of his and Leger's friendship nearly forty years before.

The poems of St.-John Perse abound in imagery that would be called archetypal, but Alexis Leger had no partiality for any system of psychology and, indeed, no patience with psychoanalysis, Jungian or otherwise. There has been scarcely a glimmer of interest in his poetry from critics of a Jungian leaning. Yet, throughout almost the entire career of the Bollingen program, the work of St.-John Perse was given a preeminence.

WILLIAM MCGUIRE, a native of St. Augustine, Florida, worked for the Baltimore *Sun*, the *New Yorker*, and the United Nations before he became an editor of Bollingen Series in 1948. When the series was transferred to Princeton University Press in 1967, he went along with it. At Princeton he has edited *The Freud/Jung Letters* and other Bollingen books.

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Part 2 of this article, on awarding the Bollingen Prize in Poetry to Ezra Pound, will appear in the Winter 1983 issue of the *Quarterly Journal*.

My Monday Morning Country Store

BY PATRICK HAYES

Lines in front of stores in downtown Washington are not unusual. There are George Washington's Birthday sales offering a typewriter for ninety-eight cents to the first comer and Labor Day and other sales with similar bargain incentives all attracting early birds and long lines. But no line of people is so unusual and so consistent as the one I now describe. It forms over thirty times a year on Monday mornings, and the bargain offered beats the ninety-eight-cent typewriter by seventy-three cents—it costs only twenty-five cents. One Monday morning last spring the first man in line arrived at 6:15 for the 8:30 start of the sale. He knew what he wanted—a particular seat in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress for a Juilliard String Quartet Concert. He got it.

Week after week from late September to late April hardy and faithful souls line up to get tickets to the chamber music concerts in the Coolidge Auditorium. The Monday morning distribution is for the concerts on the following Thursday and Friday evenings. During fall and spring the Juilliard Quartet plays—in earlier years it was the Budapest Quartet. Between fall and spring there is only one concert night, Fridays at eight o'clock.

The tickets are distributed for a twenty-five-cent service charge with a limit of two per person. Both method and price were established when the concerts first began in 1925, which makes the twenty-five-cent charge a classic case of price control and inflation restraint. For the patrons it is a trade of their time and patience for the luxury of attending a fine chamber music concert for a quarter.

Waiting on line at eight o'clock Monday morning for tickets to the Juilliard Quartet concerts in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress. *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

Patrick Hayes in his "Monday Morning Country Store." *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

A downtown music store was chosen for general convenience. Street cars all came downtown in past decades. Now our subway Metro Center is one block away from 1330 G Street, the address of the Jordan-Kitt's store. Inside the store about midway back is a box office where, beginning at ten o'clock weekday mornings, concert tickets are sold for events of the Washington Performing Arts Society. It is thus free from the

Patrick Hayes and George Papas looking at the window of a bridal shop next to Jordan-Kitt's. Mr. Papas met his bride-to-be over twenty years ago while waiting on line for tickets. *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

store's opening at 8:30 for the Library of Congress ticket distribution.

For reasons not recorded and now lost in history, the earlier chiefs of the Music Division chose to contract with an individual, rather than a company or organization, for this simple but important distribution. Back in the 1930s Mr. C. C. Cappel had the contract. At the time he was also manager of the National Symphony Orchestra. When he retired and moved to Baltimore, the contract went to Mrs. Constance Snow, who had the Snow Concert Bureau. The address in those years was 1108 G Street, an address that became well known as the fame of the Budapest Quartet and its performances at the Library grew; it was also the scene of the ticket sales for Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra's Washington engagement in May of 1950. Triple lines around the entire block waited for the ten o'clock opening of that sale. The store then was the Campbell Music Company.

I was asked to take the sales contract when Mrs. Snow retired, and I readily accepted it. I had the Hayes Concert Bureau's small office and ticket counter on the first floor of the store from 1949 on, and it was only a matter of having the store open by 8:15 in the morning and of my getting up at 6:45 every Monday morning, since I chose to do this job myself.

Patrick Hayes opening up the concert tickets office. *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

This was nearly thirty years ago, and I have not missed a Monday morning of a concert season since then, except for an occasional case of flu or because of business out of town. I take the counter myself, and a staff member or volunteer makes the telephone reservations. As I hand out the tickets and take in the quarters, I probably greet more musical newcomers to town than anyone else. I give them a warm welcome, the kind I learned to give growing up in a small New England town, West Brookfield, Massa-

Setting up the change and tickets, acts Mr. Hayes has been performing for decades. *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

Mr. Papas receiving his traditional tickets—D 107 and D 108. *Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.*

chusetts. Everyone knew everyone else in West Brookfield, and when we saw an occasional stranger we were taught to say "hello" and offer a handshake. I have seen many a startled face in these Monday morning ticket lines as I have done just that, asking the newcomer to linger a moment and give his name for our mailing list. This has led to some interesting questions, such as, "The help didn't show up this morning?" When I reply, "I'm the help," the rejoinder is, "But surely you're the boss?" "That's right." On a few occasions this has been extended to an explanation as I tell of working in a country store as a boy and dreaming of having my own store some day. I liked seeing the people, the customers. I liked hearing them talk and visit. The country store was more than a place to buy things, it was a meeting place. My own country-boy spirit is matched by the first few dozen patrons in the Monday morning line who have gotten to know each other, have become friends of long standing, and in one instance have married.

Mr. and Mrs. George Papas met in the Monday morning line. They asked for tickets together, and for over twenty years have sat in seats D 107 and D 108, dead center fourth row. After the first several Mondays of their acquaintance, Mr. Papas gallantly spared his lady the chore and got their two tickets. I noticed as the years went by that Mrs. Papas came in alone. Recently it is back to Mr. Papas again.

ONCERT TICKETS

Patrick Hayes distributing concert tickets. ***Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.***

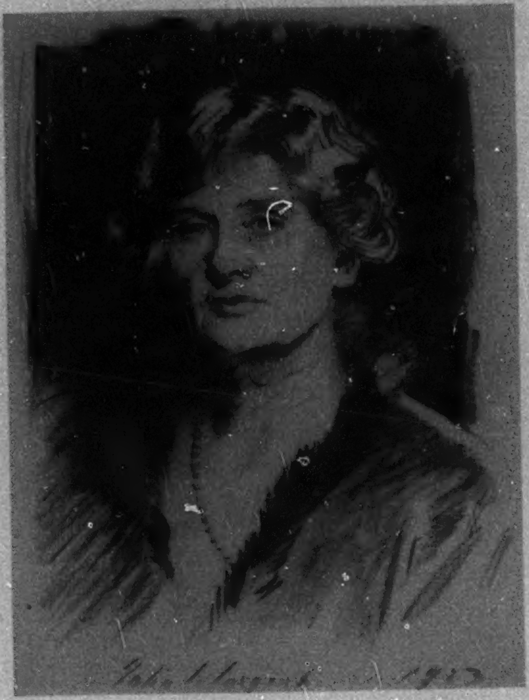
So it happened that one Monday morning a newcomer who did not know me as a concert manager and radio broadcaster made the comment, after my relating why I did this act myself, "So you eventually got your Monday morning country store!" I thanked him for the name, which I have used for years when greeting newcomers—"Welcome to the Hayes Monday morning country store."

Considering that this activity takes place on Monday morning when the human race is not expected to be in its best humor, rarely is there a sour or disgruntled fellow in line. Even when the newcomer is surprised when told he cannot have three or four tickets at a time (two only) there is no argument. I can recall only one altercation, and that was on the telephone. My volunteer that morning suddenly turned to me and said, "Mr. Hayes, I think you had better handle this one." "This one" turned out to be a congressman who was already thundering into the telephone, demanding to know why his wife, who had been on the phone first, could not have four tickets instead of two. As I attempted to explain the system on the basis of fairness to all, he interrupted, not giving me a chance to point out that as a congressman he had direct access to the Library of Congress, where I am sure he would have received proper attention. Instead, he demanded to know whether I was going to accommodate his wife with four tickets. I replied that my instructions were for no exceptions. He raised his voice by two more decibels and asked, "Young man, what is your name?" Since I was over sixty years of age at the time, I was complimented by the salutation. I replied with my name. "I'm going to have you fired," he shouted. I recall lowering my voice and relishing my reply that he would find that difficult to do since I was president of my own Hayes Concert Corporation and I did not recall seeing his name on my list of stockholders. I heard an angry gasp, and the phone was slammed down. I telephoned the chief of the Music Division to alert him to a possible call from an impatient congressman, which I later learned never came.

On another occasion, a woman asked to speak to the man in charge. She could not understand the strictness of the system—the limit of two tickets, the need of claiming them by one o'clock the next day, and so forth. Presently she asked, "Tell me again how much the tickets are?" "Twenty-five cents," I replied. "That's your problem," she said. "You're not charging enough for your tickets. I would pay up to one dollar anytime to hear the Juilliard String Quartet."

Soon after receiving this invaluable financial

A volunteer takes ticket orders over the telephone. ***Photo by Paula Forrest Stander.***



Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. The chamber music performances in the Library of Congress began in 1925 under her patronage and in the hall for which she provided the funds. A 1923 drawing by John S. Sargent.

advice, there was a dinner in the Whittall Pavilion of the Library for the four members of the Juilliard. I recounted this exchange with much embellishment and a straight face, and looked right at the quartet as I declaimed the last line.

I know of no other musical venture like this in the world. Its origin fascinates me; I was fortunate enough to hear the story soon after I arrived in Washington in 1941 to become the manager of the National Symphony Orchestra. I was given a note of introduction to Dr. Harold Spivacke, then chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, and we met over lunch for the first of many visits. Our acquaintance led to invitations to attend the concerts of the Budapest Quartet in the Coolidge Audiorium, then played on Saturday afternoons. The story as I heard it:

Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge was a wealthy patron of music. Her home was in Chicago, but her heart and summer comfort led her to South Mountain, Massachusetts, near Pittsfield, a short run for the visitor to Tanglewood. Mrs. Coolidge was a pianist with a special love for chamber music, and by the early 1920s she had become a well-known sponsor of chamber music festivals. Such festivals would be impressive even today. That long ago they were unique. Music in all its forms was still a fledgling in American society. Musical life and activity were centered in the large cities and concentrated on such larger forms as grand opera (in New York and San Francisco) and symphony orchestras (in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago—known for decades as the Big Four). Chamber music was a child among these giants, but it was a lively child and it had its passionate devotees, among them Mrs. Coolidge. She built the music shed at South Mountain, and one is struck by the stage design—it is the original which served as a model for the Coolidge Auditorium stage, with two doors that open center stage rear and paneled walls that angle off symmetrically rather than boxing a square. Mrs. Coolidge put her South Mountain stamp upon Washington as well as laying the foundation for a place that would become the leading stage for chamber music in the entire world.

History has it that the idea for an auditorium first emerged when Mrs. Coolidge was attending a meeting in Washington and visited "an official" of the Library of Congress who suggested that she transfer her South Mountain musical programs to the Music Division. Mrs. Coolidge had already begun to think of perpetuity for her musical enterprises, and affiliation with an appropriate institution was surely the best course. A Library of Congress document records that on October 23, 1924, Mrs. Coolidge wrote to Librarian of Congress Herbert Putnam proposing a "comprehensive plan . . . toward establishing in our government a permanent musical influence." This called for erecting an auditorium to be connected with the Music Division and endowing a foundation for the furtherance of music. Her initial gift was $60,000, which she later increased to $94,000, for construction.

At the Library of Congress, any such major proposal would, of course, have to pass muster with Congress. On December 4, 1924, the Librarian formally presented this proposal to the House Committee on the Library and, as Joint Resolution No. 152, it was accepted by Congress on January 23, 1925. This brief recitation implies that all went smoothly and easily in getting the bill through Congress on January 23, 1925, but we know that nothing breezes through Congress, even when it is a gift with no cost involved to the government. Remembering the debates in Congress in the late 1950s and early 1960s about the relationship of the federal government and the arts—when speeches were made bordering on derision, and when the question was asked by a Virginia Congressman whether poker playing, which he regarded as an art, would be included in what was being planned—I cannot believe that no question was asked. A music hall in a Library, in *the* Library of Congress? What madness this? What next, a theater for shows, a dance hall?

One does not have to live in Washington long to learn that guidance and leadership are the essence of successful legislation, and our hero in this chamber music venture of Mrs. Coolidge's back in 1924 and 1925 was none other than the legendary Speaker of the House of Representatives, Nicholas Longworth, husband of Alice and son-in-law of Pres. Theodore Roosevelt. Speaker Longworth was a devoted amateur violinist who spent many an evening playing chamber music with Washington musical friends.

Then, as now, chamber music players were a devoted lot, not unlike a fraternal order, and every player knew or knew of every other player. Hence the ready acquaintance of Speaker Longworth with Mrs. Coolidge, and his immediate joyous response to the plan for a special chamber music auditorium in the Library of Congress. Since we know that what House Speakers want, House Speakers get, it is easy to imagine the Speaker himself as he might have appeared before the House Committee on the Library to make the case for accepting the gift. Not that it would really have been necessary, but the speaker might have made his plea for the honor it would do to Mrs. Coolidge, and for the sheer joy it would provide to the Speaker himself to appear. What chamber music player do you know who does not delight in holding forth at length on the subject?

President Coolidge did not have an ounce of music appreciation in him, but on the recommendation of the Speaker, and with a bill before him duly passed, and with the name of Coolidge connected with the project, and with not a dime of federal expenditure required, he signed the paper.

Gertrude Clarke Whittall. She donated five Stradivari instruments to the Library and set up a foundation to give regular public concerts on them.

In a furious ten months of construction and delay, including a cliff-hanger in getting the Skinner organ delivered on time, all was ready. Plaster was still damp on the walls, but the stage was built and seats were in place, 511 of them. October 28, 1925, is the historic date of the first sound of chamber music in the Coolidge Auditorium, the first of three nights of the first festival.

Thus was established "in our government a permanent musical influence," in Mrs. Coolidge's own words of purpose. That influence became a veritable Niagara over the decades, with programs and concepts far beyond her original

Leonora Jackson McKim. In 1970 the McKim Fund was established at her bequest to support the composition and performance of chamber music at the Library.

dream. Given the place and an endowment, imaginative leadership took charge in the person of Harold Spivacke, who served as chief of the Music Division from 1937 to 1972.

I was away from Washington in the Navy during three years of World War II, and was thus not in the auditorium on the night of October 30, 1944, when Martha Graham danced the premiere of "Appalachian Spring" to music by Aaron Copland. Miss Graham was approaching the heights in American modern dance and she had asked Mr. Copland to write a piece. When he finished it he did not know what to call it, and he simply named it "Ballet for Martha." Miss Graham named it "Appalachian Spring," inspired by the dynamics and sprightliness of the music. Dance historians point to that work and that night as turning points in dance in America, an achievement that could not be foreseen in 1925.

The list of composers commissioned by the Coolidge Foundation is long and distinguished—Barber, Bartók, Copland, Hindemith, Milhaud, Ravel, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Thomson, and Webern, to name but a few.

As in a theatre where the play is the thing, in a chamber music auditorium the performance is the thing. The string quartet is the heart of chamber music performance, and this form dominated the early years of the Coolidge Auditorium. Programming was enhanced by the unexpected gift of another benefactor of chamber music, Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall, who made a gift to the Library of five Stradivari instruments and Tourte bows. The year was 1935 and like Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Whittall established a foundation, this one was to pay for concert performances on the Stradivari. Although this gift was greatly appreciated by the Library's officials, chamber music musicians were less enthralled with the instruments which they were required to play as part of their contracts. They preferred their own, a preference shared by all instrumentalists, including pianists. This dilemma led indirectly to a historic decision on the part of Dr. Spivacke, which is best told in his own words: "Among a number of quartets we invited for single concerts was the Budapest; it gave its first concert here in December 1938, shortly after its members had decided to settle in the United States. They played well, but it was the old story—they didn't like to perform on unfamiliar instruments. So we did a little thinking. Suppose we had a quartet in residence here, and the players had time to make friends with these beautiful instruments? This looked to us like the answer, and the following year we offered the Budapest a contract to play a total of twenty concerts at the Library in the spring and fall."

It worked and still works, the Budapest having been succeeded by the Juilliard Quartet, which to this day continues the cycle begun in 1938.

Mrs. Coolidge's phrase "permanent musical influence" was prophetic in a way which she lived to see and which delighted her. As the Coolidge Auditorium and the Music Division became busier places with performances and with new commissioned works, inquiries and discussions led to a plan of encouraging the booking of string quartet series on university

The Budapest Quartet, the Library's first resident quartet.

The Juilliard Quartet performing in the Coolidge Auditorium.

The Juilliard Quartet, the Library's current resident quartet.

campuses. If a university music department would engage three or more chamber music ensembles a season, the Coolidge Foundation funds would provide partial subsidy for a three-year period, enough to cover most if not all of the fees of the players. One of the first to respond was a Leipzig graduate, as was Spivacke, my father-in-law—Donald M. Swarthout, Dean of Fine Arts at the University of Kansas in Lawrence.

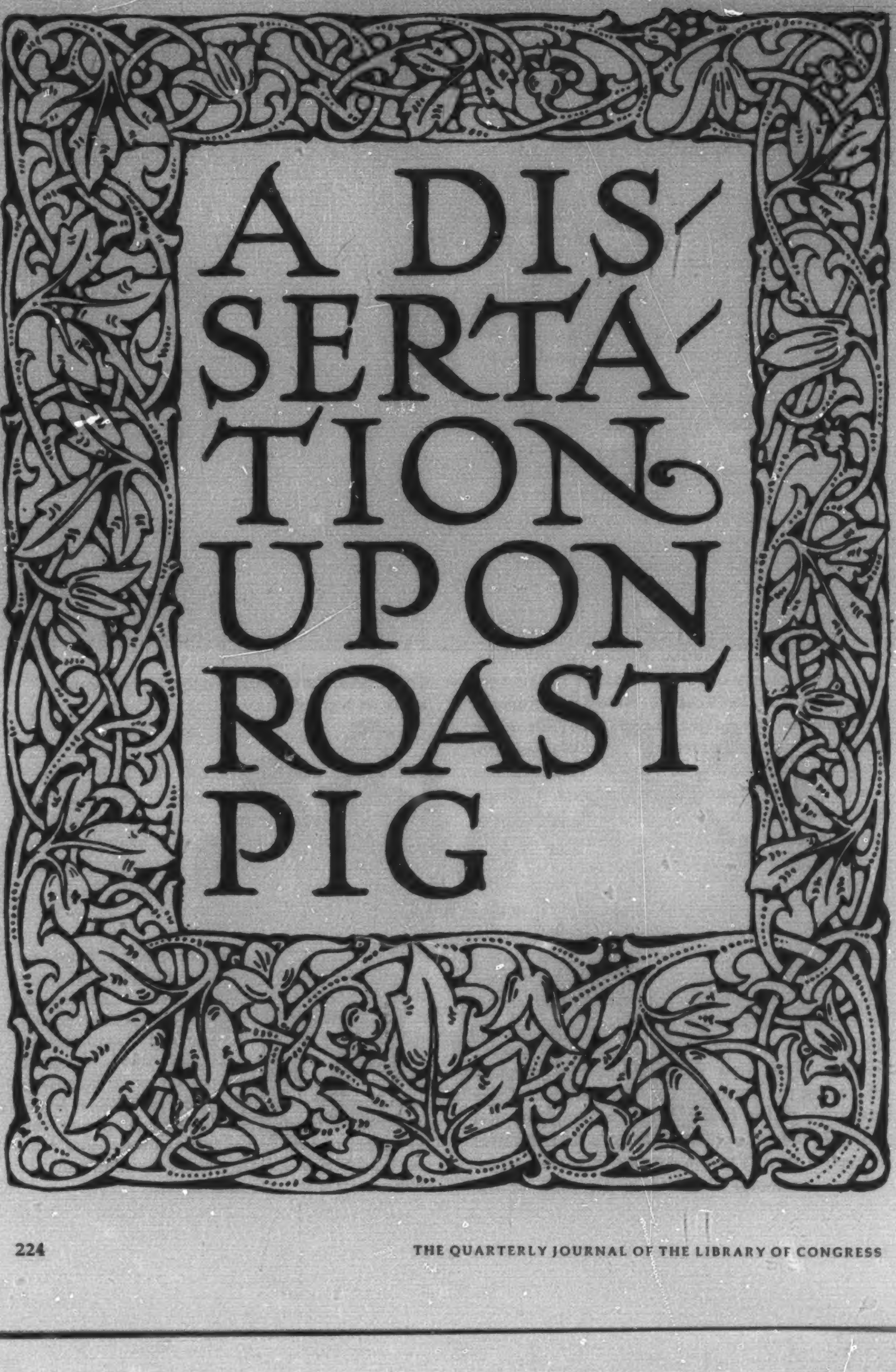
The dean had free choice of artists from the beginning. At the end of three years he had gathered a faithful audience of subscribers who renewed each year and thus had formed the habit of attending into the fourth and subsequent seasons. This was an ingenious plan which spread to other universities and paved the way for residencies of several quartets, notably the Paganini at the University of Wisconsin. The seeds planted in those years of this pump priming have grown into Chamber Music America, a network of auspices with a flowering of music making.

Luck and patriotism played a part in the original thinking of Mrs. Coolidge, which in turn influenced Mrs. Whittall. A nation's capital city is a magnet for citizens with wealth and treasures to bestow. Andrew Mellon might have created his gallery of art in his native Pittsburgh. He chose the nation's capital. Henry Folger might have created the Folger Shakespeare Library at Amherst, his alma mater. He chose Washington, with the ownership and administration in the hands of the trustees of Amherst College. Frenchmen look to Paris, Italians to Rome, and Austrians to Vienna as repositories of great gifts and for family honors and prestige.

My affiliation with the Library of Congress as citizen, friend, and official dispenser of tickets for the concerts in the Library has been a source of delight in my life. I am a history buff, having majored in it through college, and the history of music in the Library of Congress, only briefly sketched in this article, fascinates me. It is a story of one good thing leading to another, one idea cascading after the other, granted the luck of having the perfect stage and auditorium, the resources of the Music Division alongside, and funds in the endowments. Today's listeners owe prayerful thanks to the patrons of earlier times, whose names are inscribed in the walls of the auditorium, and our attitude should be no less than the spirit expressed by first violinist Robert Mann in the early years of the newly founded Juilliard Quartet: "We felt that chamber music had come to mean a picture of four mature musicians who worshipped 'holy music.' "

The stage of the Coolidge Auditorium at the end of a concert night.

Patrick Hayes is a concert impresario in Washington, D.C., former manager of the National Symphony Orchestra, founder and managing director of the Washington Performing Arts Society, founding president of the International Association of Concert and Festival Managers, and a longtime friend of the Library. His weekly radio broadcasts on cultural subjects on Washington's Good Music Station reach over a hundred thousand listeners, and the scripts of over fifteen hundred broadcasts form the Patrick Hayes Collection at the University of Wisconsin Theatre Research Center.



A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Twentieth-Century American Fine Printing

BY ROBERT R. SHIELDS

With an introduction by Peter VanWingen

After the British burned the Capitol in 1814 (and along with it the books of the Library of Congress, which were housed there at the time), Thomas Jefferson offered Congress his personal library, a large collection of books accumulated during a long public career in this country and abroad. One striking item included in Jefferson's library was a copy of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad* (Philadelphia: Printed by Fry and Kammerer, 1807). From Jefferson's time to the present, this book has been recognized as the first American attempt to produce a substantial work using the best type, paper, and workmanship available. Over the years, through active current acquisitions, copyright deposits, major purchases, and substantial gifts such as the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection, the Library of Congress has added to its Rare Book and Special Collections Division many other books distinguished by virtue of their physical appearance.

Although most people do not think of twentieth-century books as belonging in a rare book collection, the Library of Congress treats some of these as the most recent part of a collection that spans six centuries. In an age when printing technology has placed an emphasis on speed and low cost, there remains a group of artists and craftsmen who produce printed books in a traditional manner. These printers strive to enhance the intellectual content of a work by presenting the text in a beautiful or striking way. A number of special methods and ingredients are used in these productions. The printer must select a typeface appropriate for the size, layout, and content of the book. Many of the distinctive typefaces attractive to fine printers can be printed only at slow speeds and on dampened paper. Fine printers often select handmade papers whose texture, in combination with a carefully controlled type impression, allows the printed page

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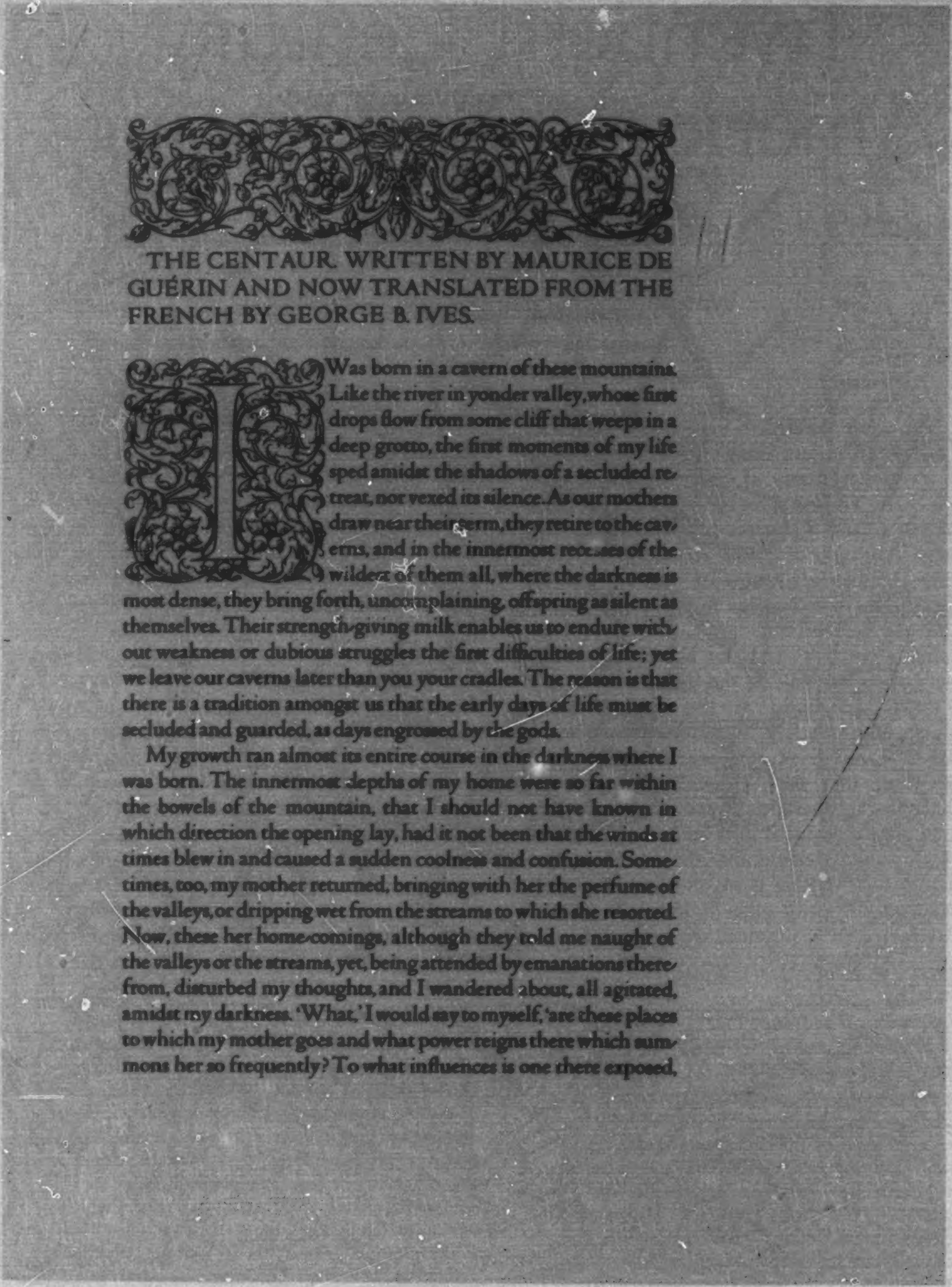
A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig. Charles Lamb. Park Ridge, Illinois: The Village Press, 1904. Frederic W. Goudy Collection.

The most prolific type designer of the twentieth century was Frederic W. Goudy (1865-1947). In 1903, after years of freelance book designing, short-lived attempts at establishing printing shops, and full-time bookkeeping to sustain himself, Goudy set up the Village Press in a Chicago suburb. The type (cut by Goudy) and the presswork, both clearly inspired by William Morris and the Arts and Crafts Movement, were immediately successful, and Goudy and his wife/compositor, Bertha, began a partnership of fine printing and type designing that lasted until 1939. During his lifetime Goudy designed 124 different typefaces and was one of the few typographers to become widely known outside his trade. Goudy's work was impeded by two fires in which he suffered total losses. In spite of these disasters he was able to pull together a substantial library and collection of papers which were acquired by the Library of Congress in 1944. *A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig* was the third book printed at the Village Press.



THE CENTAUR. WRITTEN BY MAURICE DE GUÉRIN AND NOW TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY GEORGE B. IVES.

I Was born in a cavern of these mountains. Like the river in yonder valley, whose first drops flow from some cliff that weeps in a deep grotto, the first moments of my life sped amidst the shadows of a secluded retreat, nor vexed its silence. As our mothers draw near their term, they retire to the caverns, and in the innermost recesses of the wildest of them all, where the darkness is most dense, they bring forth, uncomplaining, offspring as silent as themselves. Their strength-giving milk enables us to endure without weakness or dubious struggles the first difficulties of life; yet we leave our caverns later than you your cradles. The reason is that there is a tradition amongst us that the early days of life must be secluded and guarded, as days engrossed by the gods.

My growth ran almost its entire course in the darkness where I was born. The innermost depths of my home were so far within the bowels of the mountain, that I should not have known in which direction the opening lay, had it not been that the winds at times blew in and caused a sudden coolness and confusion. Sometimes, too, my mother returned, bringing with her the perfume of the valleys, or dripping wet from the streams to which she resorted. Now, these her home-comings, although they told me naught of the valleys or the streams, yet, being attended by emanations therefrom, disturbed my thoughts, and I wandered about, all agitated, amidst my darkness. 'What,' I would say to myself, 'are these places to which my mother goes and what power reigns there which summons her so frequently? To what influences is one there exposed,

The Centaur. Maurice de Guérin. Montague, Massachusetts: Printed by Bruce Rogers at the Montague Press, 1915.

It seems to many observers that all of the attributes of twentieth-century American typographical talent converged in one person, Bruce Rogers (1870-1957). During his long lifetime he saw the printing industry expand from the limited world of a craft to the universe of high technology. His strength lay in his ability to create beautiful, readable books by either hand or machine. One of Roger's finest achievements was his design of a typeface based on the letters used by Nicolas Jenson for printing an edition of Eusebius in 1470. The type, named Centaur after the first publication in which it appeared, was sponsored by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for printing its announcements, posters, and labels. In *The Centaur*, the type was handset by Rogers's wife, Ann, and handprinted by Rogers at the Montague Press owned by his friend Carl P. Rollins.

to become three-dimensional. The impression is achieved by using a printing press, often a handpress, which can be adjusted in minute gradations. This necessarily slow and exacting process, along with a rich, black ink, creates a page that sparkles.

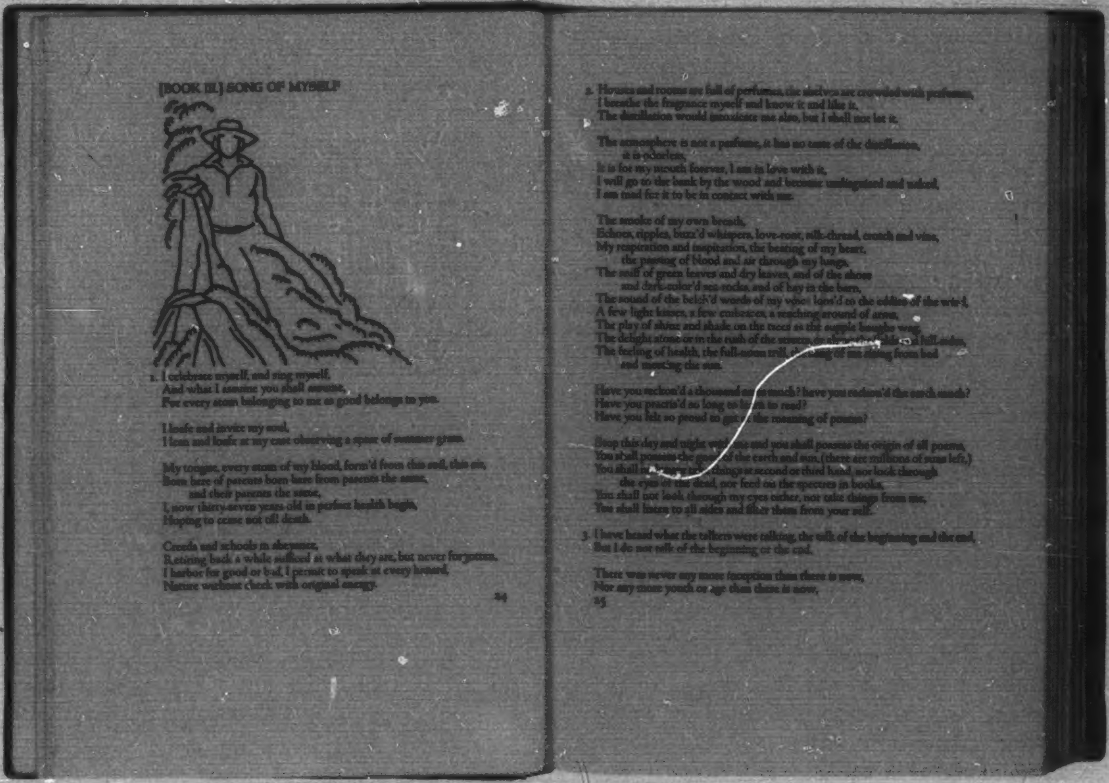
In the early years of the twentieth century, fine printers tended to restrict themselves to well-known popular works. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were printed in dozens of editions. In recent years this practice has largely ceased. Many printers such as Walter Hamady at the Perishable Press concentrate on modern poetry. William Everson, a contemporary poet who prints under the imprint Lime Kiln Press, has also had his poetry beautifully printed by other presses, most recently by Richard Bigus of Labyrinth Editions.

Many books that fall into the category of fine printing make use of original artwork. Often the illustrations have been commissioned for a particular edition, as in the case of the *Ecclesiastes* printed by Joseph Blumenthal at the Spiral Press and illustrated by Ben Shahn. Sometimes the printer is also an artist. Claire Van Vliet of the Janus Press and Sarah Chamberlain of the Chamberlain Press usually illustrate the books they print. Other fine printers avoid illustration altogether. In the reproductions that follow, the works by Bruce Rogers and Victor Hammer exemplify the practice of letting the typography alone carry the text.

The flourishing of fine printing in the twentieth century shows that there is a market for beautiful books produced with care. This fact has not been missed by commercial printers and publishers. Fine printing presents a standard for commercial printers as they employ new printing technology and, in addition, gives encouragement to booklovers, who are often appalled by the poor quality of much modern printing. The items presented here remind us that form and content are inextricably entwined in bookmaking.

ROBERT R. SHIELDS is a reference librarian in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division. He became familiar with the Library's collection of twentieth-century fine press books while bringing them together in one place in the division. In 1981 Mr. Shields proposed that an exhibition be mounted in the foyer of the division, for which he then selected the items and wrote the captions that appear in this issue of the *Quarterly Journal*.

PETER VANWINGEN is head of reference and reader services in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division.



[BOOK III.] SONG OF MYSELF

1. I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same,
    and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

24

2. Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation,
    it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart,
    the passing of blood and air through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore
    and dark-color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed
    and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?
Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

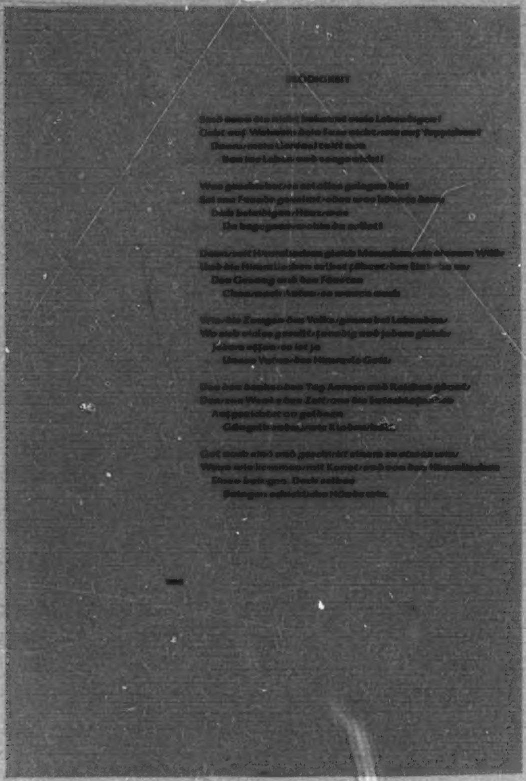
Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through
    the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

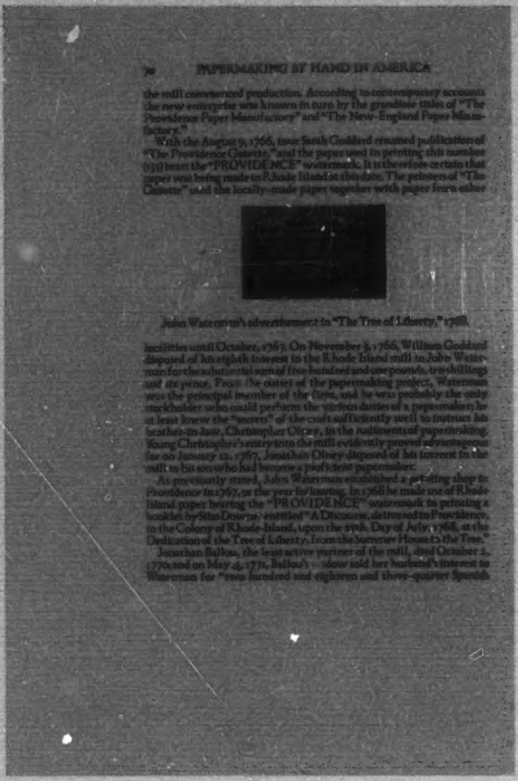
3. I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning and the end,
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
25

Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman. Illustrations by Valenti Angelo. New York: Random House, Inc., 1930.

The brothers Edwin and Robert Grabhorn left Indianapolis, went to San Francisco, and set up the Grabhorn Press in 1919 as a commercial press of the highest quality. Though much of their work was commissioned, they were able to print many purely private publications. Between 1919 and 1966 the press produced 654 major publications; these books are a continuing influence and inspiration to fine printers. *Leaves of Grass* is generally considered to be the Grabhorn masterpiece. The book took over a year to produce. Using Goudy Newstyle type (Goudy was a good friend), the Grabhorns printed the book on dampened handmade paper with a 14-by-22-inch Colts Armory press. The tremendous pressure necessary to print the book so strained the press that the brothers suggested the colophon should read: "400 copies printed and the press destroyed."





70 PAPERMAKING BY HAND IN AMERICA

the mill commenced production. According to contemporary accounts the new enterprise was known in turn by the grandiose titles of "The Providence Paper Manufactory" and "The New-England Paper Manufactory."

With the August 9, 1766, issue Sarah Goddard resumed publication of "The Providence Gazette," and the paper used in printing this number (135) bears the "PROVIDENCE" watermark. It is therefore certain that paper was being made in Rhode Island at this date. The printers of "The Gazette" used the locally-made paper together with paper from other

John Waterman's advertisement in "The Tree of Liberty," 1768.

localities until October, 1767. On November 3, 1766, William Goddard disposed of his eighth interest in the Rhode Island mill to John Waterman for the substantial sum of five hundred and one pounds, ten shillings and six pence. From the outset of the papermaking project, Waterman was the principal member of the firm, and he was probably the only stockholder who could perform the various duties of a papermaker; he at least knew the "secrets" of the craft sufficiently well to instruct his brother-in-law, Christopher Olney, in the rudiments of papermaking. Young Christopher's entry into the mill evidently proved advantageous for on January 12, 1767, Jonathan Olney disposed of his interest in the mill to his son who had become a proficient papermaker.

As previously stated, John Waterman established a printing shop in Providence in 1767, or the year following. In 1768 he made use of Rhode Island paper bearing the "PROVIDENCE" watermark in printing a booklet by Silas Downer entitled "A Discourse, delivered in Providence, in the Colony of Rhode-Island, upon the 25th. Day of July, 1768, at the Dedication of the Tree of Liberty, from the Summer House in the Tree."

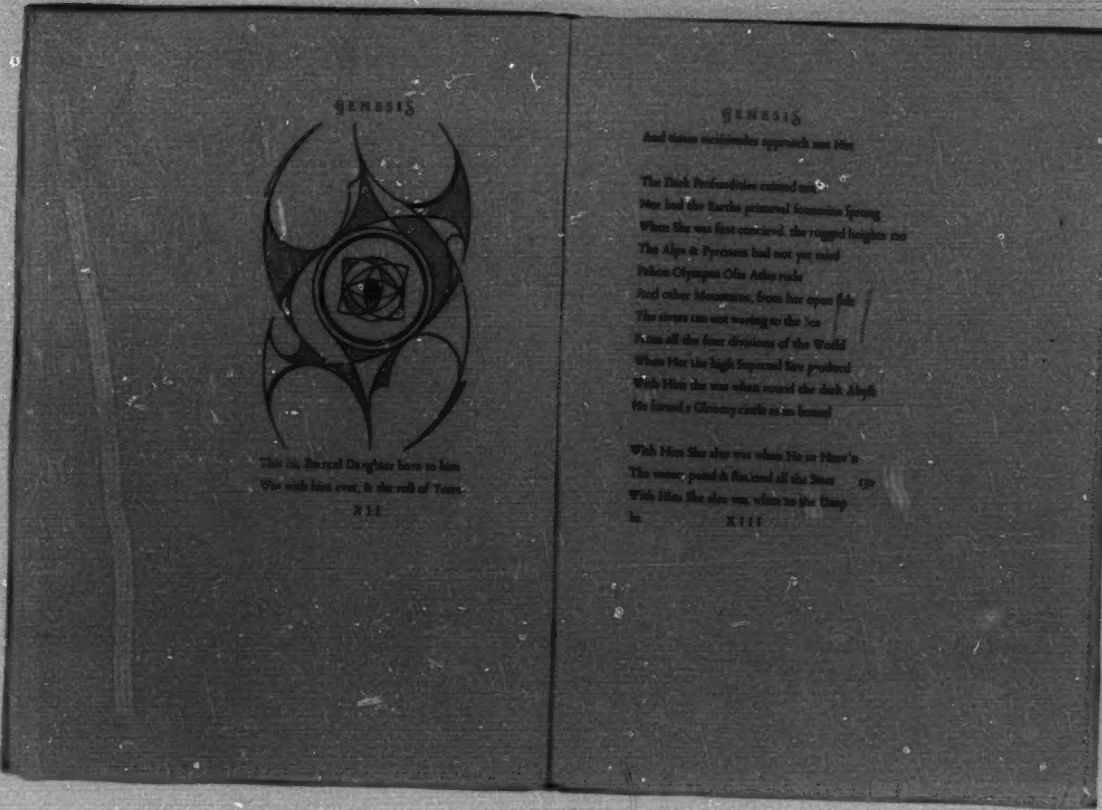
Jonathan Ballou, the least active partner of the mill, died October 2, 1770, and on May 4, 1771, Ballou's widow sold her husband's interest to Waterman for "two hundred and eighteen and three-quarter Spanish

Gedichte. Friedrich Hölderlin. Lexington, Kentucky: Stamperia del Santuccio, 1949.

Though Viennese by birth, Victor Hammer became an American citizen after fleeing Nazi-occupied Austria in 1939. He taught and printed at Wells College in Aurora, New York, where he designed American Uncial, which fused roman type and black letter into a dynamic typeface. In 1948 Hammer was invited to join Transylvania University in Kentucky as its artist in residence. He moved to Lexington and in 1949 completed his American masterpiece, Hölderlin's *Gedichte,* using for the first time in America the imprint he had originally printed under in Florence, Stamperia del Santuccio. *Gedichte* is printed in the American Uncial type and, other than the metal engraving by Hammer on the title page, is without illustration. The book's beauty depends on the sheer elegance of its typographic design, proportion, and perfection. Hammer had a profound effect on the people he worked with and was the inspiration behind a number of presses in Lexington, including the King Library Press and the Anvil Press.

Papermaking by Hand in America. Dard Hunter. Chillicothe, Ohio: Mountain House Press, 1950.

Dard Hunter was the first of a small group of American fine printers to become involved in hand papermaking. His involvement led him to isolated corners of Europe and the Far East in search of this vanishing art. Between 1927 and 1947 Hunter published his successful adventures in a series of scholarly books using a type he designed and cast himself on his own handmade paper under his imprint, Mountain House Press, in Chillicothe, Ohio. The last book from the Mountain House Press and Hunter's magnum opus was *Papermaking by Hand in America,* which dealt with "those untiring craftsmen who had so patiently struggled with limited skill and inadequate equipment to manufacture the paper needed by the Colonial printers . . . ." The book was printed in a type designed and cut by Hunter's eldest son and on paper made at Hunter's mill in Lime Rock, Connecticut.



GENESIS

This his Eternal Daughter born to him
Was with him ever, & the roll of Years

XII

GENESIS

And times vicissitudes approach not Her

The Dark Profundities existed not
Nor had the Earths primeval fountains sprung
When She was first concievd. the rugged heights [illegible]
The Alps & Pyrenees had not yet raisd
Pelion Olympus Ossa Atlas rude
And other Mountains, from her open side
The rivers ran not waving to the Sea
From all the four divisions of the World
When Her the high Supernal Sire produced
With Him she was when round the dark Abyss
He formd a Gloomy circle as its bound

With Him She also was when He in Heav'n
The water poizd & fashiond all the Stars 130
With Him She also was when to the Deep
he

XIII

Note: "Twentieth-Century American Fine Printing" is based on an exhibition at the Rare Book and Special Collections Division of the Library of Congress from January until July 1982. In addition to the books represented in the article, the following were on display:

The Book of Common Prayer. The Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Boston: The Merrymount Press, 1930.

Dante Alighieri. *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri of Florence Commonly Called the Divine Comedy.* San Francisco: John Henry Nash, 1929.

Stanley Morison. *Fra Luca de Pacioli of Borgo S. Sepolcro.* New York: The Grolier Club, 1933. Included are Goudy's holograph designs for a dingbat commissioned for the book by Rogers. Frederic W. Goudy Collection

R. Seldon Rose. *Wine Making for the Amateur.* Illustrations by W. A. Dwiggins. New Haven: The Bacchus Club, 1933. Printed by Carl Purington Rollins at the Sign of the Chorobates.

Henry David Thoreau. *Wild Apples: History of the Apple Tree.* Designed by Bruce Rogers. Worcester, Massachusetts: A. J. St. Onge, 1956. Miniature Collection

The Revelation of St. John the Divine. Woodcuts by Elfriede Abbe. Ithaca, New York: Elfriede Abbe, 1958. Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection

Three Erfurt Tales. With an introduction by Lessing J. Rosenwald. North Hills, Pennsylvania: Bird & Bull Press, 1962.

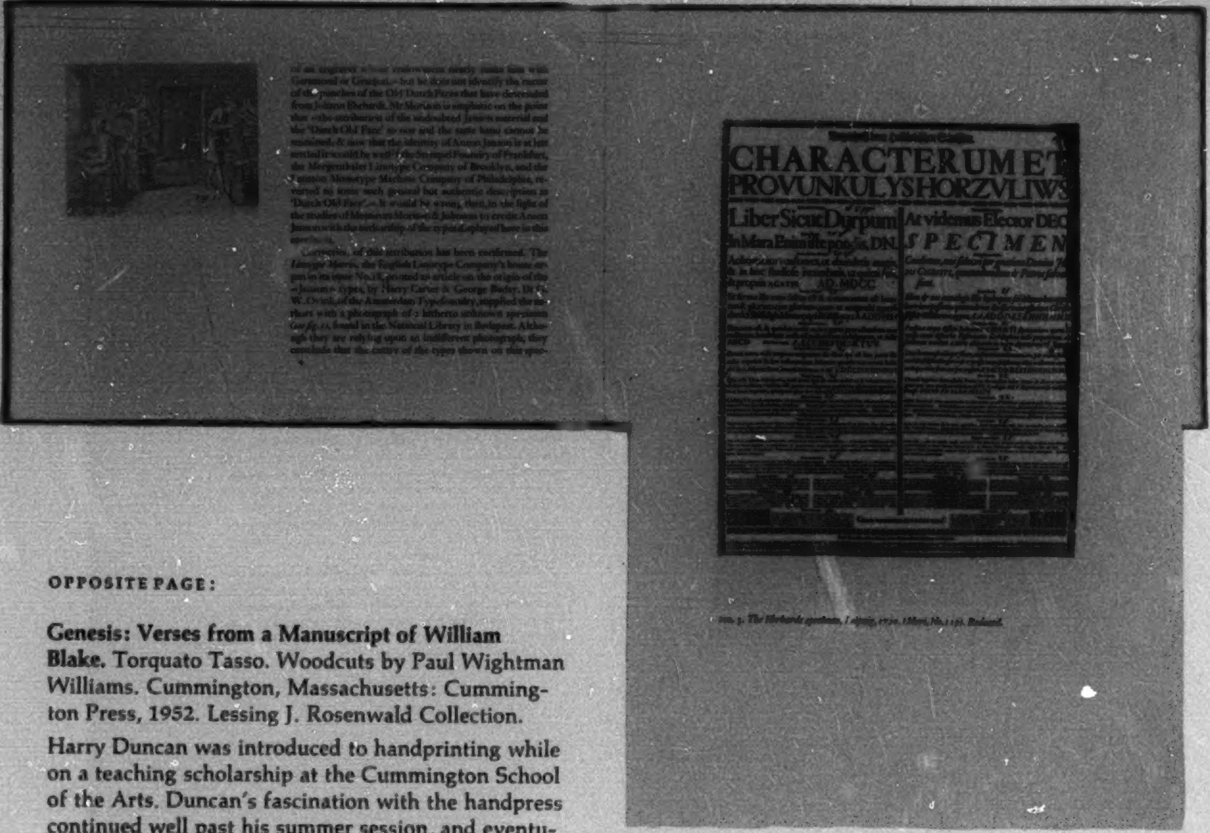
Harry Lyman Koopman. *Miniature Books.* Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop, 1968. Printed by the Grabhorn-Hoyem Press. Miniature Collection

Harriet McDonald Holladay. *Kentucky Wild Flowers: 20 Woodcuts.* Lexington, Kentucky: Anvil Press, 1968.

Herman Melville. *Melville on Piranesi.* Northampton, Massachusetts: Gehenna Press, 1969. Broadside with a Meriden Gravure Company reproduction of a Piranesi etching. Broadside Collection

George Bernard Shaw. *Passion Play: A Dramatic Fragment.* Iowa City, Iowa: Windhover Press, 1971.

Allen Ginsberg. *Howl.* San Francisco: Grabhorn-Hoyem Press, 1971.



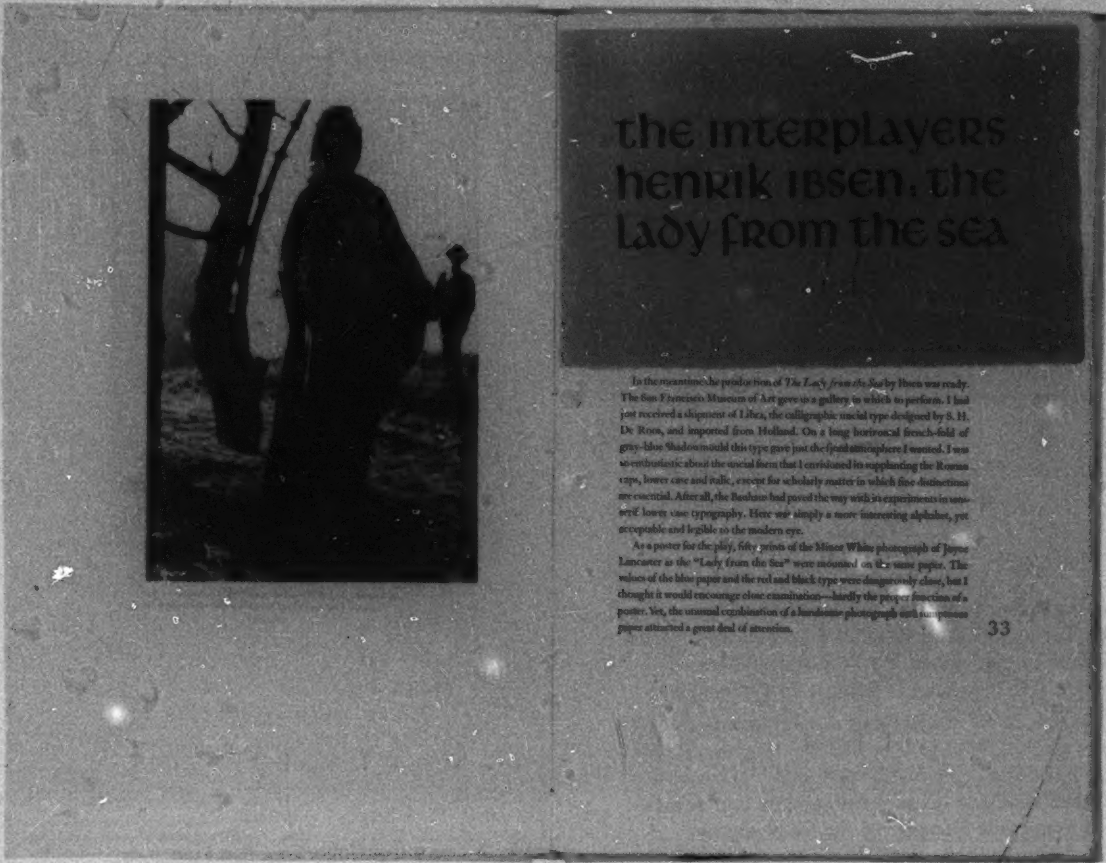
OPPOSITE PAGE:

Genesis: Verses from a Manuscript of William Blake. Torquato Tasso. Woodcuts by Paul Wightman Williams. Cummington, Massachusetts: Cummington Press, 1952. Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection.

Harry Duncan was introduced to handprinting while on a teaching scholarship at the Cummington School of the Arts. Duncan's fascination with the handpress continued well past his summer session, and eventually he was made manager of the Cummington Press. After the tragic death in a 1956 automobile accident of his good friend and partner, artist Paul Wightman Williams, Duncan accepted an invitation to teach typography at the University of Iowa, where he inspired a generation of future fine printers. Since 1972 Duncan has been at the University of Nebraska at Omaha, where he operates under the imprint Abattoir Editions. One of the finest examples of the work of the Cummington Press, as well as the last work that Duncan issued from Cummington, Massachusetts, is *Genesis*. The text is printed in Romanée and Lutetia types on brilliant white Italian Umbria handmade paper. Duncan was never happy with the book because of dissatisfaction with his research on the text. Once he discovered that the attribution to Blake was wrong (the manuscript was transcribed in Blake's hand), he held back all remaining copies.

Janson: A Definitive Collection. San Francisco: Greenwood Press, 1954.

Jack Stauffacher began his career at the age of fourteen by experimenting in the family washroom with a 3-by-5-inch Kelsey platen printing outfit. After studying Updike's *Printing Types* and visiting great California printers, including the Grabhorns and John Henry Nash, Stauffacher established the Greenwood Press and produced his first book, Washington Irving's *Three Choice Sketches*, in 1941. In 1950 he purchased a complete run of a handsome seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dutch type which had been erroneously attributed to Anton Janson. This purchase led to further study of Janson and the evolution of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century types. The product of this study is *Janson: A Definitive Collection*, in which Stauffacher used types cast from the actual Janson matrices which had been struck toward the end of the seventeenth century. Stauffacher has spent a lifetime teaching and practicing typographic design. The Greenwood Press continues today in San Francisco as Stauffacher's personal imprint.



the interplayers
henrik ibsen: the
lady from the sea

In the meantime the production of *The Lady from the Sea* by Ibsen was ready. The San Francisco Museum of Art gave us a gallery in which to perform. I had just received a shipment of Libra, the calligraphic uncial type designed by S. H. De Roos, and imported from Holland. On a long horizontal french-fold of gray-blue Shadowmould this type gave just the fluid atmosphere I wanted. I was so enthusiastic about the uncial form that I envisioned its supplanting the Roman caps, lower case and italic, except for scholarly matter in which fine distinctions are essential. After all, the Bauhaus had paved the way with its experiments in sans-serif lower case typography. Here was simply a more interesting alphabet, yet acceptable and legible to the modern eye.

As a poster for the play, fifty prints of the Minor White photograph of Joyce Lancaster as the "Lady from the Sea" were mounted on the same paper. The values of the blue paper and the red and black type were dangerously close, but I thought it would encourage close examination—hardly the proper function of a poster. Yet, the unusual combination of a handsome photograph with sumptuous paper attracted a great deal of attention.

33

Printing for Theater. Adrian Wilson. San Francisco: Adrian Wilson, 1957.

In the late 1940s, when Adrian Wilson and Joyce Lancaster, his actress-wife, helped found a theater company in San Francisco, Wilson bought a 10-by-15-inch Colts Armory press and set up shop in the theater lobby, where he functioned as "Printer at the Sign of the Interplayers." Relying on the trimming pile of the Grabhorn Press as a paper source, and using Caslon and Centaur types exclusively, he designed and printed tickets, programs, and posters for the company's productions. *Printing for Theater* is the record of Wilson's work for the period 1947-57 and is fully illustrated by the original programs and brochures, which are tipped in. The work is fresh and creative and a far cry from the commercial printing used by most theaters. This innovative printing did not go unnoticed—one patron asked Wilson why he couldn't print "real" tickets "like the downtown theaters."

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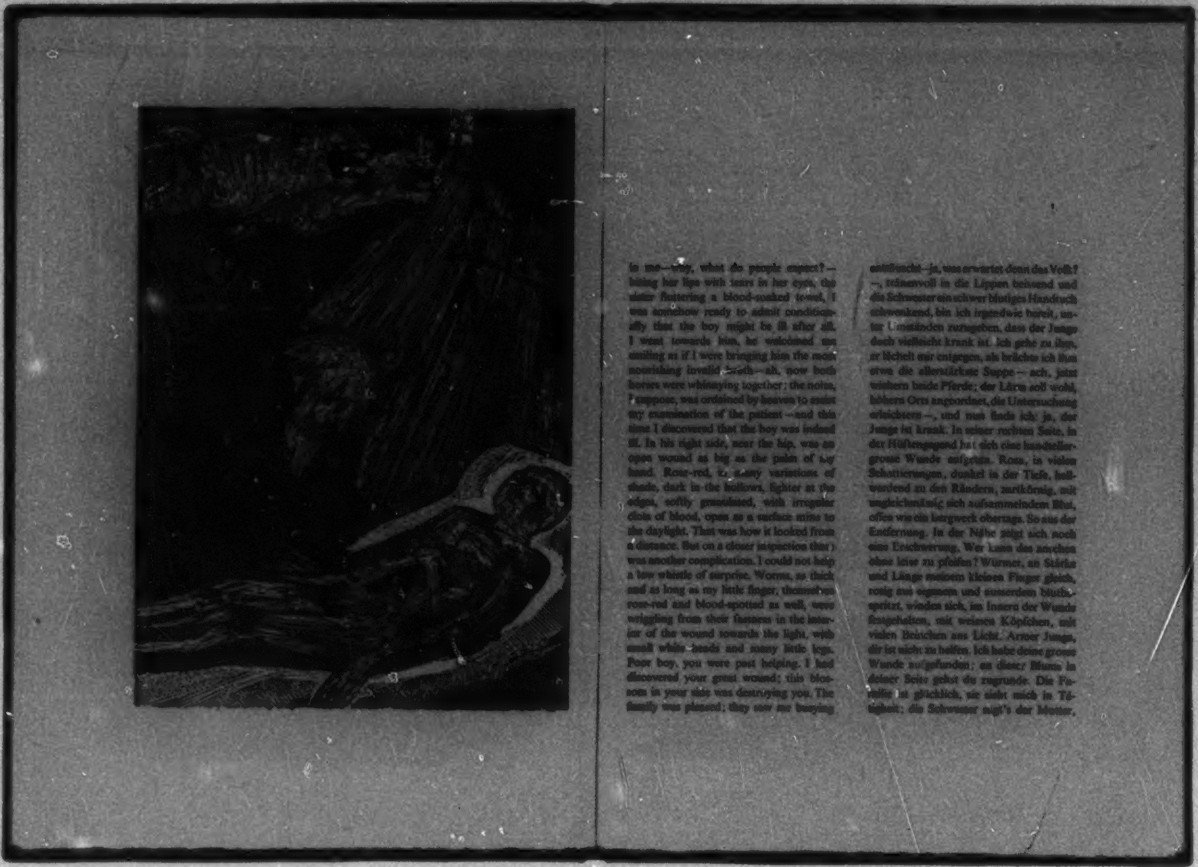
Thomas Maitland Cleland emulated the eighteenth-century artist-craftsmen, bringing the feeling of that period to everything he touched. Cleland's association with a variety of publishers and presses brought elegance not only to books but also to magazines, pamphlets, posters, advertisements, and a variety of ephemera. A particularly productive association was that between Cleland and Frank Altschul's Overbrook Press. Their collaboration produced sumptuous volumes of which *Manon Lescaut* is the finest and most ambitious example. For this production Cleland designed, printed, and hand-colored every illustration using a silk screen process for which he built special equipment. This arduous task took over six years to complete but was necessary because the delicacy of coloring could not be achieved by any known commercial means. In a note about the book, Altschul apologized for the use of the original French text in a book designed and produced by Americans; however, he felt that French was more appropriate to the traditional style and appearance of the book.



to me—why, what do people expect?—biting her lips with tears in her eyes, the sister fluttering a blood-soaked towel, I was somehow ready to admit conditionally that the boy might be ill after all. I went towards him, he welcomed me smiling as if I were bringing him the most nourishing invalid broth—ah, now both horses were whinnying together; the noise, I suppose, was ordained by heaven to assist my examination of the patient—and this time I discovered that the boy was indeed ill. In his right side, near the hip, was an open wound as big as the palm of my hand. Rose-red, in many variations of shade, dark in the hollows, lighter at the edges, softly granulated, with irregular clots of blood, open as a surface mine to the daylight. That was how it looked from a distance. But on a closer inspection there was another complication. I could not help a low whistle of surprise. Worms, as thick and as long as my little finger, themselves rose-red and blood-spotted as well, were wriggling from their fastness in the interior of the wound towards the light, with small white heads and many little legs. Poor boy, you were past helping. I had discovered your great wound; this blossom in your side was destroying you. The family was pleased; they saw me busying

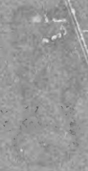
enttäuscht—ja, was erwartet denn das Volk?—, tränenvoll in die Lippen beissend und die Schwester ein schwer blutiges Handtuch schwenkend, bin ich irgendwie bereit, unter Umständen zuzugeben, dass der Junge doch vielleicht krank ist. Ich gehe zu ihm, er lächelt mir entgegen, als brächte ich ihm etwa die allerstärkste Suppe — ach, jetzt wiehern beide Pferde; der Lärm soll wohl, höhern Orts angeordnet, die Untersuchung erleichtern —, und nun finde ich: ja, der Junge ist krank. In seiner rechten Seite, in der Hüftengegend hat sich eine handtellergrosse Wunde aufgetan. Rosa, in vielen Schattierungen, dunkel in der Tiefe, hellwerdend zu den Rändern, zartkörnig, mit ungleichmässig sich aufsammelndem Blut, offen wie ein Bergwerk obertags. So aus der Entfernung. In der Nähe zeigt sich noch eine Erschwerung. Wer kann das ansehen ohne leise zu pfeifen? Würmer, an Stärke und Länge meinem kleinen Finger gleich, rosig aus eigenem und ausserdem blutbespritzt, winden sich, im Innern der Wunde festgehalten, mit weissen Köpfchen, mit vielen Beinchen ans Licht. Armer Junge, dir ist nicht zu helfen. Ich habe deine grosse Wunde aufgefunden; an dieser Blume in deiner Seite gehst du zugrunde. Die Familie ist glücklich, sie sieht mich in Tätigkeit; die Schwester sagt's der Mutter,

The Country Doctor. Franz Kafka. Illustrated with 12 relief etchings by Claire Van Vliet. Philadelphia: Janus Press, 1962.

Since 1955 the Janus Press has moved to and from several cities within the United States and is currently located in West Burke, Vermont. Claire Van Vliet, the owner-founder, has renovated a farmhouse to accommodate two Vandercook presses, type cases, paper cutters, quantities of paper, and a bindery. The press is basically a one-woman operation and has survived the passage of time and changes of location through Van Vliet's untiring energy. Her greatest artistic accomplishments have been her illustrations for Kafka, the earliest being *The Country Doctor*, which she considers the first major work of the press. The book was printed at the Philadelphia College of Art with the text set in Times New Roman and the titles in Trump Mediaeval.

Four Poems of the Occult. Yvan Goll. Illustrations by Fernand Léger, Pablo Picasso, Yves Tanguy, and Jean Arp. Kentfield, California: Allen Press, 1962.

Lewis and Dorothy Allen are considered the "elder statesmen" of handpress printers today because their printing operation, which was established in San Francisco in 1939, is still functioning exclusively as a handpress. The Allens have lived and printed in several Bay Area communities as well as in France, where they were strongly influenced by the illustrated French *édition de luxe*. This influence is well represented in *Four Poems of the Occult*, which is illustrated by four notable contemporary artists. In keeping with the Allens' printing principles, the book was handset in Goudy Modern type and printed on handmade all-rag Rives paper. The border decorations and initials (designed by Mallette Dean) are hand-colored. The pages, some of which passed through the handpress six times to achieve the desired effect, are gathered in five sections and left unsewn in the French manner.



on the sea of sleep

On the sea of sleep
Your thigh is the model for all the waves
Rolling toward future pasts

To the measure of your breath
The universal wave
Breathes and dies

Cousin of the Cyclades
God-daughter of the great Anadyomene
Make me lose this face of a man

are you real?

Are you real? You who look at me
With a blue fire that does not see me

The closer I come to you, the further you sink
Into the ravine of pre-existences

The clandestine forges of your heart
Temper arms against me

The rains of solitude will come
And the forest soften your soul

Your flesh of rose — your hair of birds —
Your voice of fountains: Beloved, where are you?

8

For a period spanning nearly five decades (1926-71), Joseph Blumenthal operated the Spiral Press. After short apprenticeships with William Edwin Rudge and with George Hoffman at the Marchbanks Press, Blumenthal set up a new shop. The Spiral Press's central principle of excellent craftsmanship applied with maximum effort to every job large or small was strictly followed. The press always remained a commercial venture, but its few attempts at printing fine limited editions were splendid successes. *Ecclesiastes* is the culmination of Blumenthal's craftsmanship. The book is printed in Emerson type (designed by Blumenthal) and includes drawings by Ben Shahn engraved in wood by Stefan Martin. The calligraphy is by David Soshensky.

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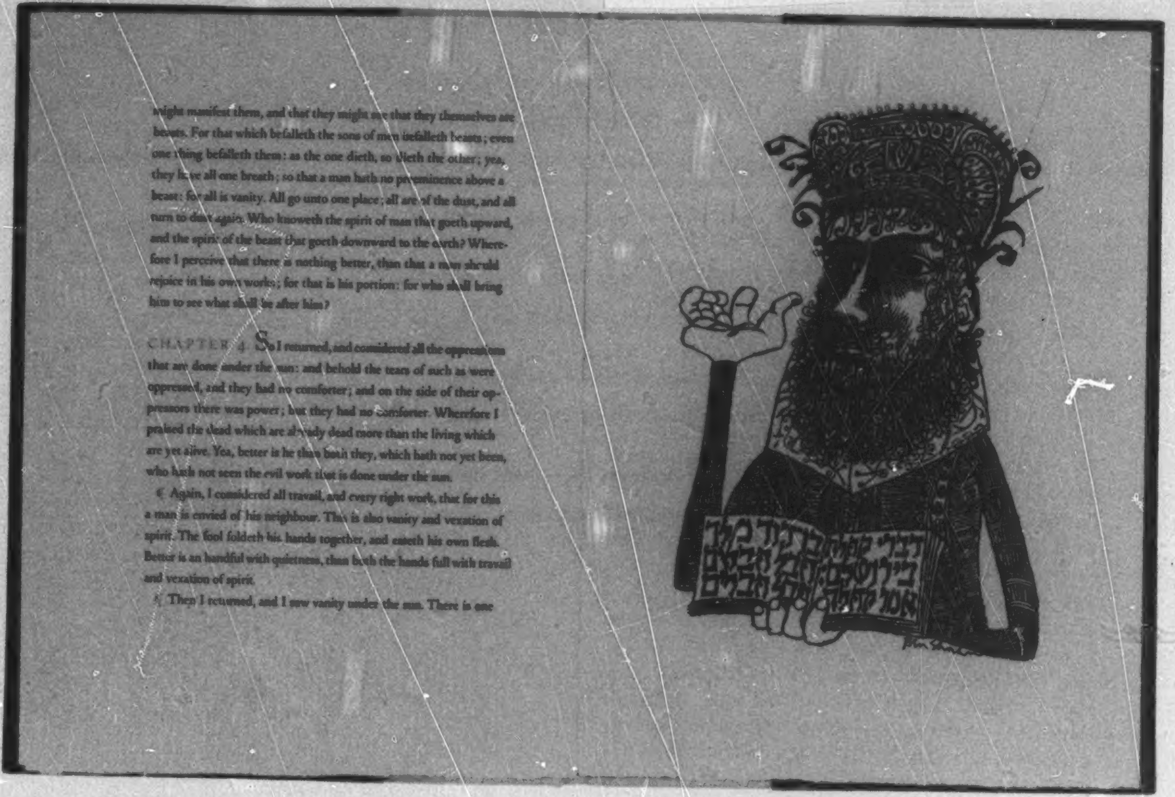
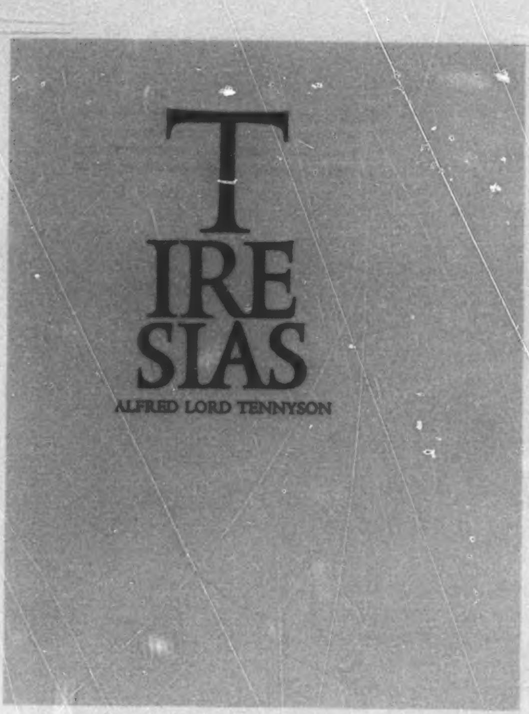


might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

CHAPTER 4 So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

¶ Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit. The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh. Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

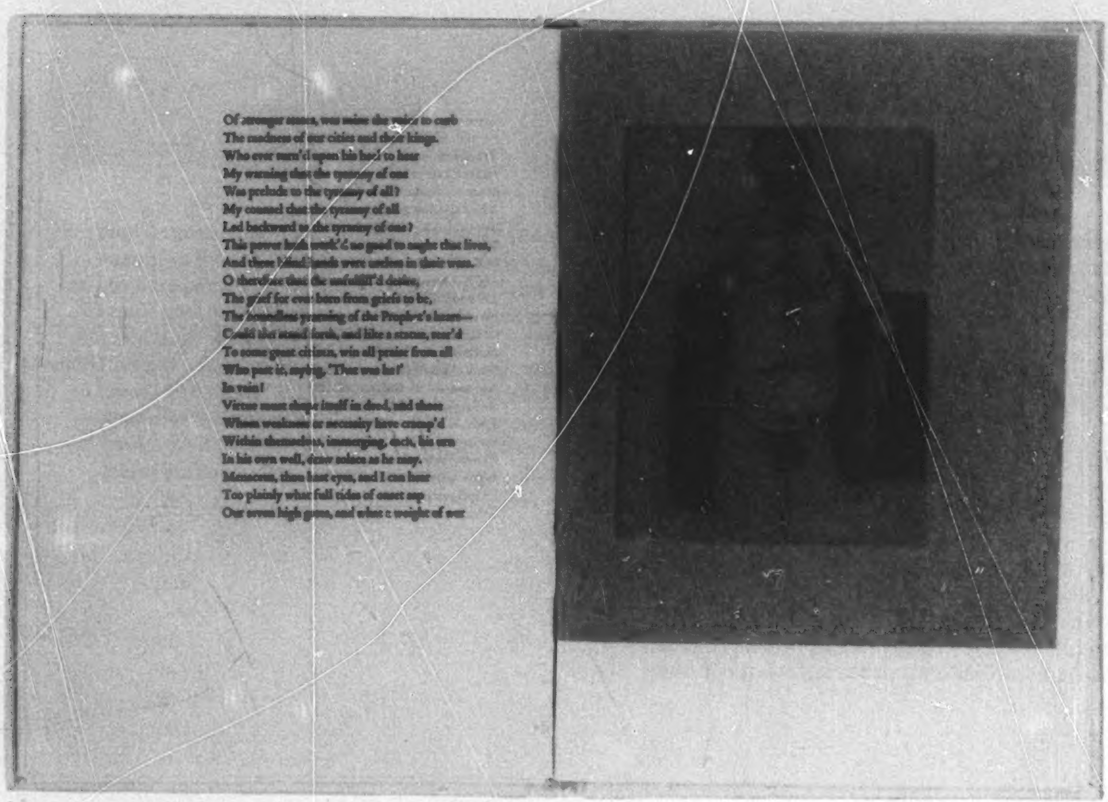
¶ Then I returned, and I saw vanity under the sun. There is one

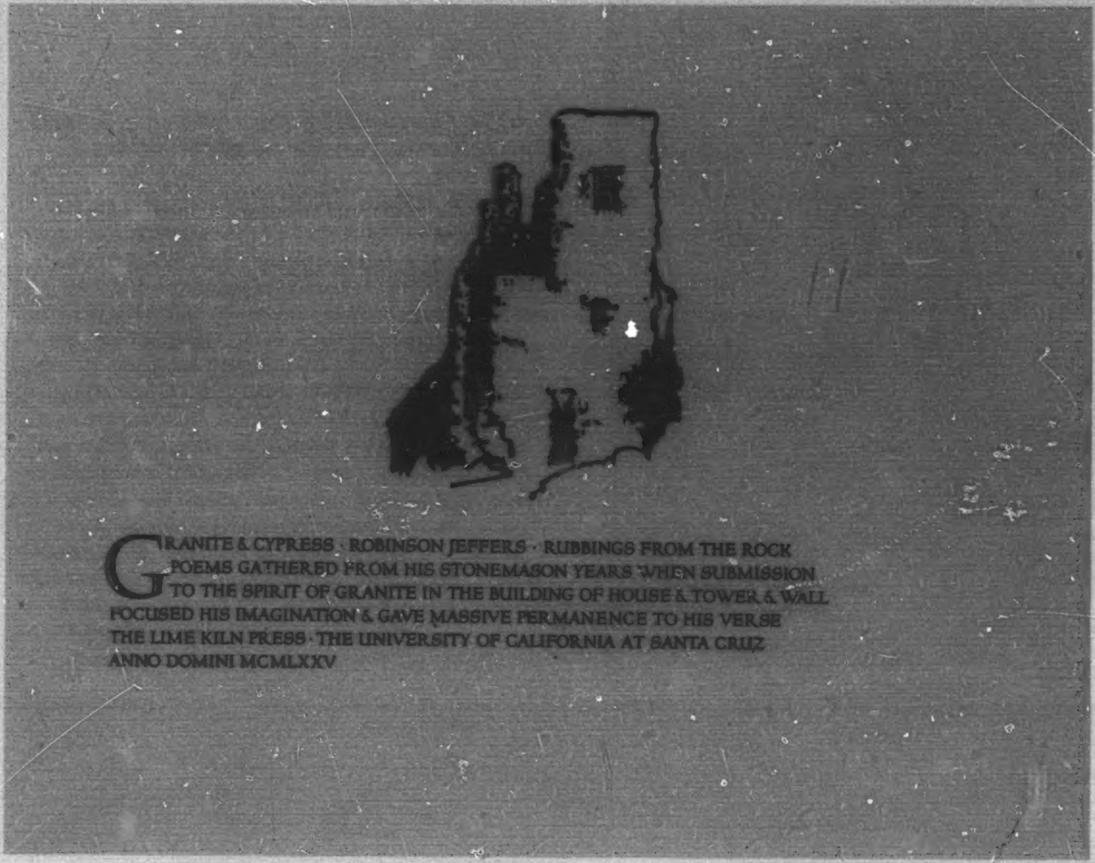


T
IRE
SIAS
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Tiresias. Alfred Lord Tennyson. Etchings by Leonard Baskin. Northampton, Massachusetts: Gehenna Press, 1970.

Leonard Baskin is a noted sculptor, wood engraver, and printmaker with a passion for printing. Baskin's involvement in printing began when he discovered that William Blake, one of his heroes, had printed his own poems and engravings. As an undergraduate art student at Yale in 1942, Baskin set in type and printed his verse, *On a Pyre of Withered Roses.* It was not until 1951 that another book printed by Baskin appeared *(A Little Book of Natural History Engravings).* With this work the Gehenna Press was established as a place for fulfilling Baskin's artistic aims. Tennyson's *Tiresias* is a typical example of Baskin's use of his own illustrations, fine paper (Fabriano), and a classic type (Centaur), all coming together to create his distinctive style. Baskin himself has now moved to England, but there is a possibility that his former employees at the press will continue their fine work under the Gehenna Press imprint.





GRANITE & CYPRESS · ROBINSON JEFFERS · RUBBINGS FROM THE ROCK
POEMS GATHERED FROM HIS STONEMASON YEARS WHEN SUBMISSION
TO THE SPIRIT OF GRANITE IN THE BUILDING OF HOUSE & TOWER & WALL
FOCUSED HIS IMAGINATION & GAVE MASSIVE PERMANENCE TO HIS VERSE
THE LIME KILN PRESS · THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA CRUZ
ANNO DOMINI MCMLXXV

Granite & Cyprus. Robinson Jeffers. Santa Cruz, California: Lime Kiln Press, University of California at Santa Cruz, 1975.

William Everson is a poet who learned to set type at nine in his father's print shop; however, he did not begin printing in earnest until, at the age of thirty, he was sent to a World War II conscientious objector's camp at Waldport, Oregon. There, he and others in the camp founded the Untide Press. Since then he has printed continuously, altering his press names with the changes in his life: the Equinox Press while in Berkeley, the Seraphim Press when Everson was associated with the Franciscans, and the St. Albert's Press while he was a lay brother (Brother Antoninus) in the Dominican Order. He currently teaches a typographical workshop at the University of California at Santa Cruz, producing books under the Lime Kiln Press imprint. *Granite & Cyprus* is the most innovative, as well as monumental, production of the press. Everson created an overlong oblong to accommodate the long lines of Jeffers's poetry; then by deliberately offsetting ink from the tympan of the press, created a mirror image of the text on the verso pages resembling stone rubbings. The large, thin shape of the volume presented problems for the binder which he solved by building a cypress slipcase with a granite insert from the poet's stoneyard.

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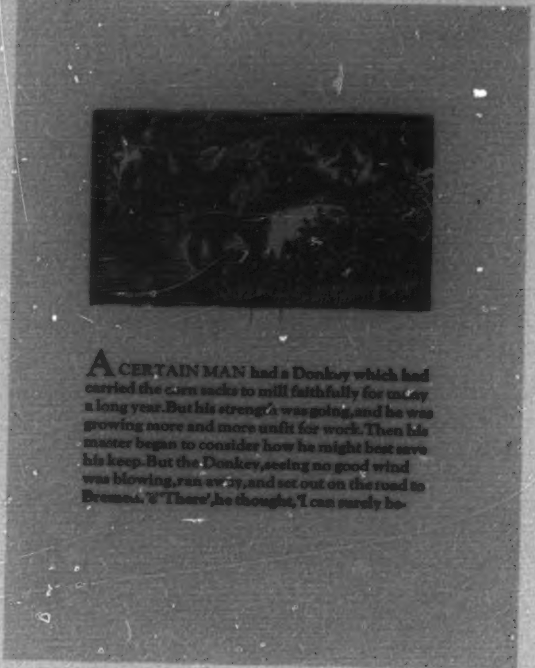
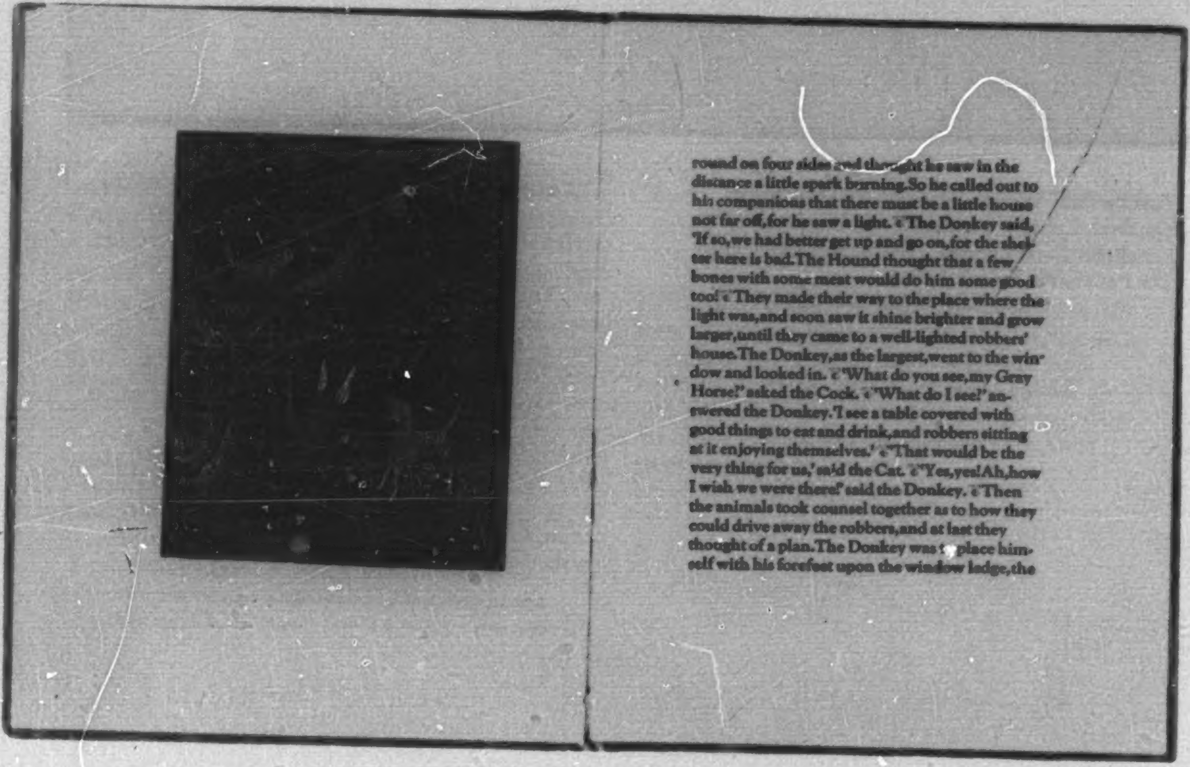
Walter Hamady is a poet, photographer, and artist who prints free from traditional printing house restraints. Since 1965 Hamady has published books and ephemera under his own imprint, The Perishable Press Limited, while holding the position of associate professor of art at the University of Wisconsin. In 1969 Hamady went to Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship to study papermaking at the few surviving handmade paper mills and now makes his own paper, Shadwell, on which most of the Perishable Press Limited work has been printed. *Tuft by Puff* is a good example of the whimsical nature of Hamady's work. According to the colophon, the Shadwell paper was made from the author's and printer's bathrobes.

The Bremen Town Musicians. Jakob Ludwig Karl Grimm. Easthampton, Massachusetts: Chamberlain Press, 1978.

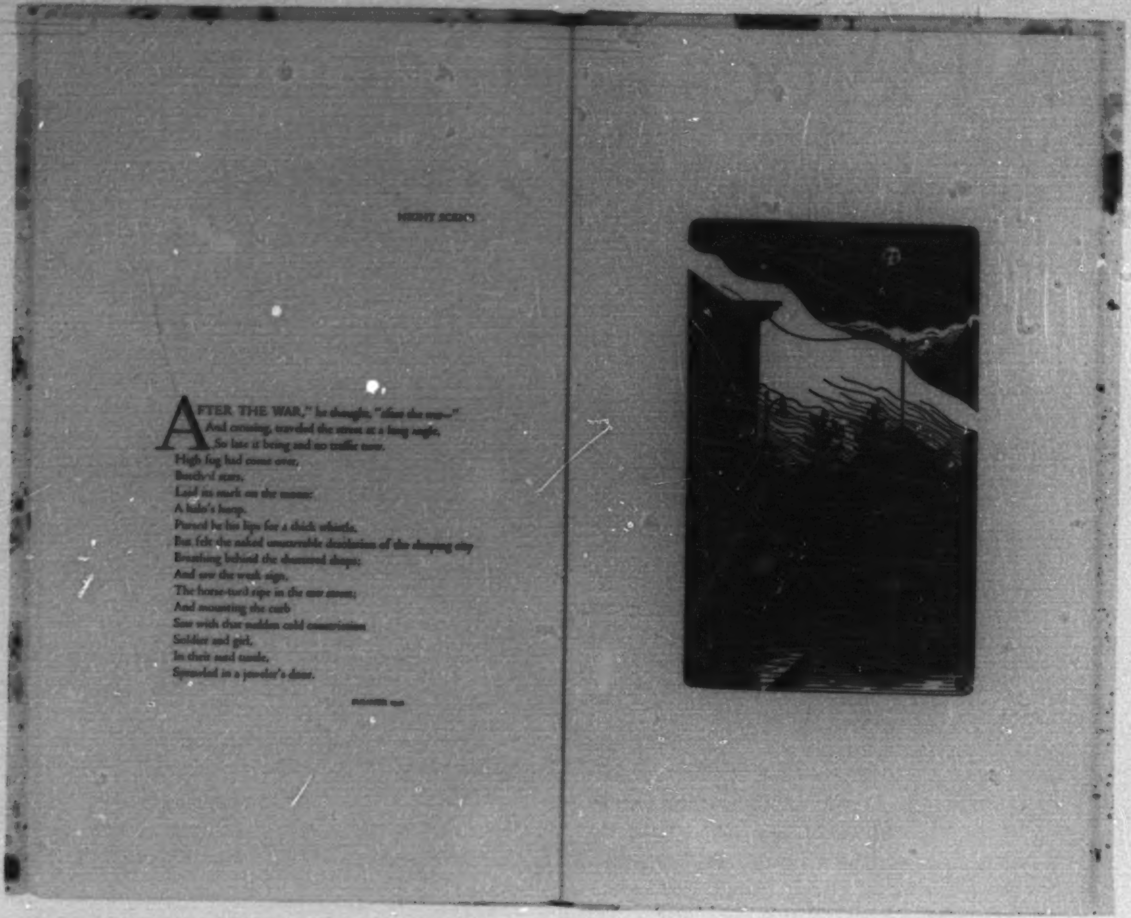
Sarah Chamberlain is an artist and printer who has operated a one-woman press since 1976. The press produces small, intimate books with wood engravings by the printer. *The Bremen Town Musicians,* typical of the press, is printed in two colors throughout on Rives buff paper. The type is Goudy Bold. Ten of Sarah Chamberlain's wood engravings accompany the text. The press is currently located in Portland, Oregon.



A CERTAIN MAN had a Donkey which had carried the corn sacks to mill faithfully for many a long year. But his strength was going, and he was growing more and more unfit for work. Then his master began to consider how he might best save his keep. But the Donkey, seeing no good wind was blowing, ran away, and set out on the road to Bremen. ❧ 'There', he thought, 'I can surely be-



round on four sides and thought he saw in the distance a little spark burning. So he called out to his companions that there must be a little house not far off, for he saw a light. ❧ The Donkey said, 'If so, we had better get up and go on, for the shelter here is bad. The Hound thought that a few bones with some meat would do him some good too! ❧ They made their way to the place where the light was, and soon saw it shine brighter and grow larger, until they came to a well-lighted robbers' house. The Donkey, as the largest, went to the window and looked in. ❧ 'What do you see, my Gray Horse?' asked the Cock. ❧ 'What do I see?' answered the Donkey. 'I see a table covered with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves.' ❧ 'That would be the very thing for us,' said the Cat. ❧ 'Yes, yes! Ah, how I wish we were there!' said the Donkey. ❧ Then the animals took counsel together as to how they could drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a plan. The Donkey was to place himself with his forefeet upon the window ledge, the



Eastward the Armies. William Everson. Illustrations by Tom Killion. San Francisco: Labyrinth Editions, 1980.

Fine printing is often used as a medium for expressing a printer's philosophy. In 1977, while he was a graduate student in graphic design at Yale University School of Art, Richard Bigus began his own imprint, Labyrinth Editions. Bigus has stated that his ambition "is to make poetry as concrete as possible through illustrations, materials, text, and design and printing techniques that will work together to create an artifact that is literary, visual, and physical, thus ensuring the endurance of the poet." This ambition is fully realized in *Eastward the Armies*, which was handset in 18-point Centaur type (designed by Bruce Rogers), printed on Japanese handmade Hosho paper, and illustrated by Tom Killion's linocuts. This book is a fitting tribute to Bigus's mentors, William Everson and Jack Stauffacher.

Heroes and Victims

Willa Cather's Marriage Theme

BY DORIS GRUMBACH

Willa Cather had written four substantial novels (*O Pioneers!*, *My Antonia*, *The Song of the Lark*, and *One of Ours*) which deal in whole or in part with immigrants to the prairie of Nebraska, a volume of rather undistinguished poetry (*April Twilight*), and two books of short stories (*The Troll Garden* and *Youth and the Bright Medusa*) when she composed an essay for the *New Republic* which defined what she had come to think fiction should be. In "The Novel Démeublé" (April 12, 1922) she writes that she dislikes over-furnished novels, crammed with literal detail and documentation. To her way of thinking, the novel should be imaginative, not journalistic. It should simplify and create a felt presence out of "the inexplicable presence of the thing not named."

This essay served as a declaration of intent for the formation of two of Cather's best "unfurnished" novels, *A Lost Lady* and *My Mortal Enemy*. Separated in their writing by one somewhat longer work, *The Professor's House* in 1925, the two are slight, almost the length of long short stories or novellas, and both are highly charged in small space with, among other things, Cather's stringent views on the subject of marriage.

A Lost Lady contributed part of its theme to *The Professor's House*, and *My Mortal Enemy* inherited from *The Professor's House* the deep despair and disillusion with life that marked that book. It is safe to say that the three, taken together, contain the most corruscating view of the institution of marriage ever produced in America until Cather's time. Since then three playwrights, Eugene O'Neill, Edward Albee, and Tennessee Williams have embroidered upon her view in contemporary terms.

In this essay I shall talk only about the two short novels which I admire for their economical form, their creation of time, place, and mood by use of a minimum of detail, and their single-minded dedication to their message, limitations which create, it is true, rather flat and unsubtle characters at times, but at others an admirable, straightforward, and clear homily on their own text.

A Lost Lady (1923) is told through the consciousness of a boy, Niel Herbert, who is, on sight, smitten by Marian Forrester when he meets her as a teenager. He is moved by "the gay challenge in her eyes"; she is "attractive in deshabille"; he finds her "charming and captivating" as well as "different." His is an adolescent's attachment to the glamour of a lady, to the elegance of her house, and to her husband, who was a railroad-building pioneer. ("We dreamed the railroads across the mountains," Captain Forrester says.) Orphaned by the death of his mother when he was five, Niel comes to love Mrs. Forrester out of his need for maternal affection. His few contacts with women, and especially his untidy cousin who kept house for him and his uncle while he was growing up,

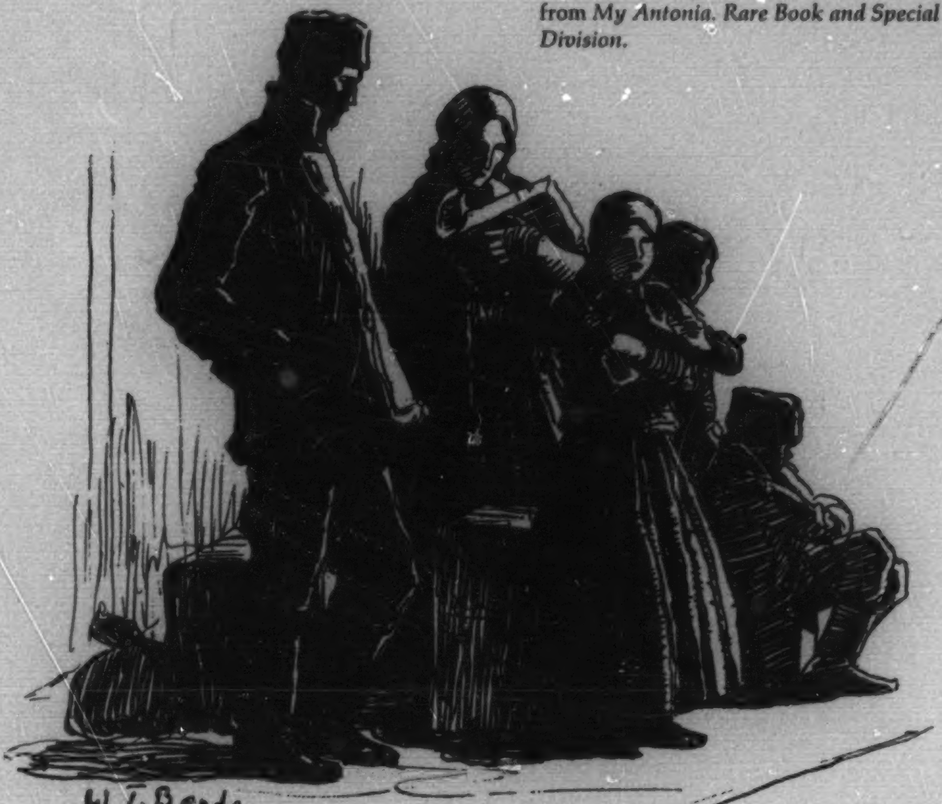
Willa Cather. Photograph by Carl Van Vechten, January 22, 1936.

have made him resolve, at nineteen, to be a bachelor, living "with monastic cleanliness and severity, resolving never to live under the control of women."

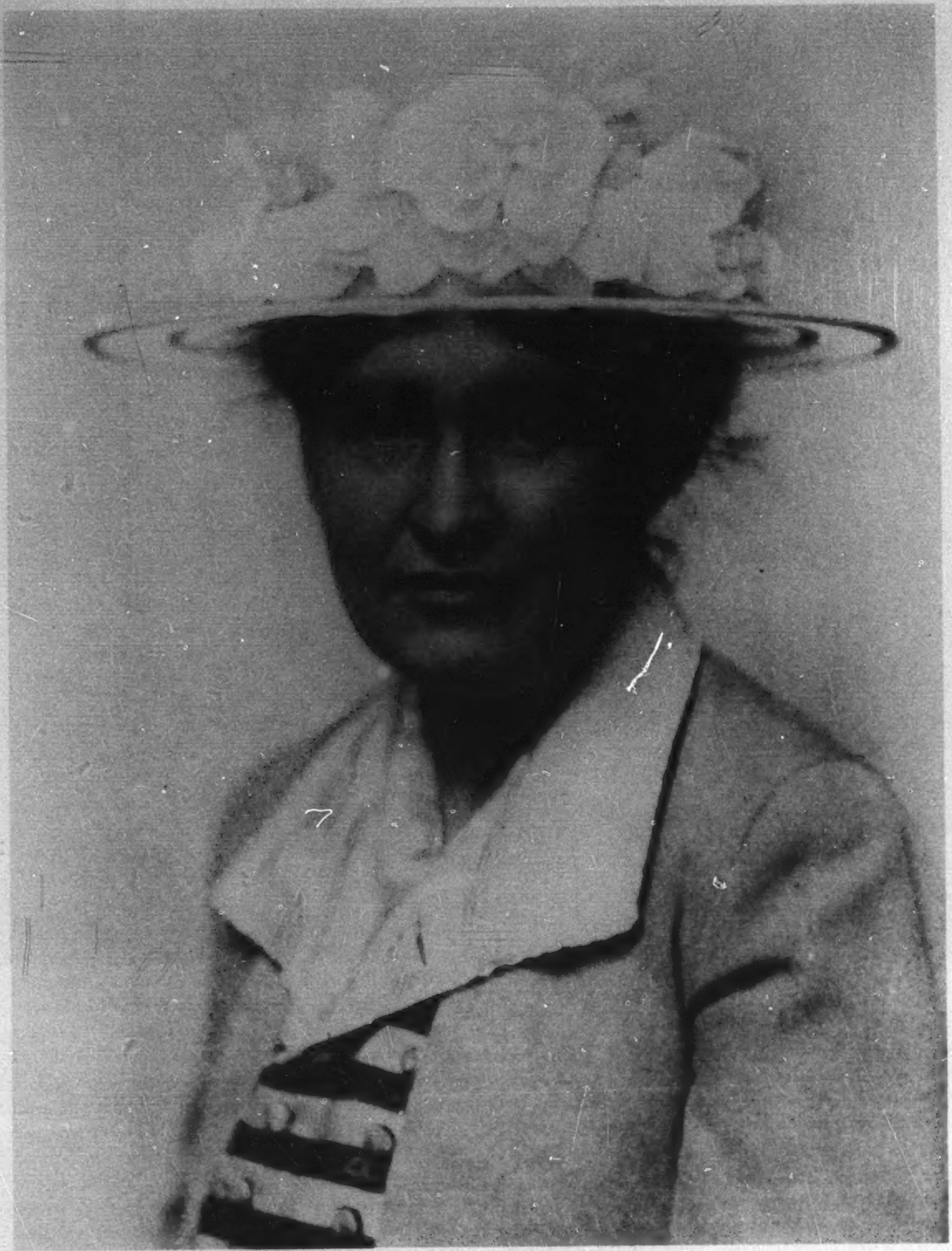
But Marian Forrester captivates him, in spite of his vow, with her gaiety, her beautiful laugh, "always a little mocking," her fragility and grace, with the world of glamorous people in which she moves, and the beautiful, warm house in which she lives in contrast to the Judge's spartan house on the edge of the prairie. To Niel, the Forrester house is an Eden, but his idyll is cruelly shattered when he discovers, by means of Cather's customary indirection and delicacy on such matters, that Marian Forrester is having an affair with lusty, masterful Frank Ellinger.

The lives of the Forresters are dealt a blow when the Captain, in an act of admirable gallantry toward his creditors during a bank failure, impoverishes himself and his wife. Soon after, his health fails and life constricts for his once gay, social wife, who cares for him dutifully while still yearning for her old life and Frank Ellinger. In order to support them and to keep the Forrester place, she sells property to Ivy Peters, the town's young and vulgar shyster lawyer, who treats her with sly familiarity abhorrent to Niel.

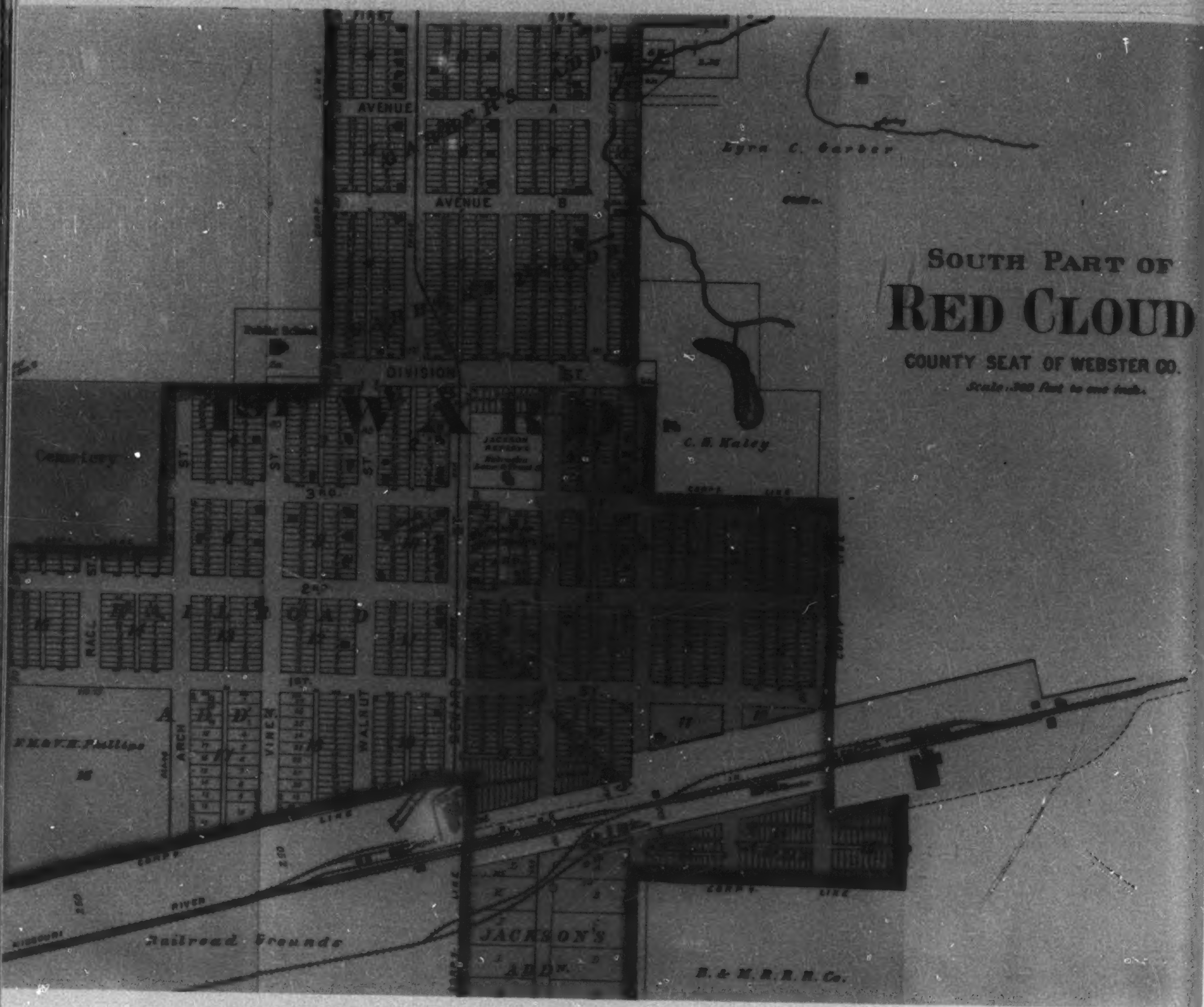
On another level, Niel is interested in Marian Forrester as the wife of the noble Captain, as a loyal woman capable of understanding and sympathizing with a strong man who has built railroads. There is a deep difference, however,



Bohemian immigrants. Illustration by W. T. Benda from *My Antonia. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.*



Willa Cather. Frontispiece from *The Song of the Lark*. Photograph by Hollinger 1915.



SOUTH PART OF
RED CLOUD
COUNTY SEAT OF WEBSTER CO.
Lyra C. Garber
C. H. Kaley
AVENUE A
AVENUE B
DIVISION ST.
1st WARD
Public School
Cemetery
JACKSON RESERVE
RAILROAD ADD
F.M.& V.E. Phillips
WALNUT
VINE
ARCH
Railroad Grounds
JACKSON'S ADD.
B. & M. R. R. R. Co.

A Lost Lady opens with the following sentence:

"Thirty or forty years ago, in one of those grey towns along the Burlington railroad, which are so much greyer today than they were then, there was a house well known from Omaha to Denver for its hospitality and for a certain charm of atmosphere."

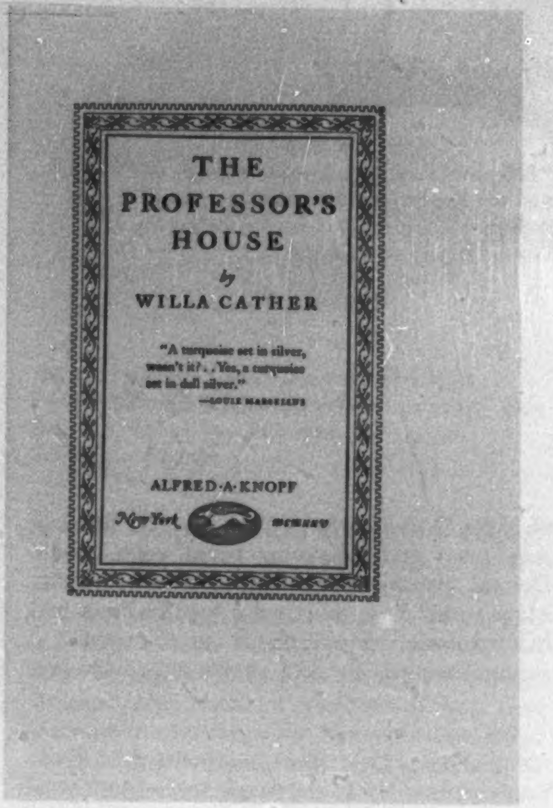
The model for that town was Willa Cather's Red Cloud, Nebraska, shown in this map of 1900. The Burlington and Missouri railroad is at the bottom, and in the upper right corner is the house of Silas and Lyra Garber, prototypes for Captain and Mrs. Forrester in the novel. From the *Plat Book of Webster County, Nebraska*, Northwest Publishing Company, 1900. Geography and Map Division.

which constitutes her fascination for Niel, between this good wife and the glamorous lady who loves to dance and keeps young men "dangling about her every winter" the couple spends in Colorado, the self-involved flirt who is unaware that they are threatened by financial ruin and is indifferent to the consequence of her loose sexual life. When the Captain finally dies of a stroke, Niel's lost lady survives, prospers with a second husband, and then herself dies.

The story, despite its lack of furnishing, is anything but simple. Its complexities are on three narrative levels: the mythic, with its Garden of Eden, its resident Eve, its good and innocent Adams (Niel, the Captain), and its demonic violators (Ivy Peters and Frank Ellinger); the historic, containing the facts about the generations that broke the prairie and built the railroads; and the moral level: the terrible tangle of good intentions and evil inclinations that Cather sees as composing a marriage. On all levels, the hero of the story is not the lost lady of the title, Marian Forrester, as is usually supposed, but Captain Forrester, the heroic victim of his sense of honor, of his wife's degradation, of his noble weakness before her glamorous and erotic strength.

To innocent bachelor Niel, the atmosphere of the Forrester marriage and the house in which it is lived are at first idyllic and beautiful, paralleling the surface beauty of Marian Forrester. Under it, like a rock pool, is ugliness and disillusion. At the moment that Niel comes upon the evidence of Mrs. Forrester's adulterous behavior, he loses his love for her: "He had lost one of the most beautiful things in his life," Cather writes. Bitterly, he wonders if the beautiful surface some women are given is not "always fed by something coarse and concealed." Nothing that occurs in the rest of the novel, especially the betrayal of the Captain's ideals of truth and beauty by the evil Ivy Peters, restores Niel's faith.

The novel's message is direct and almost childlike: the simple opposition of good and evil, the Captain's innate nobility threatened and then defeated by conniving, "common" men and by his wife's infidelities. Marian Forrester has introduced Niel to the good life only to spoil it for him by revealing its corruption. (In her best, young days, her eyes for Niel "seemed to promise a wild delight that he had not found in life.")


THE
PROFESSOR'S
HOUSE
by
WILLA CATHER

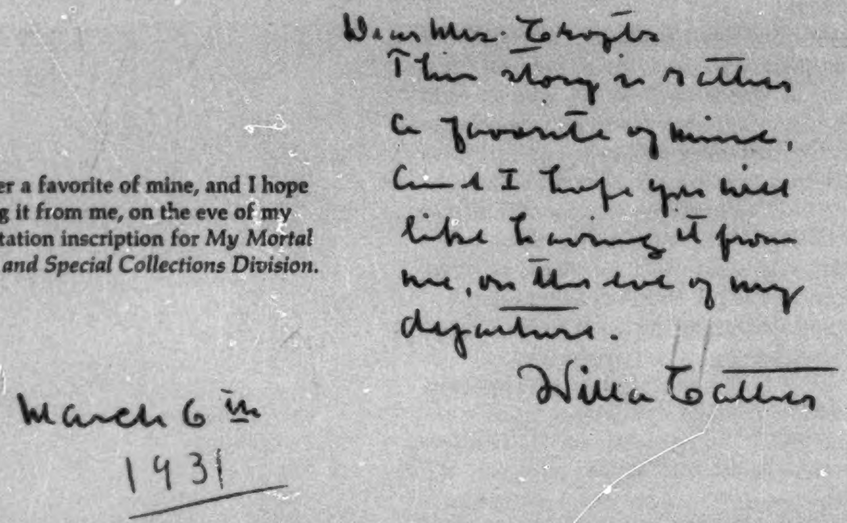
"A turquoise set in silver,
wasn't it? . . Yes, a turquoise
set in dull silver."
—LOUIE MARSELLUS

ALFRED·A·KNOPF
New York MCMXXV

Title page from *The Professor's House.*

If her beauty is deceptive, so too is the seemingly happy surface of marriage, and of life itself. So there are three victims of the novel's harsh marital truth: Captain Forrester, Neil, who never marries, and Marian Forrester, who falters and falls when an affluent, easy, and gay life is denied her.

Three years after the publication of *A Lost Lady,* Willa Cather published *My Mortal Enemy.* It is a novella, about half the length of *A Lost Lady,* but equally powerful. Myra Henshawe is another glamorous lost lady, "a greedy, selfish, worldly woman," as she characterizes herself, bitterly caught in a marriage that fails to live up to her hopes. The narrator is Nellie Birdseye, the all-seeing intelligent spinster (in some ways not unlike the young Willa Cather) who tells us of the romantic elopement



Dear Mrs. Knopf
This story is rather
a favorite of mine,
and I hope you will
like having it from
me, on the eve of my
departure.
Willa Cather

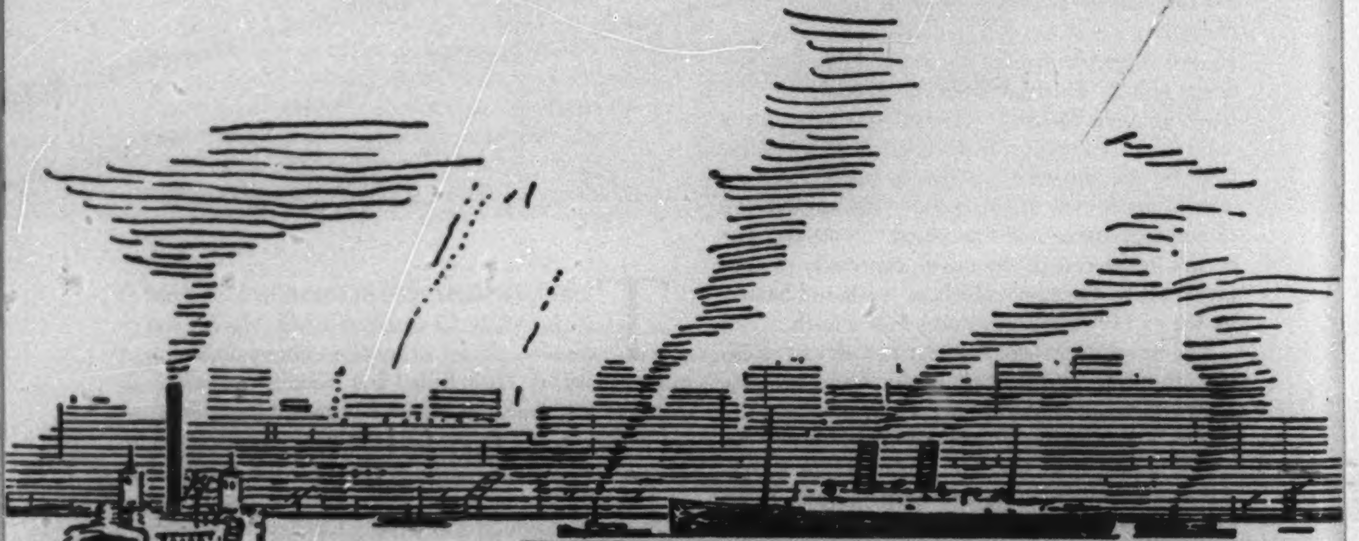
March 6th
1931

"This story is rather a favorite of mine, and I hope you will like having it from me, on the eve of my departure." Presentation inscription for *My Mortal Enemy. Rare Book and Special Collections Division.*

of Myra Dryscoll, she of the "deep-set flashing grey eyes" and "charming fluent voice," with Oswald Henshawe. Had she refused Oswald, Myra would have inherited a fortune from her bigoted uncle; instead, she is cut off without a penny. Despite Oswald's efforts to provide her with everything she wants, he fails; nonetheless, she lives her early life with him exactly as she might have had she been rich. She is capriciously generous to her friends and light-heartedly extravagant. The couple's happiness declines with their fortunes. Money is always the issue, but there is slightly-suggested evidence that Oswald has had an affair. We learn that Myra is fond of "helping young men along," as Oswald says obliquely. "We nearly always have a love affair on hand."

The novella breaks in two, allowing ten years

"Ships at Jersey City." Illustration by W. A. Dwiggins from *My Mortal Enemy.* Copyright © 1926 Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. *Rare Book and Special Collections Division.*



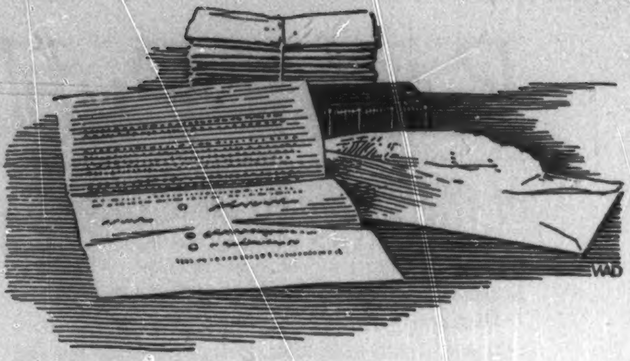
to pass before Nellie again encounters the Henshawes. She is teaching in a Western college and living in a dreary, squalid apartment hotel. There also are the Henshawes, fallen on bad times: she is mortally ill, he is barely able to support them with a small, poorly paid job with the city traction company. "Strong and broken, generous and tyrannical," bitter and sick, Myra is tortured by the presence in the apartment above them of a Southern family who tramp about night and day, making her confinement to bed a torment to her.

Under the terrible strictures of poverty, ugliness, and the indignity of lack of privacy, Oswald's goodness becomes apparent: he is very much like Captain Forrester in character. They are both what Marcus Klein calls "heroes of sensibility," innately kind, courageous, and protective of their driven and selfish wives. Heroic victims of marriages which embitter and destroy both them and their wives, the two men are better than the women they have attached their fortunes to. They bear their reversals with fortitude, they appear to understand their wives, and to be tolerant of their foibles and weaknesses.

Myra's appeal for the reader, and for Nellie, is her insight into the faults at the root of her marriage: "People can be lovers and enemies at the same time. . . . Perhaps I can't forgive him for the harm I did him." Near death, she cries out, "Why must I die like this, alone with my mortal enemy?"

The referent of this desperate question seems not to be Oswald, as we expect from Myra's earlier description of him as lover and enemy, but herself. Oswald does not respond to Myra's fearful denunciation, but Nellie understands it: "I never heard a human voice utter such a terrible judgment upon all one hopes for." Later she reasons: "Violent natures like hers sometimes turn against themselves . . . against themselves and all their idolatries."

What then are we to say about these two moving and ardent portraits of beautiful and charming women whom marriage destroys and who destroy themselves and their mates? Is it safe to reason from the fates of Myra Henshawe and Marian Forrester that Cather's moral is misogamist? Is this her fictional answer to the marriage of Isabelle McClung, the beautiful young woman we now know to have been the one true romantic attachment of Cather's life? At this distance it is hard to assign the cause of Cather's hard and terrible judgments against the institution to a single autobiographical event. It is perhaps enough to observe that for Cather (if we are to judge by *A Lost Lady* and *My Mortal Enemy*) the good, even romantic intentions of those men and women who marry are inevitably destined to disappointment, their early love weakened by forces too strong for them to withstand, their lives blighted by failures too deep for remedy and too mortal for survival.



"Myra Henshawe's will." Illustration by W. A. Dwiggins from *My Mortal Enemy*. Copyright © 1926 Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. *Rare Book and Special Collections Division.*

Bibliographical note: Willa Cather's preferred and latest versions of *A Lost Lady*, *My Mortal Enemy*, and *The Professor's House* are to be found in the so-called Autograph edition, *The Novels and Stories of Willa Cather*, published by Houghton, Mifflin in thirteen volumes between 1937 and 1941. In minor respects these editions differ from the first editions of the novels, all published by Alfred A. Knopf. There are now in print, in paperback Vintage Books, all three volumes, based upon the plates of the Knopf first editions.

Doris Grumbach is a teacher, editor, novelist, and critic who has written articles for *Commonweal*, *The New Republic*, *Saturday Review*, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times Book Review*. The author of a biography of Mary McCarthy, *The Company She Kept* (1967), and a number of novels, including *Chamber Music* (1979) and *The Missing Person* (1981), she is working currently on a biography of Willa Cather and a new novel.

Recent Publications

of the Library of Congress

Bookbinding and the Conservation of Books: A Dictionary of Descriptive Terminology.

1982. 296 p. (S/N 030-000-00126-5) $27. By Matt Roberts and Don Etherington. Drawings by Margaret R. Brown.

Although numerous [illegible], both theoretical and practical, have been published on the subject of bookbinding and the conservation of archival materials, this volume is unique in that it approaches these subjects by examining the meaning and usage of many terms, expressions, and names pertaining to the field.

This comprehensive, succinctly written, and well-illustrated dictionary also provides a great deal of history about the craft described herein and discusses the materials used and the notable binders. It is enhanced by color plates of endpapers and rare bindings, over fifty line drawings, and begins with an informative foreword by Frederick R. Goff, honorary consultant in early printed books to the Library and long-time chief of its Rare Book and Special Collections Division. The bibliography and sources section provides a sampling of the extensive corpus of literature in the field of conservation.

This up-to-date dictionary is intended for bookbinders, technicians, and conservators of library and archival materials, as well as for bibliophiles, collectors, librarians, and interested laymen.

Ethnic Recordings in America: A Neglected Heritage

1982. 269 p. (S/N 030-001-00098-2) $13.

Americans have always craved the music of their ethnic and cultural heritage, and recordings designed to satisfy this craving have been produced on commercial labels in the United States since the turn of the century. These recordings, drawn from various ethnic groups in the United States and sold directly back to them, have documented and reinforced the identities of ethnic cultures in this country. Although they form a vast and important body of artistic expression, they have received virtually no attention from cultural institutions, researchers, and the general public.

In January 1977, a conference sponsored by the American Folklife Center was held at the Library of Congress to explore and discuss the themes connected with this "neglected heritage." The conference brought together scholars, producers, performers, collectors, and community leaders who had either participated in or were concerned about these recordings. *Ethnic Recordings in America* is a collection of essays from the conference that explore particular themes and persons. Three essays provide an introduction, survey, and early history of ethnic recordings. Three more are on Irish-American music, Mexican-American singer Lydia Mendoza, and a record store in the Polish section of Chicago. A final section of the book provides an extensive research guide to recordings and record companies.

Ethnic Recordings in America is extensively illustrated with record labels, publications, and pictures of performers. One of the first books on this subject, it begins the task of defining and assembling the research tools needed for future investigations.

Mexican-American singer Lydia Mendoza

Guide to the Library of Congress.

1982. 128 p. $5.95. By Charles A. Goodrum and Helen W. Dalrymple. For sale by the Information Office, Washington, D.C. 20540.

The Library of Congress was founded in 1800 to "furnish such books as may be necessary for the use of the Congress." From that beginning it has grown to become the world's largest library, and for over a century Congress has shared it with the nation, whose history and achievements it so thoroughly records. Because it has made all knowledge its province, the Library is a grand storehouse of information where questions in many fields are answered every day. This new and beautifully illustrated guide was written primarily by Charles A. Goodrum, author of *Treasures of the Library of Congress*. The *Guide* tells the history of the Library, describes its magnificent buildings, and shows how and where to do research in its nineteen general and specialized reading rooms. It is therefore equally valuable for the casual visitor and the serious researcher—and, indeed, for anyone planning a trip to Washington, where the Library of Congress is one of the remarkable sights. There are 130 illustrations, with 64 in full color.

Pickaxe and Pencil: References for the Study of the WPA.

1982. 87 p. (S/N 030-000-00137-1) $6. Compiled by Marguerite D. Bloxom.

Nearly half a century has passed since the social experiment in which the federal government provided work relief for millions of unemployed Americans in the hope of reviving the depressed economy. Definitive conclusions about the success of the WPA cannot be drawn, of course, because defense mobilization for World War II ended the Depression before the program could be completed. But interest in the WPA's projects, its problems and achievements, appears to be growing. This bibliography was prepared to aid those who seek information on what the WPA was, what it did, and what it became. References are primarily to books and articles from scholarly journals and popular magazines. There are separate sections on the arts, writers, music, and theater projects, and on the historical records survey. Relevant dissertations are listed in an appendix. Newspaper articles, congressional documents, and manuscript collections are not included, but a few archival guides are listed. Illustrated.

Radio Broadcasts in the Library of Congress 1924-1941: A Catalog of Recordings

1982. 149 p. (S/N 030-000-00139-7) $10. Compiled by James R. Smart, Motion Picture, Broadcasting and Recorded Sound Division.

During the past decade there has been a growth in interest in the history of radio broadcasting, but serious study of the subject has been difficult because of the sparseness and inaccessibility of early radio recordings. This catalog lists audio recordings available for study in the Library of Congress of some 5,100 live radio broadcasts from 1924 to 1941, most of which are comparatively rare and many of which are unique. The recordings are arranged chronologically. There is also an alphabetical listing of those programs for which the broadcast date could not be determined. Each entry begins with the date, followed by the main title and the episode title, if any. One to three principal performers are cited, if they are significant. Also provided are the call letters of the station from which the program was recorded and the length of the program of part of the program that has been recorded. The index lists program titles and performers. News programs are indexed to the name of the newscaster. Illustrated.

Robert Bell's Book Auction Catalog: An Eighteenth-Century American Broadside

1982. $5.50. Facsimile with a descriptive note by James Gilreath, Rare Book and Special Collections Division. Available from the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

Broadsides are single sheets of paper used for political announcements or advertisements, as was this one from "Robert Bell, Bookseller, Provedore to the Sentimentalists, and Professor of Book-Auctioneering in America." Born in Scotland, Bell came to the colonies in 1766, where he traveled from Salem, Massachusetts, to Charleston, South Carolina, offering collections of "modern instructive, and entertaining books." Bell's broadside, which was probably printed in 1778, lists the books he was selling and their prices. The back of the broadside is filled with quotations like "A good Book is a Noble Companion" and "Think no cost too much in purchasing Books." There are only two known copies of this broadside in existence. This facsimile beautifully reproduces the original in the Library's Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

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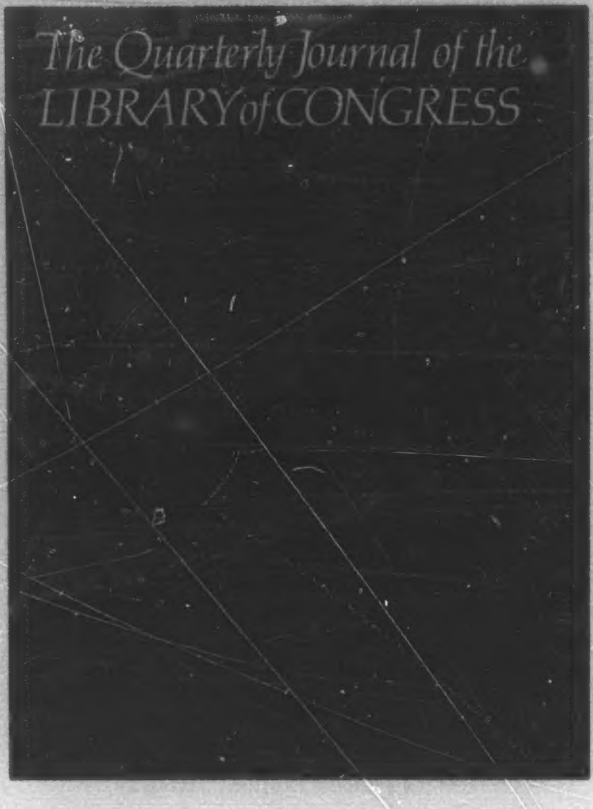

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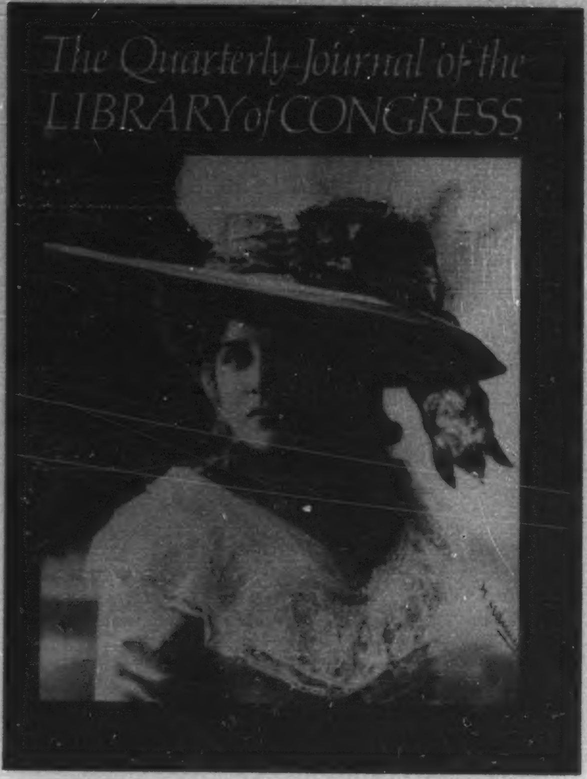

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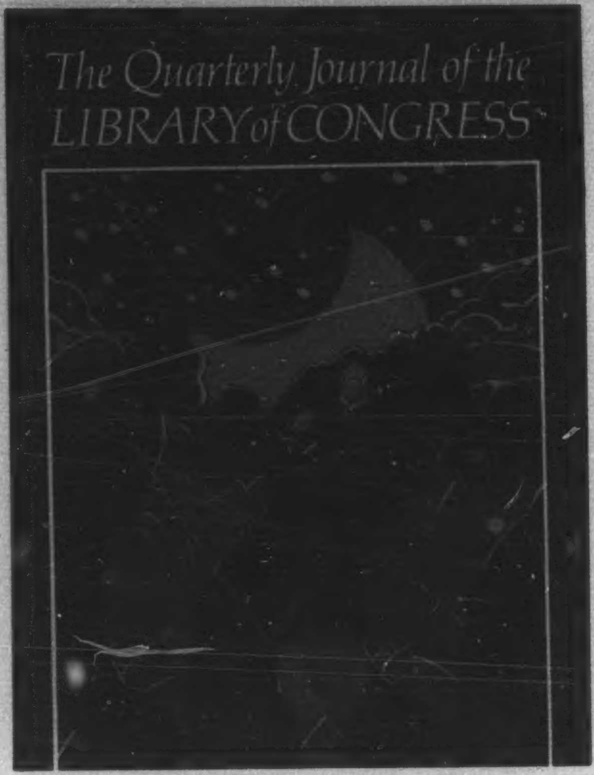

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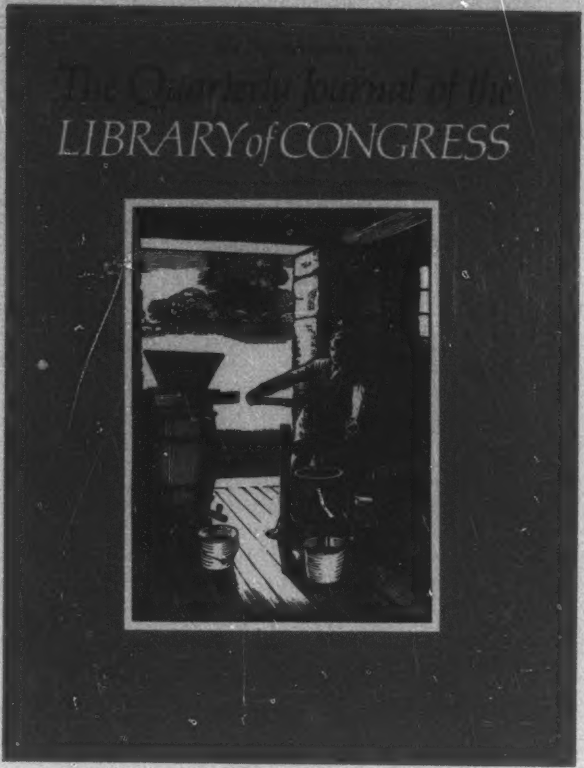

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